THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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New York City; and London, Canada

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THE TAKEN CHILD

It Seemed for a Moment That He Must Still be in the Grip of a Nightmare

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

EVERY child has a first thing he can remember. With Harry Logan it was the strange way his mother used to look at him and say "You're different, Harry." If she said it once, she had said it a hundred times; not in reproof, but always with a helpless, puzzled air. That he was different was the first fact to become embedded in his mind. It was like a wall between him and his sisters, between him and his friendly father; most of all, between him and his mother, for she had built it.

By the age of ten this same wall had made him run away three times from the County Home for Boys near Birmingham, in the state of Alabama. Each time he had been betrayed by the uniform he detested and had been returned forthwith to the custody of the institution. Aside from these evasions, his record was exceptionally clean; but his decided penchant for escape threw such a dark cloud on the page as to blind his custodians to his good marks.

It is a discouraging fact that one peculiarity can stamp an entire boy as queer, strange, perverse, and as such, too difficult of comprehension to warrant sympathy. There was nothing extraordinary about Harry's antecedents, daily deportment or appearance, but his obsession for running away, coupled with his stubborn refusal to explain why or to promise not to try again, was enough to brand him as an incorrigible rebel.

His father, Henry Patrick Logan, once the pride of the Birmingham police force, his mother and the three sisters, all older than he, were gone—wiped out. When he was between seven and eight the summer dress of the oldest girl had caught fire at the gas range, and she had rushed screaming through the house to her mother upstairs. He could still hear the panic in his mother's ringing voice as it descended to him in the yard outside, "Run, Harry! Fetch your father!"

They were the last words he ever heard her speak. When his father reached the house, far in advance of Harry himself and just ahead of the fire engines, it was already in flames and doomed. Disregarding the warning cries of the firemen, Patrick Logan had splintered the front door with his mighty shoulder and disappeared into a billow of smoke, never to return. They found his charred body where it had fallen headlong down the stairs, a child gripped under each arm. Nothing recognizable remained of Harry's mother or of the third sister.

Considering the bulk of his father, Harry was rather small for his age at the time of the tragedy, but by no means a weakling. His body was stocky in spite of thin wrists and ankles, and he carried himself so erect that the matron and teachers could almost be pardoned for mistaking his confidence in himself for defiance. He had gray eyes widely placed beneath a good forehead, and sandy-colored unruly hair. A saddle of

"Please, Sir, I'd Like to Ride That Mule"

freckles was gathered closely on the shallow bridge of his nose and spread out in two diminishing fans on his round cheeks.

The first time he ran away he got all the way into Birmingham, the second he was returned from the outskirts of the city, and on the third occasion he was caught in the act of leaving the grounds. One would have thought the steadily shrinking measure of his success would have discouraged him or at least broken his spirit for the time being, but such was far from the case. If he had proved stubborn before the questions asked after his first attempt, he was adamant in the face of the grueling which followed his third failure.

His overlords were moved only by the sincerest motives in trying to find out the source of his aversion to the county home as well as in their endeavors to pry out of him a promise that he would not make another try. They were puzzled, because, on the surface, he never seemed dissatisfied. He was quite aware that his home had been wiped out, for the horror had happened before his eyes, consequently they could not lay his conduct to homesickness. His appetite after the first few days had been excellent; he never complained of the food or of the general treatment. He was a bright boy and stood high in his classes, apparently without effort. Then why should he be discontented?

Their puzzlement changed gradually into plain curiosity and finally developed into something akin to anger. Perhaps unconsciously, they shared the insolence of all autocratic authority. Here was a child who by silence alone and a mere shake of the head not only defied but threatened to make them ridiculous. He would neither tell why he had run away nor promise not to do it again. In short, his bearing was such as to have the weight of an open declaration that he would yet make good his escape.

In desperation, they condemned him to solitary confinement in an airy room on the second floor until he should decide to become more communicative, but apparently he enjoyed the solitude. Long before it began to pall on him, the waitresses struck at having to carry up his meals and rather than perform the chore herself the matron set him free. She did not lie to him:

"We're going to let you out, Harry, because it's too much bother to look after you up here, but you are to have no play time until you promise you won't try to run away again. You don't want to promise now, do you, while nobody is listening but me?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," he answered respectfully but without hesitation.

She looked at him for a long time, her heavy brows gathered in a frown. She was a massive woman with a forbidding exterior, but not at all a bad heart.

"It's going to be rather hard on you," she resumed. "You'll have to learn to milk in the dark. After breakfast there will be school, and after school, when the other boys are playing, you will have to go into the shop until suppertime. Then will come the study hour and after that you'll go straight to bed. Before you know it, it will be time to get up again."

"That's all right," said Harry placidly. "I don't mind working, Mrs. Lobb. I guess I like it."

"There's one thing more," she said slowly. "No puddings and no ice cream on Sundays." His face hardened into a mask, but he did not flinch. Somehow she felt that what had seemed an inspiration at the moment was in reality a tactical error. "Of course," she added hastily, "you don't have to go without desserts or your play any longer than you want to."

He nodded shortly, as if accepting a challenge, and was led off to the carpenter shop, where the boys who had committed some fault were condemned to an afternoon class in addition to their regular routine. He liked handling tools, but because he was serving a penance he took occasion on the third day to slice the ball of his thumb with the keen edge of a plane chisel and then rub dirt in the wound.

"Clumsy!" cried the carpenter in charge, noticing first the blood on the shavings and then the ugly gash. "How could you do a thing like that? It's a wonder you didn't cut your ear or your backside. Get out of here! Go to the house and have your thumb washed and tied up."

"Shall I come back?" asked Harry.

"Come back? What for? You won't be any good in here for a week."

Mrs. Lobb was exasperated and handled him rather roughly.

"I believe you did it on purpose, Harry. A cut like that—well, it doesn't fool me." She bathed the wound thoroughly, strapped it around with adhesive plaster, capped it with the thumb of one of her own gloves and sent him under escort to work in the barn.

The farm was famous for its alfalfa—four sure crops to each year—and produced far more than its needs. As the stock on hand threatened to exceed the capacity of the storage space, it was customary to bale and sell it off, a load at a time. Generally such a small lot was bought by some local farmer, but occasionally a shipment was taken to the railway station. Harry had long considered the outgoing wagons as a means of escape, but they had invariably been too closely watched to give him a chance.

When he had been working in the barn for about two weeks a motortruck drove in so late in the afternoon that when it was loaded the driver declared he would make no start that day. He asked that the door be left unlocked so he might get away at dawn and Harry heard him. He heard also a grumble to the effect that it looked like rain, and from a point of vantage behind a stanchion he watched the truckman unfold a tarpaulin, haul it backward over the load and bind it fast.

Here was a chance if ever there was one, thought Harry. He slipped out of the barn unnoticed and then came back to ask if there was anything more for him to do. Upon being dismissed he walked to the house like one in a dream. He was thinking of his previous failures. Invariably it had been food that had betrayed him, for his excellent appetite had always forced him to give himself away while he was still within the sphere of influence of the county home. But this time it would be different. If only he could smuggle himself on that truck, it would carry him far away before the pangs of hunger could defeat him.

That evening at supper he managed to slip a single biscuit inside his blouse and realized that even that small provision entailed a greater risk than it was worth. He scarcely slept all night, and long before dawn he was lying achingly awake, with his eyes so wide open that it made them smart. On the stroke of four, which had become his rising hour since he had learned to milk, he sprang out of bed fully dressed. He had thought out the thing very carefully. If he rose before four, he would surely be stopped and questioned; but if he was ready dressed at four and hurried down, he would have as grace exactly as much time as it took the men to put on their clothes and ouse their faces at the sink. He held his breath as he passed Mrs. Lobb's open door, but was careful not to walk more quietly than usual.

"Is that you, Harry?" she asked sleepily.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What time is it?"

"After four."

He went on a few steps and paused to listen. She had not moved; presently he could hear her breathing heavily. When he reached the barn it was still deserted. He rolled open the door quietly, only far enough to slip in, and closed it again. The darkness was so intense that it seemed as if he could feel it sticking to his fingers as he groped around for the truck.

Presently his knuckles struck the rough surface of the radiator and a moment later he had felt his way to the cord which bound down the tarpaulin. He followed it around, pausing every step or two to tug upward at the heavy covering in the hope that somewhere he could loosen it enough to effect an entrance.

He was about to give up and was considering the desperate measure of cutting the canvas when he came to a spot where it was doubled in a fold, giving him a chance for a firmer purchase.

Inch by inch, he dragged the edge free of the rope until he had an opening through which he could squirm. He wriggled his way up laboriously between the tarpaulin and the bales, pausing twice to press the bridge of his nose hard to keep himself from sneezing. At last he reached the top and crawled thankfully toward the center of the load, where the canvas was loosest, allowing him to move and breathe more freely.

Although it was a chilly March morning, the struggle had heated him so that his skin and hair were wet with sweat. He lay flat on his back, with his arms folded over his face, and listened anxiously. Now that he was more or less comfortably settled, every moment of delay worried him. What if the men should miss him and take the trouble to go to the house to call him out? What if the truck driver had overslept? Wasn't somebody sure to notice the bulge in the tarpaulin in broad daylight?

He felt his heel slip between two of the bales and the chance occurrence gave him an idea. He worked one foot down, and then the other, into the opening and felt it gradually widen. By exerting all his strength and using his compact little body as a wedge he gradually forced the bales apart until he had barely enough space to kneel between them.

No sooner had he accomplished the feat than he heard the barn doors roll back noisily. He ducked his head instinctively and held it down, his finger once more pressed hard on the bridge of his nose. The thought of how awful it would be if he should sneeze at this crucial moment made the desire to sneeze all the stronger. In his struggle to avoid doing it he made a strangling sound loud enough to be heard all over the barn, but fortune was with him. At that instant the driver succeeded in starting his engine.

Presently Harry heard the gears grind and felt the truck move forward, only to stop as the motor stalled. His heart sank.

"Oh, hurry!" he prayed silently but with the fervor of desperation. "Please, please, hurry!"

The driver climbed down, cursing, to crank the engine again and this time left its throttle well on so that when it started it roared with a frightful clatter. He let it race for several seconds, and by the time he had cut it down to slip in his clutch the worst had happened—one of the men had come into the barn.

"Where you off to, brother?" he shouted pleasantly.

Harry listened for the answer with all his ears. If it should give the destination of the truck, he would have to plan to slip off at some intermediary point or be prepared to face the authorities and another defeat at the end of the journey. But the truckman was cold, sleepy and otherwise in an irascible mood.

"Going south, chump," he snarled, "going south!"

With that he let in his clutch and the truck lunged forward with a jerk. It rolled out of the barn and up the grade past the house in low gear, but presently it was thrown into high and began to bowl along sweetly. At the turn out of the main gateway Harry felt himself thrown to the right. He thought nothing of it at the moment, but soon he began to ask himself questions. Was he sure it was on his right shoulder he had felt the pressure? He was. Then the driver had lied. He was heading north.

The roads were abominable and there were times when Harry feared the whole load would capsize or at least be hurled from the dray bed. Twice the bales pressed in on him so hard that he gasped for wind, but he would not have cried out for help even if he had been convinced his body was about to be crushed. Every turn of the wheels was carrying him farther away from his long imprisonment and that thought alone was enough to make him the happiest boy alive.

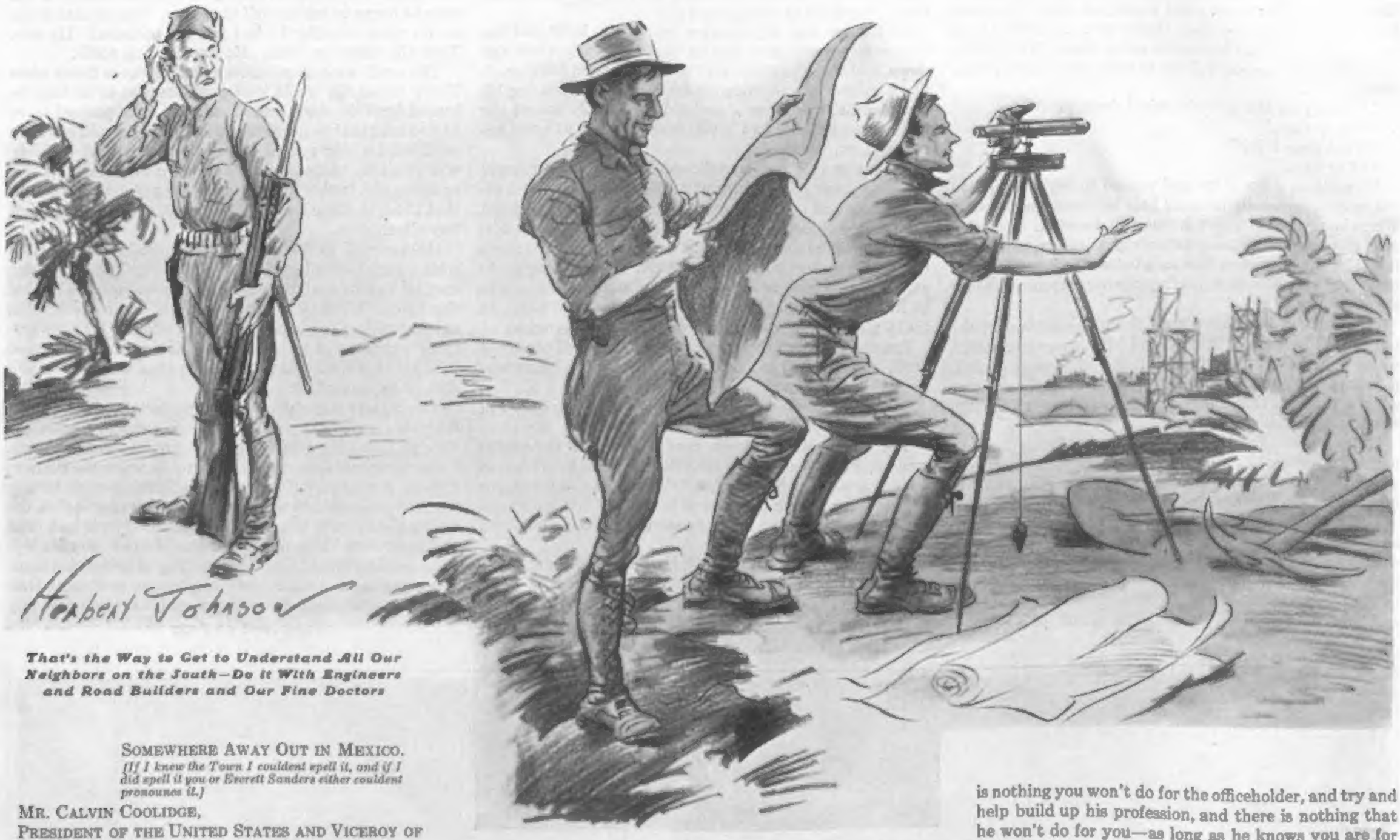
He managed to find a slight puncture in the tarpaulin which gave him a broad view of the sky but of nothing else, for he dared not raise his head much above the level of the bales. What if somebody should notice something moving under the canvas and grow curious? When everything was going so well it would be foolish to take even so far-fetched a risk. This was his big chance and he would do nothing to spoil it.

The hole in the cloth served one useful purpose, however—it permitted him to keep track, more or less, of the time of day. He was determined not to eat his biscuit before noon and imagined that would be when the sun was directly overhead. He was almost fainting with hunger when he realized that without even having approached the zenith the sun was unaccountably lower than it had been an hour before. But the month was March! In that moment he discovered physical geography as something actually practical and his solemn amazement at finding that book learning could be useful would have amused any

(Continued on Page 93)

"I'm Working Here Now," Said Harry Pleasantly. "What About My Supper?"

More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President



That's the Way to Get to Understand All Our Neighbors on the South—Do it With Engineers and Road Builders and Our Fine Doctors

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SOMEWHERE AWAY OUT IN MEXICO.
[If I knew the Town I couldent spell it, and if I did spell it you or Everett Sanders either couldent pronounce it.]

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND VICEROY OF CHICAGO.

MY DEAR CALVIN: I call you Calvin because I hear Dwight do it so much here on the trip. In fact we have all become so familiar that we call each other by our first names. President Calles' first name is Plutarco, and we speak of him as Pluto for short, and the Mexicans don't know why we always kinder smile when we say it. When we say it our thoughts ramble back to a resort in Indiana, and Ballard and Tom Taggart and all the old Gang.

Guess Indiana hasent been much of an inspiration to you lately, has it? If I was you I would do all I could to let it go over to the Democratic side, if you can fool them into taking it. It does you more harm than what little Senate support you get out of it.

But I must get back to International relations. I can't be telling you about all the States that are eligible for a sanity Clinic. If I did I would have to drag in my commonwealth of Oklahoma. She received statehood before she was ready for a Solo flight. She went up alone, but she has had bumpy air ever since she took off. She is bucking a head wind that looks like it gets worse every administration. She is either on the ground with a missing Engine or in the air with an incompetent pilot who has pulled it into a stall, and she is now in a tail spin.

Dairy-Made Diplomacy

BUT if I keep on talking these things the first thing I know I will have a letter that will look like it's from a National Committeeman and of course will be thrown in the wastebasket and answered in the regulation style with Form Number 432. But it's Mexico that I am trying to give you the dope on. You want to keep your eye on this Country. There is some pretty slick people here. They can have more political Campaigns and dig up more money for 'em—according to the wealth of the Country—which leads me to predict if we annex them they would be Republicans. They just got the earmarks and traits of Republicans—that is, the smarter ones. Of course the Peons are just natural Democrats. So you would have to educate them up to where they would be ambitious to live off the Government, and they would all be Republicans.

We been out on this trip several days now on this Presidential train. Morrow is getting kinder used to it now, an don't gaze around so wild-eyed as he did when he first saw it. 'Course it looks like a kind of extravagance for a President to have a whole private train. But everything in pretty near all countries equals up in the long run. He hasent got a Yacht.

The first place we visited was a big Industrial School. This President is greatly interested in Schools. He used to be a school-teacher up in his state of Sonora, and a Man when he gets into office will naturally kinder favor helping out the thing that he used to work at or be more interested in private life. Now take, for instance, your business when a young fellow. It was officeholding. Well, you see, having been connected with that all your life, your thoughts and sympathies, even as President, are always with your old profession. You have always kept in touch with the people in that line of business. You have never got so big and so busy that you dident have time to see an Officeholder, and have always done all you could to help him.

Well, that's the way with this fellow Calles. He was a school-teacher, and he will always do all he can for the School-Teacher. He likes to help along schools, and try and build up more of them, and make schools the outstanding thing of the Republic. Perhaps if he had been a Banker, he would have tried to make Banks the outstanding thing; or if a Sailor, perhaps tried to make Mexican commerce strong on the sea. It's as I say, no matter who you are, you revert to type; and where he has centered on Schools, you have naturally centered on Politics, and that's why you have made the big success you have out of it. There is nothing you won't do for the officeholder, and try and help build up his profession, and there is nothing that he won't do for you—as long as he knows you are for him. Well, this fellow has built up the schools over Mexico—not as much as your business of officeholding is built up, but it's showing great improvement.

This school looks like it is based a good deal on our big Agricultural Schools at home, like Ames, Iowa, and Oklahoma A. and M. Of course not so big and elaborate, but they have all the things there—regular schoolroom course, farming, dairying, fine stock, workshops, and a great fine-looking bunch of Boys. They have a marvelous dairy. You know, that's another one of Calles' hobbies. He has a fine dairy ranch just outside Mexico City. That's the ranch that he and Morrow go to that you read about. There is where they settled the oil problem, was in a dairy. Mebbe you ought to take up some old heifers and start a sort of a make-believe dairy up there in Rock Creek Park, and mebbe get some of these Foreign Ambassadors out there and get 'em so interested in Butter fat that they might loosen up and promise to pay us something on account.

A Little Inside Dope

THIS fellow Morrow looked these Holsteins in the face a few times and he settled the vexing Oil problem to the satisfaction of Mexico—and ours—so it might not be bad to get a few old Guernseys and serve a little breakfast out there among the milk buckets, and let the ambassadors see these old Cows. You know, there ain't nothing that is as sympathetic as a cow. She could just look at those Dignitaries with those Legion of Honor ribbons across their chest, and I'll bet you that they would feel so sorry for those old Bossys that they would start a Debt settlement before the end cow had given up her last drop.

It would be mighty nice if you could give Mellon some little outside aid. Up to now we have only received skimmed milk from them. If you could just collect something from over there it would make the next Congress worth while for all the boys. As it is, it looks like it is going to be kinder slim, with most of 'em just after going through a Campaign. And here is a little inside dope for you: The

Boys are going to be a little leery about slipping the old Liberty Bonds around so promiscuously. You are liable to get John D. collections of a Dime. So it kinder looks like a lot of guys are going to have to run for office just on their merits—and that will ruin 'em.

I believe this cow thing would work out, because I know even when we was going through this school dairy, Morrow said "Let's go from here and have a drink. I would like to treat." So it's worth trying. Borah is out there in the Park on his horse riding every day, and you could get him to help round up the cows for the breakfast. But don't let the foreign Diplomats see Borah, for it would make 'em so mad they might not even eat with you, much less pay you something. You know, they thought till they got over here that Borah was Prime Minister. Of course we don't have any Prime Minister, but Borah occupies the same position here that one does in Europe. And they have heard about him being more for America than he is for Europe. They feel that if it wasent for him they never would have had to stop borrowing. Now Borah will go in with you on this scheme, for nothing would please him better than to get something out of somebody from the other side. But keep him hid in the hayloft till they go away, for they know that he is the Mussolini of the U. S.

Just Between Farmers

THESE boys played a fine game of baseball for us, and basket ball as good as any school teams up home could. There was an old Bull there, but nobody offered to fight him. I felt awful disappointed. I thought every time a Mexican met a bull he sold tickets and then fought the bull. They tend and irrigate hundreds of acres on this big farm of the school, and they teach each boy farming according to the part of the country he comes from.

We drove back into a town and then went to a Coöperative store that was owned by the farmers and ranchers. They sell and handle the farmers' grain, and sell him his farming tools at wholesale cost, plus the cost of handling. There was a lot of old real farmers, and they gathered around the President and they was talking not like farmer to President, but farmer to farmer. There was no kotowing. They was just a-telling him where it was working out and where it wasent, and what they could do to improve it.

That made a big hit with Mr. Morrow the way they met the President and put their problems up to him—not the President of the Farmers Guild, or Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Corncob, Iowa, or the Editor of some Farmer's Weekly—but the real old fellows, the ones that had plowed till the train come in and then was there meeting the President man to man. These dident have a single resolution to present. All the organization they represented was some Oxen, Burros and a plow. But he spent more time with them, and gave them more consideration, and seemed better pleased while with them, than he did all the Officials and Governors of the various States we passed through that come to the train to see him. These old Farmers had their own Bank. This Coöperative owned the whole thing and they owned the coöperative. They sold their own grain, bought their own machinery, loaned themselves their own money, and in fact if somebody made a profit, they was tickled to death, because it was them.

I wish you would meet some Farmers some time before you get out. You would really be surprised. They are mighty fine folks, hard-working, sound-thinking. They only got one thing against 'em, and that's the people who represent 'em. I wish you had passed a rule while you was in there —— Well, it ain't to late yet. You can do it this summer—and mebbe next summer. How 'bout it, Calvin?

But here is the rule that if you had used it you would have understood the Farmer's problem and would have been able to help him out: When a man showed up to see you about Farm relief, make him show Everett his hands, and if he dident have some calluses on 'em and some marks of a plow and grubbing-hoe handle, why, just have Everett tell him you wasent home.

You are a plain kind of a fellow at heart, and you would like these farmers if you ever met any of them. The ones you meet are Luncheon Club Farmers. The ones I am talking about, the wives bring their Lunch to the field.

Why, do you suppose a busy farmer could sit and listen for an hour at a lot of Guys singing some silly songs, and shake hands with the fellow next to you—and then go out and try to undersell him on a deal? That's not the Farmer's stuff. He eats with his mules, where he knows there will be no speeches. If there is, a Mule will make it because he will be hungry, and will at least know what he is hollering for, and it will be appropriate to the occasion. The Mule can at least think of something to say besides "The Trouble with us farmers is"—now mebbe he is an Automobile dealer, or handles Radios—"our trouble is, we buy on a protected market and sell on an open market." Then everybody will applaud, as though he has said something new. He heard his great-grandfather say the same thing. All that is necessary to make a Farm Relief speech is to memorize that above statement. What's going to be done about it? Nothing.

If I Can Get a Passport Vessayed and Arranged, I am Going Into Chicago After I Leave This Country

Why ain't there going to be anything done about it? Because there is more people eat what the farmers raise than raise what the people eat. The minute there is any Bill to raise the price of what you eat, the people know that it is making them pay more for it, so they are Agin it; and as there is, as I just told you, more eating than there is raising, why, your Bill won't get far.

Then why don't they cut down the tariff on what he has to buy? Because the Republicans don't want to. Why don't the Democrats then cut down the tariff? Because they never get enough votes to get into Office; and if they did, they can't get enough votes to cut down the tariff.

(Continued on Page 173)

We Can Always Laugh at Mexico and Ireland for Not Settling Their Problems Quicker

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

"When Marjory's Will Was Sick Last Year He Nursed Him Just Like a Mother"

The Firm's Bachelor

By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MRS. MARKHAM said: "Of course it is great fun having a girl out, and one does get a taste of youth all over again, just as you say, dear. But I often think I shall never get a good night's rest again. We always used to come home at midnight, but now it's three and four in the morning."

Mrs. Markham was little and stout and harried, and had on her round face a look of intense surprise that her girlhood should have left her forever. She was an earnest woman, pathetically anxious to do the right thing and have the right feelings.

"Of course I know one must chaperon girls out here. I believe it's even coming in at home again. But four in the morning, you know ——"

She smothered a yawn at the very thought of it.

Around them the hot greenhouse scent of the tropical night stole silently. A myriad mosquitoes buzzed there. But they did not feast upon the seasoned ankles of Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Green. They had had enough of them.

Mrs. Markham looked every day of forty-five. Mrs. Green was eternal youth. Mrs. Markham knew for a fact Mrs. Green was eighteen months her senior, but that made no difference. Mrs. Green was no age. She had never got fat. She had never got wrinkled. Her skin looked like skin, and not morocco leather. People said there was really very little change in her since she arrived in Rangoon as a bride—except that now she had a grown-up daughter. No one knows how she did it. There were no face creams on her dressing table and only a cake of soap in her bathroom.

"My dear soul," said Mrs. Green, "you don't manage things properly." She pulled off her little white felt hat and threw it onto the table that stood beside them, all ready to hold drinks, upon the club lawn. Mrs. Markham shuddered to think what would have happened had she treated her own hat so. But Mrs. Green merely exposed a neat shingle devoid of a gray hair. It was a marvel the way that woman wore and kept on wearing. There ran a couplet about her which said:

Governors come and governors go,
But Helma Green goes on forever.

Mrs. Markham looked harried and sad. She said: "I would never have brought Kathleen out if I had known Marjory's wedding was going to be put off like this. It was natural Kathleen wanting to be her only sister's bridesmaid, but of course she is far too young to be out here at all, and I am sure will get ideas put into her head—all these young men. I meant her to go back on the very next boat, but poor Will getting sent up to the frontier like this upsets everything, and now I don't suppose there is a chance of the wedding coming off until February at the earliest—two and a half months."

Mrs. Green ran her fingers through her crisp unfaded hair. "I must introduce you to the firm's bachelor, dear."

Mrs. Markham raised her unplucked eyebrows—those honest eyebrows that spread with every year.

She said, "I'm sure we don't want any more young men."

"Not young, dear—fortyish. Exactly what you are looking for. . . . I never stay late anywhere. I get hold of Evan Stansfield and ask him to bring Maisie home, and off I go. My dear, the complete chaperon. Too fatherly, and pure to a fault. He puts the girls in the back of the car and sits in front himself with the driver. A man in a thousand. Quite a godsend to us mothers, I do assure you."

"Evan Standish? I don't think I've met him."

"Probably not. He's retiring to a fault. Quite a man's man, and he runs a sort of society for the chokras out here and turns the most unlikely of them into quite little gentlemen. I would never have got through last season alive without him. Once I went off upriver with Bunker for three days and rang up Evan Stansfield and asked him to keep an eye on Maisie. Believe me, he came round every day, dear, and when she had that awful pain which turned out to be appendicitis—you remember—she rang him up and told him about it. He was most handy and gave her such good advice, and drove her down himself to the doctor."

"What's wrong with the man?" asked Mrs. Markham bluntly. She had no finesse.

"Nothing in this world, my dear. Quite good-looking, with the most delightful eyes—quite doglike. One of those very well washed men. Only it appears that all his life he has been quite set against matrimony, and I believe one of the rules of that society he runs is that they shall eschew all women, though mercifully it does not prevent him from seeing them home from picnics and dances, or I don't know what I would do."

"Maisie will fall in love with him as sure as fate, Helma. You are playing with fire."

"Falling in love with Mr. Stansfield would be like whetting your teeth on the front doorstep, dear. I mean, one would abandon the venture as unremunerative, if you understand me." She lit a cigarette with consummate polish. "He lives in a flat over the office, dear, and Bunker

always says the firm could not get on without him, he's such a force for good. He rescues the young men from evil ways, dear, right and left. When Marjory's Will was sick last year he nursed him just like a mother. Gave up his own bed and slept on a stretcher. Good-heartedness is a perfect hobby with that man."

"Why, of course I've heard of him then. Will could not say enough for him. But somehow or other we've never met. Rather a recluse, I understood."

"Given to it almost to extremes, dear. He goes for long, long rides on his horse and people say he tells it his whole life history. But I must really bring you together. Only, it will be difficult, for he is positively set against dining out."

"Helma," said Mrs. Markham, softening with sentiment, "perhaps he has had some terrible sorrow."

"No, darling, I think not. All he has is a philosophy."

Mrs. Markham said nothing. Mrs. Green was clever and she wasn't. She always muddled up philosophies and psychoanalysis. It was safer to say nothing.

Evan Stansfield was fortyish. God had given him a face that would have made his fortune in the pictures, but he was of a retiring nature and had never taken it there. He was a long, clean-looking man with hair going gray over the temples. You never realized how young he really was until he smiled.

His flat was a meeting place for all the young men in Rangoon. They came to him with their troubles, and they came to him with their bills and their joys. It had started when Evan himself was young and poor; when he could not afford to go to the clubs and dance and drink. So he and a few choice souls had banded themselves together and formed a sort of society based on the Round Table. Making a virtue of necessity, they forswore all gayety and led quiet lives, interested in the finer things. They read Tennyson, Galsworthy, Masefield, thus lending a glamour to the necessary business of saving money.

Their rules were those of Arthur's Table Round modified: To speak no slander—no, nor listen to it—to honor their own words and lead sweet lives in purest chastity; to raise the standard of courtesy between man and man and to treat all women as their sisters or their aunts.

In the beginning it had been little more than that—the making of a virtue of necessity. All nice young men are poor when they first come to Rangoon, and the more they keep away from the clubs and the dances and those places where two or three are gathered together, the better it is for them and their prospects. Evan had enough imagination to know how much easier it is to do a dull thing from choice than from necessity.

That had been all right ten years ago. But now he was no longer poor. Now there was no good reason why he should not join the world and taste its jollinesses. And lo, he found himself dubbed forever the firm's bachelor. Those rules, fashioned in an idle moment to assist the immature, held him now like iron bands. He had acquired a reputation of trustworthiness he could never live down. Mothers wrote to him from England about their sons. Mothers badgered him in Rangoon to look after their daughters at parties. He was rapidly becoming the sort of man girls borrow safety pins from in moments of emergency.

We can see what a quandary he found himself in, for he had had a good mother who had brought him up to believe England expects every man not to let anyone down.

He stood in the window of his flat over the office, stroking his chin. His face was lean and brown and very kind and whimsical. The face of a dreamer of dreams which, caught in repose, was often a little sad—of late more often sad—ever since Marjory Markham came out to marry Will Adeane; Marjory, with her hair gold as the sides of the great pagoda, and the little-girl look of wonder in her blue eyes at all the oddities of an Eastern seaport town.

Evan was not a ladies' man, but he knew in a flash that he might have been Marjory's man. But he never could be, because with his own hand he had snatched Will Adeane from the jaws of death only the previous rains, to rob him of his only chance of happiness. Now, it seemed to Evan, he must remain the firm's bachelor until the end. So life has its fun with one of us and another of us, and we can only be brave and smile.

Evan was getting quite good at the smiling part. He had avoided meeting her with skill that bordered on genius—with skill that almost offended cheerful old Will. As long as he did not meet her he could smile.

One by one, up the stone staircase into his flat, came the young men, while Evan stood beside the window and looked downstream, stroking his chin and thinking his own thoughts. Came Robbie King, Gerry Gray, Mark Hill, Buddy Graves, Pussy Tait—all young and poor and helped by an ideal. It was wonderful how Evan had improved them. You could pick them out at any party or any place where two or three are gathered together, by the Old World courtliness of their manners.

One brought a ukulele, one brought a book. They strewed themselves about his flat and drank his whisky in moderation and made themselves at home. While on the club lawn, not far away, Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Green were unconsciously plotting his undoing. All the work of years was shortly to come tumbling about his ears, and this was the beginning of it, when Mrs. Green said to Mrs. Markham "I shall ask him to dinner."

Bunker Green was head of the firm, so Evan had to go. He could not plead sickness or absence from Rangoon or rush of work, because he sat opposite Bunker in the office all day and it would have been a farce.

He stood at the window, tying his tie with all the abandon of a planless man. He loved the river with its lights and moored ships, and far off what seemed a distant fairyland upon the river bank. An enchanted city of dreams come true. He liked to pretend it was that, though for a fact he knew it was only Syriam and Thilawa, where they distilled the oil and made the candles.

His young men watched him go to the dinner party he would rather not. And they condoled with him and said how much nicer it was in the peace and quiet of the flat, than in the giddy whirl of society, and they gave him their

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"It's My One Chance of Happiness and I'm Taking It. I'm Being Brave and Strong, as You Told Me To"

Charles V and the Hitch Hikers

By BOOTH JAMESON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE little summer-resort barber shop had but one patron that afternoon, yet the colored barber seemed not ill-pleased. With a tenderness almost maternal he removed shaving soap from the ears of the reclining young man, gently applied hot towels to his face, and altogether behaved in a manner touchingly solicitous. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder at a wire-haired fox terrier lying prone in the corner.

"Dess look at 'at dog," he said abruptly. "Evah time you come you carry a different dog with you, and dess look at him. Whut's he good for?"

"Nothing, I expect," the young man said. "But that wasn't what we ——"

"He ce'tain'y can grow hisself some whiskers," the barber went on. "Man come in my shop with whiskers like hisn, I could make enough to buy me nice yellow cane, like the one I seen you with yestiddday. I was dess thinkin' ——"

"You don't get it! I've given you all the suits and hats and things I'm going to this season. We weren't talking about that, anyway. Now ——"

"Yessuh, Mista' Manning; nemmine 'at cane. Would look right nice, though, when I go down to my wife's in Virginia. I got me a hundred one-dollah bills an' two fifty-dollah bills to wrap 'em up in, an' if I had me a nice cane ——"

"My sister gave me that cane and you don't get it!" young Mr. Manning said decisively. "I've been in here more'n an hour and you've done everything to me you could think of, except to tell me what I asked you."

"Yessuh," said the barber. He seized a handful of what appeared to be pink putty and began kneading it into the customer's cheeks and forehead with such vigor that even the gray-flanneled legs of the kneaded gentleman rocked with the motion.

"Now, Mista' Manning, if you'd kinely let me know whut we was talkin' about, I'd be pleased to tell you."

"I asked you—I asked you ——"

"Yessuh?" the barber encouraged him.

"Well, you remember I asked you what it was like—well, what it was like when you're—when ——"

"When you're ma'ied? 'Deed I 'member," the barber said cheerfully. "That was when you first come in here. To say the truth, I wasn't goin' tell you 'less'n you'd think me an' my wife didn't get on. But I will tell you."

He placed an electric vibrator on the tip of his patron's nose and then moved the instrument in small purring circles over his face, all the while talking volubly.

"So bein' ma'ied's all right for some," he said, "but me, it gits me nervous. Sittin' at home, with the child'en all ovah the room, I can feel somethin' go poppin' in my arm. Look dess like a pins, pop-poppin' in my arm; look dess like a pins! My wife she say, 'Bush Tufton,' she say, 'whut's mattuh 'th you?' An' I say, 'Tina, you got you a big black mouf.' An' she ——"

"No, I didn't mean that. I meant what's it like to be married? Do you feel any different?"

"Just How Much Has He Taken You In? How Much of All That Talk Do You Believe?"

"How you mean, Mista' Manning?"

"I said: 'What does it feel like to be married?'"

Bush Tufton paused, frowned gravely, and let the vibrator hover in mid-air while with his disengaged hand he caressed the back of his fat neck. He was having an almost new experience—here was an affluent customer who did not wish to be amused by domestic anecdotes—a customer who evidently regarded him as a marital expert and came to him and besought him, as it seemed, to discourse upon the philosophy of wedlock. Moreover, this particular customer had never before taken a sharp interest in what the barber had said, nor, as far as Bush knew, had he ever been sharply interested in what anyone said. From the time of his birth Mr. Charles Manning was permanently reserved in speech; at the age of ten he had acquired a heavy dinner-table manner that embarrassed both his parents; and now, at twenty-four, he was an aloof Olympian. The fact that he had asked the barber's opinion of marriage aroused in this undoubted expert an emotion not unlike a flattered bewilderment.

"Well, suh," he said, "I'll tell you. It feel like a pins sometime, but not all time. Year ago this fall, I say to Tina, I say ——"

"Don't tell me any more about that!" Mr. Manning interrupted harshly. "That's enough! Tell me what the whole business feels like!"

The barber scowled vacantly at the wash basin; the issue could not be evaded. Dimly he grasped his patron's point of view: The profound, and not the frivolous, was required—the general law and not the particular incident. He met the situation.

"It dess thisaway!" he said: "I can't tell you much, but dess 'member this: Man go get hisself ma'ied, he can't laff it off an' go on back home where he used to live next mornin'. He's ma'ied! He can't go on home. That's all I know how to say 'bout it."

"You mean there's a feeling of permanence, a feeling that you've taken a definite step and ——"

"I doan' know 'bout that," Bush said hastily. "Man make up his mind an' get ma'ied, he can't go home where he was before. He's put!"

Mr. Manning closed his eyes and allowed the vibrator to continue its course uninterrupted; it may have been that he was meditating upon this new aspect of holy matrimony.

The barber carried on his work in silence; the massage finished, he tilted the chair to an upright position.

"Lemme touch 'er up a little mo'," he said considerately. "Them back hairs all raggedy. This th' last chance I get 'fo' next summer. Season's ovah; near evahbody gone 'cept'n' us; I'm goin' 6:32 tomorruh mornin', an' when ——"

"Yes, you told me," the young man said. "Suppose—well, just suppose ——"

"Suppose'n what, suh?"

"Suppose you couldn't laugh anything off and go on home. What would you do?"

"Me? I doan' dess ——"

"Suppose you couldn't go on home because you had no home to go to?"

"Who you talkin' ——"

"No home to go to!" Young Mr. Manning was getting excited. "No home! Father and mother always abroad. Grandfather making fun of you and telling you to go get a wife and ——"

"What you mean?"

"Suppose you'd been sent away to school when you were ten years old and kept away at camps or had to travel with a tutor every vacation until you were twenty-two, and when you did come home, everyone was in Paris or Palm Beach. What would you do?"

"When, suh?"

"When you came back to an empty house!"

"What would I do?" Bush chuckled. "I'd throw me a nice party. I'd ask all ——"

"You would not!" Mr. Manning said crossly. "You'd get married and have a place of your own."

"Nossuh! I'd have me a time. I'd sport and I'd ——"

"You'd get married! You'd get married to the first attractive girl you saw and tell your family all where to go. That's what you'd do!"

"Hoo!" said Bush, and he burst into a falsetto cackle. "I like to be there when 'nat happen." Then he became serious. "Now dess 'tween you'n me, Mista' Manning," he said confidentially, "when you fixin' to get ma'ied?"

"Don't let that bother you." Mr. Manning was haughty "It's my affair! Anyway, I was just stating a hypothetical case. I didn't say I was thinking of doing anything. It was purely hypothetical."

The barber looked hurt.

"You doan' have to tell me nothin'," he said. "I ain't goin' to r'mind you all the times I ba'be'd you up nite, nossuh! Doan' tell me nothin' a-tall, 'less'n you want to. Now, your gran'pa, he never use me so hateful. He tole me all 'bout this here ma'iage bizness day 'fo' yestiday."

"He did!"

"Settin' right here in nat chair." Bush nodded. "Yessuh, he come in along ten o'clock in the mornin' an' he "

"What did he say?"

"Nothin' much. He look at th' floor like he was steddyin' 'bout somethin', an' then he say, 'Bush, I'm kinda expectin' my grandson t'do somethin' tempesterous, if he doan' go sleep on me,' he say." The barber laughed. "Hoo!" he said, as if amused by a secret thought.

"But that wasn't all?"

"Nossuh. He say, 'Trouble that boy is, when he set down t'think he always go sleep. But if he can stay awake long 'nuff at a time, I wouldn't be s'prised if he spent some o' that money his gran'ma lef' him an' took hisself a wife.'"

"He did, did he? He said that?"

"Yessuh. An' as I recollect, he tole me not to say nuffin' bout' it, an' then he laffed. Hoo! He ce'tain'y can laff! He tole me, 'Doan' you say nuffin',' an' then ——"

"That'll do!" The young man spoke with some heat. "That's enough!"

There was silence.

"A married man," he said, after a short time. "A married man." He said it as though he enjoyed the sound of the words; his expression was one of thoughtful pleasure.

"Ma'iage all right for some," the barber said glibly, "but ——"

"Hurry up and get through with me," Mr. Manning broke in. "Just concentrate on that and let me get out of here. I've got an engagement."

"Yessuh."

Bush suspended vocal activity; he knew when a topic was exhausted, were it even so elastic as the topic of marriage. For the moment his art claimed him; beneath his hands the crisp dark hair of the customer rose and fell; he rubbed it until each lock stood upright, stroked it into a state of flatness and then applied water. With elaborate precision he chose a comb and deftly made a pathway from crown to brow, and during this operation his attitude was similar to the calm intensity of a sculptor at work. He drew back, put his head on one side, stopped, squinted and solemnly nodded—the masterpiece was finished. He straightened up and glanced at the window.

"They's two young ladies standin' out front," he said. "Anybody f' you?"

"Who are they?" Mr. Manning tried unsuccessfully to look behind him.

"Same two I sawd you come walkin' into town with earlier 'n afternoon; they had on pants then an' you was ca'yin' their knapsacks; look like a hitch hikers. But they ain't got on pants now. Least not far's I - "

"Turn this chair around," Mr. Manning ordered. "Turn me around."

The barber swiveled him toward the window. On the sunlit boardwalk outside the shop were two girls. There was nothing about their appearance to indicate that a little more than an hour ago they had been equipped like gypsying wanderers hitch hiking their way southward. As Mr. Manning could see, they didn't have on pants now; in fact, their present attire had no suggestion of the masculine or the practical; slenderly modish, they were dressed with the inexpensive smartness that sometimes comes to astute readers of fashion magazines.

Mr. Manning could also see that they were looking at him not without interest. He waved to them. The smaller girl gayly returned his greeting and her companion bowed pleasantly. Bush whirled him back to the mirror.

"'At a nices' ba'be'in' I evah done f' you," he said. "Now tomorruh mornin' I'm goin' down to my wife's in Virginia, an' if I had me a nice yellow ——"

"You don't get it! That's my cane! Give me the bill for the season."

Quickly the barber whisked away the towels from about his customer's neck and gave him the bill. Mr. Manning took it and absently felt in his pockets.

"Here you are, Bush," he said. "See you next season."

Then, followed by his dog, he left the shop and joined the girls; the three of them briskly set out down the boardwalk. The barber looked at the roll of money in his hand, went to the window and watched the little ambulating group until it was out of sight.

"Hoo!" said Bush. "Well, dea'y me!"

Some minutes later Mr. Manning entertained guests at tea—that is to say, he and the two girls were seated at one of the tables on the veranda of the small inn still open, though the season had passed, in the village. For his part, he had tea and toast while his guests were drinking orangeades. Near him stood the fox terrier, slightly hopeful of a share in the refreshments.

"When I first saw you coming along the road," the young man said "when I first saw you, Zula—that is your name, isn't it?" The smaller girl nodded. "When I first ——"

"I wish you'd look at that dog," the other girl said. "Isn't he adorable? I'd like to have my picture taken with him, like the pictures in the society section. He's so smart looking."

"Too fat," her host said. He turned to her friend. "Now, when I first saw ——"

"He is smart looking!"

"—— saw you coming along the road ——" He ignored the interruption. "When I ——"

"What's his name?" The taller girl leaned forward, her chin resting prettily upon her clasped hands. "What is his name?"

"Sabine Firebrand," he said, regarding the dog with some coldness. "That's his kennel name. But what ——"

"That's an awf'ly smart name."

"Yes, Elise," the smaller girl said hurriedly. "Yes." She caught the young man's eye and smiled.

"Awf'ly smart," said Elise. "How did you happen to think of such a ——"

"We didn't," he said. "It's his kennel name. We call him Danny."

"Well, that's a nice name for ——"

"Danny, you go home!" Mr. Manning said irritably. "You go on home!"

Danny feebly wagged his tail, raised his ears in thought and trotted off, though obviously not in the direction of home.

"When I first saw you walking along the road," the young man said to Zula, "I felt I had to know you."

"Did you?" she said shyly. "Why?"

"I felt you were the kind of a girl who could forget you were a girl and just be all woman," he said earnestly. He turned to Elise. "Don't you think she could be all woman and drop the rest of it?"

"Well," said Elise—"well, what do you mean?"

"All woman," he said—"just that, and let the rest of it go."

Zula moved closer to him "I'd be glad to let the rest of it go," she said, "but ——"

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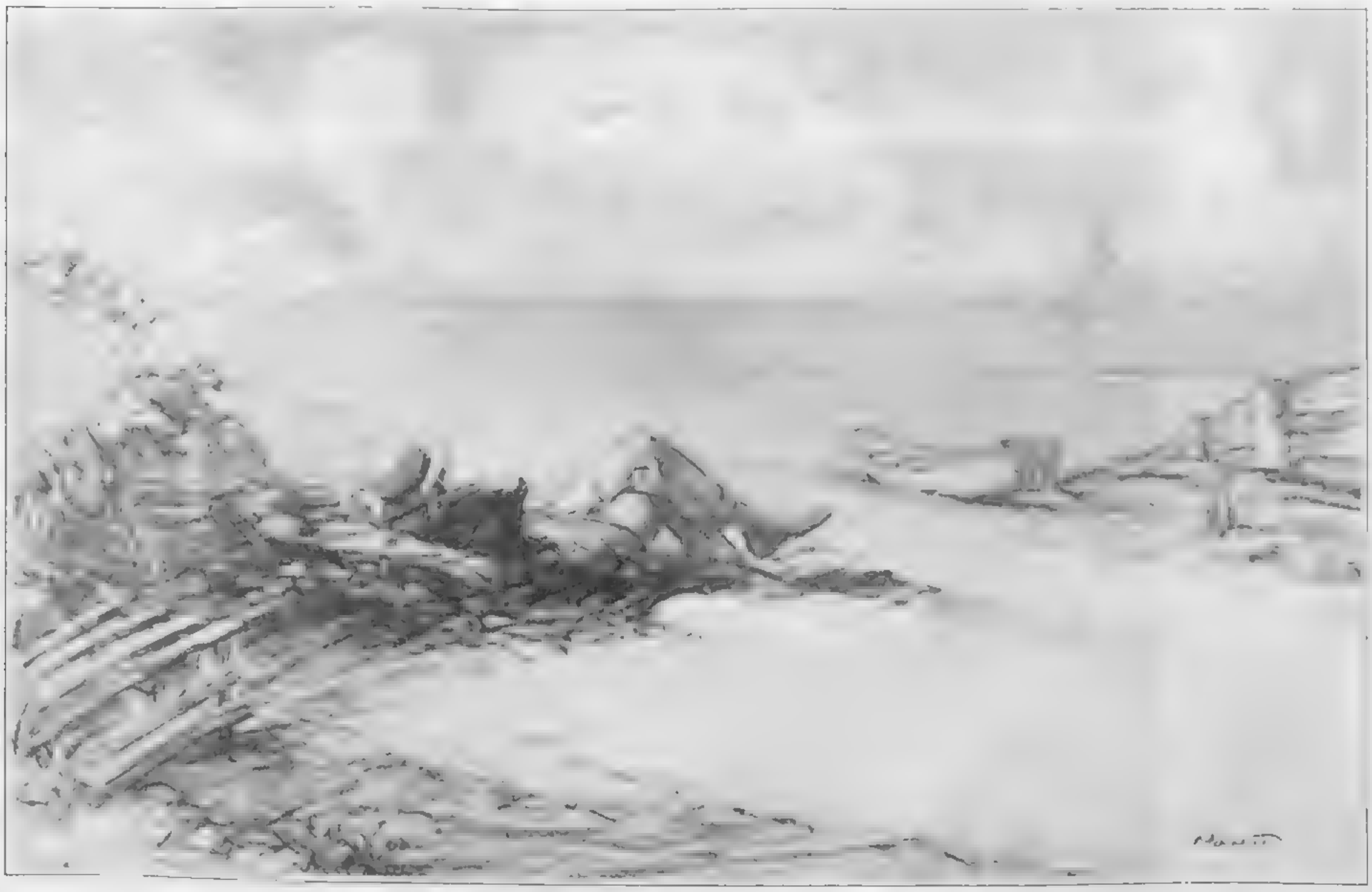

Although for the Time Being He Had Given Up the Idea of Marriage, He Was Getting Plenty of Rest

Three o'Clock in the Morning

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE traditional time for the great crucial decision at our political conventions is three A.M. Then, as we are told every four years, is when the masters of manipulation, the giants of strategy, the Atlases of intrigue who control our politicians, get together in a hotel room in the convention city and pick the man who shall be nominated. Everything that has happened in the preconvention campaign for delegates leads up to that meeting and everything that is going to happen in the way of making a nomination depends upon it.

You know the story. Word has been passed to the powerful that the hour is now at hand. A candidate must be selected. The delegates have been milling around for several days, futilely trying to make a decision themselves; but, of course, being only delegates, they are incapable of decision. They must be told. And their political masters, having canvassed the situation and determined in whom and by whom their own interests will best be protected and preserved, always get together to rig up the deck so there shall be no mistake when the conclusive cold hand shall be dealt.

The Chicago Coliseum During the Republican National Convention of 1920

The plot varies little with the years. After some days of yelling and speeches and noise and nonsense, in the early hours of the momentous morning a little company of masterful men gathers in some convenient room in some convenient hotel or club in the convention city, coming in ones, twos and threes, silently, almost surreptitiously, to confer as to their ultimate political good and to fix things to that desirable end.

Few are politicians in the professional sense. They, as the chronicle of their doings always goes, are the men who control the professional politicians—great captains of finance and business, great publicists and statesmen, great this and that who know what they want, and knowing, have no hesitation about setting up the pins so they will obtain the same. They are the super superintendents of the party that happens to be in convention assembled at the moment. They pick their man, after more or less debate, and send forth their messengers to inform the politicians of their mandatory desires. Then, when the convention assembles later in the day, the delegates do their bidding and thus is the candidate made.

Latest Edition

IT ALWAYS is a good story. We like a touch of the inside with all our news, and such stuff as this surely is interior as may be—three A.M., behind locked doors, big fellows conferring and deciding, destinies of the country and the party at stake, demonstration of control by this or by that, exemplification of who runs the party and the country—very exciting and internal and important—mystery—secrecy—intrigue—strategy—power—domination—high politics—very high—the higher the fewer, and then some.

Last time we had it with all its trimmings was after Harding was nominated at the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1920, although there was a pretty good one after the Democratic debacle in New York in 1924. The Chicago yarn was perfect. Lowden and Wood were hammering at each other on the convention floor and getting nowhere. Others were being tried out with no results. The thing was getting into a mess. So, on that Saturday morning, at three o'clock, the big boys began to gather in a certain room in a certain hotel. An adjournment over Sunday might mean disaster. Some outsider, with no qualifications save the desire of the delegates who had been chosen to represent the party to nominate him, might get away with the nomination and be under no obligations to the big boys. That would be fatal. It would be worse than that. It would be expensive.

Different Trimmings

NO COMPLETE roster of that cabal has been preserved for posterity, but we know some of those who were said to have been there, and know, too, that many others might have been there, for parked across the way at the moment were more private railroad cars than ever assembled at one and the same time in Chicago before or since—save, perhaps, at the time of the Tunney-Dempsey fight. I have often wondered why the Democrats did not make a few photographs of that imposing array of private cars for campaign purposes. Not that it would have made any difference in the general result, but it would have given a tang to their tangless campaign that year. Perhaps the Democrats hoped they might have a few private-car perquisites themselves at their convention, which came later. You never can tell about those things.

Well, anyhow, three o'clock on that Saturday morning came around and there they were, right in that important hotel room, and they decided to nominate Harding. Holding the destinies and the direction of the convention in their well-manicured hands, they selected Harding; and when their imperial desires were communicated to the politicians, the politicians dutifully relayed said desires to the delegates and the delegates acted accordingly, with a well-known result. As the yarn showed explicitly, the convention was merely a mob until these managers and dictators, these three-o'clock boys, had their meeting and fixed up the slate. Then it became an orderly, amenable and efficient gathering and did as it was told, humbly and expeditiously. This was the high politics of that 1920 convention, as we have often been told. This is the inside story, and a very good story too.

Barring a few details, it is quite correct. Aside from the facts that the meeting that decided upon Harding as the nominee was not held at three o'clock in the morning and was held about midnight, that it was not held in the hotel utilized in the story as the meeting place but in another hotel, that only one or two of the participants in the three-o'clock meeting were at the real meeting, that the Harding decision was made by a combination

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The First Session of the Democratic National Convention in Madison Square Garden, New York, 1924

DON'T LET THEM DIE

By Commander Richard E. Byrd, United States Navy, Retired

The Crash of a Navy Plane at Pensacola, 1918, During Commander Byrd's Student Pilot Days

"WE ARE going into a tail spin!"

Out of the night came this voiceless cry by radio last August. Eagerly waiting journalists in San Francisco pictured the possibility of another front-page story. Fellow aviators felt their hearts beat faster for the peril they knew their brother flyers faced. Some business men shrugged and wondered what was the sense of it all. A few fathers and mothers, one or two in particular, whose own flesh and blood was out there in that plane bound for Hawaii——

"Belay that! We are out of the spin."

A sigh of relief around the big newspaper's radio desk; in one or two clubs where hushed men were gathered; in a big room of a private mansion where several tense and silent people huddled over a special line to follow the progress of this valiant effort to find the missing in the great transpacific race. Then, once more, the trickle of words out of the vast darkness that had followed the setting sun: "S O S. We are in the spin agai——"

Silence. The word "again" was never finished. That broken message was the last ever heard of the airplane Dallas Spirit, en route by air from San Francisco to Honolulu. In her perished Captain Erwin, her pilot, a war flyer and as gallant an airman as ever drove aloft. Indeed, he was searching for other victims when he died.

Science and Emotionalism

IT IS superb that a man should give his life to science. By so doing he is making the greatest possible sacrifice for the benefit of future generations. He is following in the footsteps of human benefactors of the past; heroes who have been burned, frozen, inoculated, tortured and blown up that man's knowledge might be increased.

But when, abruptly, scientific research resolves itself largely into emotionalism, and the gain is naught as compared with the loss of precious lives, then the spectacle casts doubt upon the moral soundness of the project that invites it.

Since January 1, 1927, about thirty-five fine young pilots, mechanics and passengers have lost their lives in connection with ocean flying. The percentage of mortality has been far higher than that in the trenches on the Western Front in 1918.

There is good reason to believe that as I write there are scores of similar transoceanic flights being planned for this summer, many of which will actually be attempted, unless public opinion stops them before they start.

There is no case against the properly prepared flights. These are not only feasible and desirable but necessary to bring about regular flights. The next step forward, it seems to me, is to make the flight with a multi-engined seaplane that has a pontoon or a boat for landing.

It is safe to say that the men—and women, for there are many such this year—who propose these daring flights are the cream of our civilization. I found the ones I knew brave, enterprising, resourceful and imaginative.

Are we going to sit idly by and watch these young Americans go to their deaths, as so many are bound to, and never raise a hand to try to stop them?

Commander Byrd in the Collapsible Boat Which He Carries on Every Long Flight, and Which He Used When He Landed at Ver-Sur-Mer, France, June 30, 1927

A Hobby

I PERSONALLY and with the greatest reluctance venture to protest, because so many of us suffered last summer, seeing plane after plane get ready and go when we felt their chances of success were so pitiably slight. Yet whenever I undertook to point out the lack of planning and equipment in some of the other flyers I was met with: "Well, you took big chances, didn't you?"

The trouble was that in the confusion of that wild and unforgettable summer of 1927 we were all lumped together as a sort of fraternity, of which the members were heroes in public and clowns in private; idols if they lived and quickly forgotten if they died.

I have been urged strongly to speak. For months I have wondered if it were my place to do so. I can no longer remain silent. I feel that the lives of splendid people are perhaps involved.

I hope this is not presumption on my part. It simply happens that I have given many years of time and thought and investigation to the problem of long-distance flights, ever since 1918, when I began flying out of sight of land to test the possibility of navigating an airplane as a ship is navigated.

This is nothing to boast about. It simply shows I have had a hobby, just as another man might play golf or shoot clay pigeons. And I say this merely as my credentials in being so bold as to raise my voice against the tragedies sure to come if feverish, inadequately prepared ocean flights are made this summer.

There was my good friend Lloyd Bertaud, who was lost on the Old Glory. He and the others with him took off just before noon on September sixth.

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DID THEY WANT IT?

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THIS is a report on democracy for those who like plain reporting. The peoples of this world have struggled more or less since feudalism for self-government. The battle has occupied some centuries and taken a toll of deaths and effort beyond conception.

In the year 1928 there will be elections not only in Europe but in the United States. This is the year of elections all over the world—America, France, Germany, Japan, and on and on—dozens of countries.

In this year the peoples of the world may have reached the zenith of their bloody climb to self-government; they may, indeed, have turned back toward dictatorship or be groping for something wholly new.

They have had self-government. Did they want it?

Do they want to be self-governed?

Are they self-governed?

There was a day when we thrilled with oratory about democracy, about representation. On the Fourth of July we sat on one of the benches on a New England common, under the elms or in the hot sun, and cheered and wiped our foreheads and got up and sat down, waved our arms and a bandanna because a man with prominent cuffs and apparent apoplexy talked to us about self-government.

Most of us have no disposition to abandon our enthusiasms for democracy. Most of us believe in self-government not only as a means to obtain the best measure of justice possible but because self-government, when exercised properly, gives citizens an education and practice, and interest and ambition for intelligent individual progress.

But facts are facts.

Armies have marched for self-government. Whole continents have bathed in blood about self-government. Women and children have starved so that grandchildren should have self-government. Some of them were fit for self-government and some were unfit—mostly the latter.

In China today there is a slogan of self-government which sets herds running. No one interferes with the Chinese in the endeavor to be self-governing—but look at them! Look at the nation supposedly philosophers, Buddhists, pacifists, nonresisters, calm, eternal mild-mannered folk! A seethe of military war lords, pirates, mobs, riots, massacres, atrocities, lunacy, confusion, death, epidemics, destruction, factions splitting every twenty-four hours into factions, guns, knives, frothing at the mouth, pillage, burning—chaos!

And if the British withdrew from India, the same story! Except that a miserable hodgepodge of races, untouchables, religious zealots and feeble classes in the south would probably be exterminated by northerners within half a century and the British might then wonder what real service they had performed during more than a century past in delaying that inevitable result of self-government.

Do the Chinese want self-government?

Does India?

Does Europe?

Do we?

Does anybody?

I have been looking on in wonderment during these years of experience in presidential campaigns and in European service and in contact and correspondence with political leaders in far and strange places. It seems to me that half the world is struggling for self-government and the other half to get rid of it.

I have no business to answer the question as to whether mankind wants self-government. It is for mankind to answer. They are doing it.

No time is better than this election year to state the facts; no year could be better for a review, for instance, of where self-government is going in Europe. Europe is a place seasoned in experience with government. Europe is a veteran in the battles between hopeful will-o'-the-wisps of false idealism and iron-faced realities. Europe at this moment is cynical about its self-government and ironical about ours.

The kind of control over government which is insinuated by such groups as the oil and campaign-fund rings in 1920 is well noted. The attempts of minorities to force a privilege to bloodsuck the National Treasury do not pass unmentioned in Europe. The failure of some 50 per cent of Americans to care enough for self-government to go to the polls causes a naughty European leer.

In 1928 we have enough signs of soft places in our own armor of representative government to make it worth our while to return that glance and see where the world is going on this self-government question—to see where Europe is going.

Under One-Man Rule

THERE is alive today not even a village idiot who can see in the past ten years any gain for parliamentary government. Two-party systems controlling congresses or parliaments have troubles enough. Multi-party systems drift toward endless confusion. This is sad but true, even where peoples are fit for self-government by temperament and practice, aptitude and experience, as they themselves always think they are. But it is not only sad but positively funny and ridiculous when peoples are not prepared or fit for self-government

The history book, where it treats of modern history, treats in the main of three things—discovery and conquest and internal striving to overturn privilege, monopolies of land or power, and to set up self-governing plans, devices, machinery. The latter struggle by all means has been the dominant basis for centuries for the thought of mankind, and probably for most of humanity's violence, martyrdom and heroism. Man had a passion for self-government.

Did man or woman want it? Turn to the atlas and the map of Europe. I have been making a survey of that field. I made one in the diplomatic service and I made one for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST two years ago.

In the European field, including Russia and Turkey, there are some twenty-seven separate governments.

More than half of them, either openly and completely, like Spain and Italy, are under dictatorships; or are like Turkey, Hungary and others in reality, covered by hypocrisy—under dictatorships in the sense that, however a parliament or legislative assembly makes its vocal pretensions, the real ruler is not a set of representatives with their debates and enactments and programs, but a man.

The picture is not a comfort to those who hold a merely sentimental attachment for democracy.

The picture is a challenge to them and to democracy. The picture is quite enough to bare the question: Did they want it?

You can take the atlas, and even outside of Europe—in the Near East, the Far East and in certain countries of South America - a world survey—one will see no new triumphs for parliamentary or representative government. But on the other hand, in ever-growing extent there is a convincing and general picture of the impatience of the peoples of the world with that holy grail, self-government, for which their forbears have struggled, bled and died.

One has to say that the oldest republic in the world—in the sense that its government has had no fundamental constitutional changes, nor indeed departures of permanence from the two-party system—is the United States.

In Ignorance of Our Government

THEY know this in Europe. And yet in this year, when we are about to go again, perhaps unwillingly, into the throes of politics, one finds everywhere in European thought questionings as to whether we ourselves in the United States are not drifting toward the mistakes and weaknesses which have disgusted peoples of Europe with legislative government, with government by opportunist combines of selfish minorities, with government by talk.

Ten years ago there was in Europe precious little interest as to how we fared. There was a myth about our freedom and our welcome to immigrants and our boundless resources and a vague conception of our democracy. But if anything were needed to convince us of the dark ignorance of our government machinery, it was found in the European idea that Wilson could make a treaty without the consent of the Senate, and in the very general notion that a state of the United States was a province and the governors of the states were appointed from Washington.

Educated Europeans—even statesmen—had these ideas; I have had them ask me to persuade the President to pardon criminals who had been arrested, tried and convicted by one of our sovereign states under its own laws.

Times have changed, however. The United States has assumed new power. It is regarded as a terrific possibility in any thoughts of war. It is regarded as a source of capital for restoration or for enterprise. It is regarded as a spring from which there is now flowing around the world a constant stream of influence not only affecting war and peace and economic tides but even social customs, manners, fashions, methods, daily life and morals.

So they look to see how we are governed. And they smile because they are reminded of old times in Italy, Poland, Spain and other self-governed lands, when ministries stood up or fell down on the issue of whether a class or a section or some other special privilege, or a bloc of them, could close the mouths of officials and shake the national pocketbook.

We are quite unaware apparently that the gravest danger of democracy is legislation allowed by a ministry

or by an administration, by a premier or by a president to gush forth in a futile flood as a great nuisance to everyone and a destroyer of liberty, or to take its shape from combinations and blocs of minorities to get special privileges.

We remain unawakened while country after country in Europe sees its people in revolt against the very self-government they strove so hard to get—self-government by parliamentary representation. Nation after nation sees its people hungering for strong administrative leadership, which apparently is impossible while ministries are blackmailed by parliamentary combinations and maneuvers, by blocs, by minority parties in shifty coalitions.

There is nothing complicated or theoretical about the new turn taken by the will of the people. It can be expressed in a single sentence:

The world is already on the go, looking for a new form or new forms of government with a clear desire for better administration, for less legislation, less party politics and stronger leadership.

Victims of Party Dictation

CALL this a revolution if you wish. It is, however, a revolution carried on by the will of peoples. An unprejudiced survey of the countries where that will has been expressed by wiping out the old parliamentary systems indicates that no respectable number of citizens would in those countries restore their so-called democracies even if they could.

Spain, today, as we shall see, is running much more in accordance with the desire of the great majority than when it was being drifted into chaos by a flabby assembly. Italy today, with its Mussolini and his exploration of wholly new concepts of government, would never vote to return to that parliamentary system which in nearly half a century gave forth nothing but eternal debate, political conspiracy and the smoke rings of liberalism.

Pilsudski in Poland even has his so-called dictatorship approved in the elections of this spring. Kemal Pasha in Turkey would be called back if he abdicated his dictatorship. Count Bethlen runs Hungary and the body of the people like it. The Germans see the growth of Hindenburg's power with pleasure and watch the Reich with distrust. In Russia, whatever the forms of government machinery may have now in terms of evil or good, or whatever the outer world may think, it is a Stalin or his successor to whom the Russians look to lead them out of their jungle. Certainly there is no hunger for a return to the older forms and mechanisms of multi-party politics, bargains, blackmails, compromises and the evil-odored debating-society method of government. In Rumania there would be relief if Bratiano were alive to take the lead again, for there little is expected of the representation system which so many peoples spilled gore to get. In Jugo-Slavia there is disgust at eternal strivings to obtain ministries able to withstand the babel of parliament and thus avoid an ultimate military dictator.

The stronghold of democratic government in Europe is England. No doubt of it. Finland with its feminism, the Scandinavian countries - Norway, Sweden, Denmark - small units, easy to govern—may furnish examples of northern calm, either contented with a superb bureaucracy like Sweden or explorations into coöperatives in some small laboratory, such as Denmark. But they are isolated and temperamental exceptions.

England is a real field for study. England and the United States—one with King and the other with President—are the supposed citadels for the world's self-government.

And yet the British democracy is obviously slipping. It is so obviously slipping that the liberal leadership goes to oratory to prove that democracy is still in style—in the sense that parliamentary government is a success. No one really believes it is holding its own. In February, 1928, the House of Lords holds what amounts to an indignation meeting. It complains because it has lost its whole function of a reviewing body—a checking-up body like the United States Senate. Today the House of Peers has wisdom, culture, foresight, but to all intents and purposes it is a nonentity. The lower house—the House of Commons—no longer has debates which English newspapers, as they did some years ago, think it worth while to present to the public. In England, as in the United States, the politician who is wise no longer finds it desirable to present his case in the legislative halls. He goes forth to a banquet or to some other occasion giving him a sounding board, knowing that what he says outside will have a better chance to get the front page than if he had presented his ideas on the floor of the House of Commons, the Senate, the House of Representatives in Washington, or in the House of Lords.

What is the reason? The reason is that in England, as in America, there are no longer any but exceptional—and usually absurd—representatives of quality who, being free from party or party whips or party leaders, can speak their minds. Debates, therefore, in the real opinion of the people, have become quite hollow and flat, like scene painting. We find that self-government develops into a process where the voter and his representative may parade under the banner of democracy all day long and yet neither of them may get a moment of forceful expressiveness—of self-government. The system of self-government, as it has developed, submerges any real self-government under a vague débris of talk and politics, parliamentary tactics and losses of time, energy, confidence and morale. Under these conditions the quality of men who are willing to seek legislative office deteriorates, and a vicious circle begins which finally discourages any able men from seeking either parliamentary or administrative office.

The Fall of the Two-Party System

IN ENGLAND, to be sure, the ministries stand up for substantial periods; but as for the condition on the Continent, I remember the words of one distinguished English premier who said a few years ago: "When it comes to France, Italy and Germany, I have to look at my morning paper, mail and telegrams to find out with whom our Foreign Office is doing business today. Ministries are set up and fall down like houses of cards in gales of their parliamentary wind."

Undoubtedly the worst of all faults in parliamentary government is less apparent in England and the United States, because in those two countries the remains of the two-party system persist—weakly in England, fortunately stronger in our own country.

But Lord Grey, in England, covered with political experience like an old oak with the moss and lichens of many seasons, feels that the two-party system will slip away in any democracy. He has felt it necessary to go to the defense of democracy. And in doing so as to democracy in England and democracy in the sense of government by legislatures and parliaments, he has uncovered more faults and menaces than he has allayed fears.

Of the two-party system he says: "I realize the inconvenience of the three-party system and long for the old simplicity of the two-party system. But . . . I doubt whether we shall ever return to the two-party system; the tendencies, the forces that have brought about the three-party system are much more likely to go on to make four parties. . . . The practical sense of the people will make a three-party system work in spite of all that can with cogency be said against it."

These are fine words, arising not many miles distant from a continent where, every day, nations which have indulged in multi-party systems, whatever the forces that have brought them about, are either rejoicing that they have rid themselves of parliamentary power and powwow or wondering if tomorrow they will have to choke off, as in France or Germany, a welter of parties, factions, confused elections, interminable debates, coalitions of blackmailing

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MISS SIMS RESIGNS

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE meeting in Mr. Welch's office to talk about the history might have been called a conference elsewhere. But Mr. Welch detested the word as an affectation and did not like anyone to use it as an excuse or an alibi for him or another. They sat about the big table—Mr. Welch, the publisher of Welch's Farm Weekly; Miss Sims, his secretary, and more than that, his right hand; Mr. O'Shamus Millay, the paper's promotion man; Mr. McCarty, who made maps and charts and compiled statistics; and Mr. Hamel, the editor. Each face, in its own way, reflected the deep and energetic enthusiasm which was Mr. Welch's birthright, only Miss Sims remaining grave and impersonal.

As usual at such meetings, the ball of conversation went back and forth between Mr. Welch and Mr. Millay, Mr. Welch feeding the ball to his promotion expert, and Mr. Millay tossing it about and thinking he was doing solo.

"These facts Miss Sims has dug out for the history are more interesting and important than I myself realized," said Mr. Welch.

And Mr. Millay turned to the little secretary and said, in his deep clear voice, "I certainly appreciate the way you got that stuff together for me, Miss Sims. Saved a lot of bother—and now I can go ahead."

"As though he could have found the information alone!" thought Miss Sims; but she said nothing, only smiling a little politely.

"McCarty can make the necessary maps and charts for you, Shay," said Mr. Welch; "like those old maps of the world, showing the trade routes by sailing vessels and the deep places in the ocean by spouting whales. Clever maps, with little cuts all over them—covered wagons, the Civil War, the first overland railroad. We might have maps going forward through the book, all beautifully done, finely printed, on heavy gloss paper. Wasn't that your idea—your intention, Shay?"

"Practically," agreed Shay; and Miss Sims wondered if he had even thought of maps before. "They want to be progressive. After all, it's to be a history of post-Civil-War American agriculture—a history of the great change that has come into the agricultural status of the country since 1860."

He went on at some length and they all listened in quiet respect, their faces turned attentively toward him. He was already writing the history, getting it in shape in his mind, and the audience was a necessity to him. Mr. Welch gazed at him as intently as anyone; and after Mr. Millay had told them all how he intended to do it, Mr. Hamel said in his slow, deliberate, final way:

"I think we can leave it to Shay now. He has the facts. Mr. McCarty, I see, has been taking notes about his part of the job. There'll be no mistakes there. We can depend on any information Miss Sims gives us as absolutely correct, and for the rest we need only leave it to Millay. One thing, don't forget about the Farmer's Chronicle, which Mr. Welch bought thirty years ago as it staggered into the grave, and which is really the original weekly. That's the paper that ties us back into the beginnings of the farm-paper business. Ooley, who produced the Farmer's Chronicle and struggled with it for years, without sufficient money or support—with nothing, in fact, but an idea—was the father of all farm papers. We get our impetus from him. Mr. Welch and I both feel as you do, Shay, that we must make much of him—the vision he had, the tenacity with which he clung to it. He's a tragic figure—strong, idealistic, impractical, future-minded. But, of course, telling you how to do it is like carrying coals to Newcastle. You go ahead now and sink yourself and, when you've got something, come up for air. We'll all be mighty glad to have a look at it."

"That's right," said Mr. Welch. "Shay can do it. I have a feeling about this history of Welch's Farm Weekly that it's going to be a mighty important piece of promotion work. It'll be something every man connected with the business will be glad to have. Nothing like it's been done, and Shay can do it."

"It'll be the kind of book that nobody could throw away, if he wanted to. It'll look very important, and read so easily that everyone will be trying to get a copy for someone else." Mr. Millay's smile was more than complacent. It was happy, radiant. With a sudden accumulation of energy, he got up, and Miss Sims glanced at him—a tall graceful figure, an actor's voice, an actor's long, handsome face, with clear gray eyes, and thick youthful hair—intense, competent, temperamental, growing by what he fed on—the adulation of the whole force.

Mr. Hamel stayed to talk to Mr. Welch a few moments and Miss Sims slowly put her papers and notes together. She felt the blood burn hot in her cheeks, felt within herself an almost overwhelming unwillingness to give these carefully hunted-out and worked-over vital facts into Mr. Millay's hands, to be his possessions. Here were dates and figures, copies of deeds, contracts, titles. Here were the bones of the history, and O'Shamus Millay would wave his stick over them and make them flesh and blood and call them all his own. She would have given them willingly to anybody else, but not to Mr. Millay.

"No, Wait! I Want You to Hear This," Said Mr. Millay, and She Paused by the Desk and Looked at Him

They were all gone, and Mr. Welch sat looking at her, his eyes shrewd under tufted brows, his glasses perched halfway up his big nose.

He said, "Will you take a letter to the supply house?—never mind—you can write it—ask them for prices on special stock for this job."

Miss Sims felt that he was simply delaying her. You cannot work for a man for fifteen years without knowing what he is about. The memorandum curled into her notebook. Mr. Welch tapped his nose with his eyeglasses—another sign of something on his mind. But before he could speak, Mr. Millay appeared. He bore the marks of triumph and excitement.

"I've got the first line!" he cried. They all knew that until he got his first line he was helpless. He could not go any further. It was impossible for him to go ahead and then come back and rewrite. His first sentence was of tremendous importance. He might have struggled with it for days.

"Good!" said Mr. Welch enthusiastically; and Miss Sims got up.

"No, wait! I want you to hear this," said Mr. Millay, and she paused by the desk and looked at him.

She was a little woman, and faintly rounded. Mr. Millay had once said that she looked like a little brown wren, and she had resented the compliment because she knew that he considered himself a bird of paradise. Yet there was a certain aptness in it. Her hair was brown and smoothly waved, and it seemed always freshly washed and cut. Her skin was youthful and there was color in her cheeks. Her clear brown eyes were remote behind her glasses. Her excessive accuracy and neatness also showed in other details of her appearance—in her quiet tasteful dress and the rather thin coral line of her lips. Her face was entirely expressionless as she waited for Mr. Millay to read to them, but Mr. Welch leaned forward eagerly.

"'The roads of the country were dusty from tramp of the feet of men returning from the battlefields of the Civil War; men who had fought for freedom for others and were emerging upon it for themselves; men who would never be able to go back to old places, old ways. Something new lay ahead; they trembled on the verge of the most remarkable century in the history of the world.'"

He paused and looked at them triumphantly.

"Wonderful!" murmured Miss Sims.

"Shay," Mr. Welch cried, "you've got it!"

Mr. Millay made a sound oddly like a cock crow, and then he vanished, to write another sentence and bring it back to read. Miss Sims looked at Mr. Welch, who snorted.

"Sit down a minute," he said to her. She sat back down in her chair. Mr. Welch moved things about on his desk. "Are you hurt?" he asked after a moment. "Do you mind so much that I've let Shay run off with your history? After all, nobody else can write it as he can, and he has to feel that it's his or he's helpless."

Miss Sims sat tight.

"Isn't it enough for you that I realize that it's your idea? So does Mr. Hamel. We know that you thought of it first, that you talked of it now and then, that you even went ahead on your own responsibility and got out enough facts to prove to us that the history was there. But you know, too, that neither you nor I could have written it as Shay will write it. You're big enough not to care if he steals your thunder, aren't you? After all, he is a brilliant youngster."

"Youngster, indeed!" said Miss Sims scornfully. "He's five years older than I am. Why, he must be almost forty! He's a grown man—and we all treat him like a spoiled baby. But no, I don't care ——."

"That's the spirit that gets the work done!" He was generous and admiring. "I know you don't agree with me about Mr. Millay, but at least you can see the fruits of the system, can't you? Don't we have the best promotion work of any farm paper in the country? I've had many

And Now She Was to Go Away—to What? What Possible Adventure Lay in the World for Her?

years' bitter experience with promotion men, and I have found at last that they are all alike—children. A little praise does a lot of work. No amount of money would be as stimulating to him as the fact that the office believes in him. You watch—he'll give us a wonderful history. And after all, he rates what he gets—his work is good."

"I know that," she said in a tired voice. "You don't mind if I go now? I've a lot to do."

She felt his keen eyes on her back as she retreated. She felt a sense of helplessness. He was too discerning. He knew the very thoughts in her mind.

In her own office, she sat down before an array of work, but for a little she did nothing. She could see from her window the elm trees by the Christian Church, putting out the first tender buds of spring. Her window was open and a premature warmth lay in the air. She felt tired—tired of work, tired of men, tired of the silly young girls in the outside office. She was weary of Simon's patronizing young masculinity, of Mr. Welch's nervous, driving energy; tired even—and this disturbed her—of the paper, for she had given eighteen of the best years of her life to the paper, and if it should become futile she would be adrift.

But most of all, underlying all her other weariness, she was tired of Mr. Millay. It seemed to Nora Sims that she could not endure O'Shamus Millay any longer. She felt that if he came into her office once more, to read aloud to her in his excited voice another of his own creations, she would do something altogether flagrant and unladylike. She feared she might jump up and run out of the office, out of the publishing house, down the street and out of the town, away and away, as far and as fast as her feet could carry her. The long-accumulated repression of her own ability before his had reached the point of explosiveness. She was unsure of herself—she who had never in her life been troubled by uncontrollable impulses.

"It's not just the history," she said half aloud; but it was. Or, rather, the history, like the firing on Fort Sumter, was the immediate cause of her state of belligerence. But the history would not have mattered if back of it had not lain a hundred affronts too much like it to be borne any longer. This seemed to matter more than other things had mattered. It seemed like a touchstone.

She began to go through Mr. Welch's engagement book, but her mind stayed stubbornly with her resentment. She thought back through the five years since Mr. Millay had come to the paper. He was a good promotion man—none better. Mr. Welch had hunted for somebody like him for years before he had found him. That far behind him lay a boyhood on a New England farm, with a succeeding mixture of work and schooling in different parts of the country, gave his stuff a fundamental rightness that a farm paper had such a hard time finding. That he was skillful, that he was accurate, that his ideas were sound, his work clever, she knew. He was scrupulously honest, in that he would not make any kind of false or exaggerated statement to any advertiser. But why—oh, why did he have to be such a braying donkey?

There was really no other word for him. At first she had thought he was funny, going about the office, reading his own copy to anyone who would listen—and there was none who wouldn't, since Mr. Welch had made it plain that Mr. Millay was an important person and not to be refused attention. The fault had grown, until by now the promotion man seemed absorbed in his own enthusiasms, his own excitements; and he lived a life, it seemed to Miss Sims, entirely insensible of other people. No wonder he had never married—he was in love with himself.

But perhaps that was too hard on him, for though his vanity was inordinate, he was not stubborn about being right. On the contrary, he was easily cast down if his ideas were rejected, sensitive to the slightest disapproval, abandoning a plan instantly it was decried. And he had odd kinks of fineness; he was decently oblivious of the adolescent emotions of the girls in the front office. Not a new girl came to work in the advertising department that did not become temperamental about Mr. Millay, hanging about his office door, trying to get his attention. But Shay's vanity was not for such conquests; it was all for his work.

But the rehearsal of his virtues was futile today. She could not subdue again the antagonism of her own heart. She had talked herself out of her resentment too often. Now she was through.

There was only one thing for her to do, and that was to leave the paper where she had worked since she was sixteen. For Mr. Welch could get a new secretary more easily than he could get a new promotion man. The aversion was hers and the responsibility of ending an unpleasant contact came upon her. She had begun in the old building, when she was a fatherless girl, and Mr. Welch and Mr. Hamel had only half a hundred people on the staff, and she had grown as the paper grew. She had received her education in her work and she had prospered far beyond the wildest dreams of her impoverished youth. Now she had her own small house on a nice street in Hilltown, her own little car in her own garage, her mother and her invalid grandmother secure and at peace after a stormy life, and she must yield it all, tear up roots from the town where she was born and go out to something altogether new and strange because Mr. Millay was such an egotist—because Mr. Millay had taken her history and claimed it for his own!

In a day or two she would tell Mr. Welch that she was leaving. She would not tell him now, because he was too clever about putting things together. She knew that there was no possibility, outside of the paper, of making a living for three people in Hilltown. She would have to go to some city.

When an opportunity came a few days afterward and she imparted her decision to Mr. Welch, he was astonished.

"Why, Miss Sims! You don't mean it! You've been here so long!"

"Too long. That's why I'm going. I want to see something of the world. I've saved some money and I own my home clear. I can leave mother and grandmother here until I'm settled in a new job."

"But, Miss Sims, I can't let you go! If it's a question of money ——"

"You know it isn't," she said gravely. "I'll probably not earn as much anywhere else."

"But why —— If anyone's hurt your feelings, if you don't like anything about the place —— "

"Mr. Welch, when you were young you had adventures. I'm almost thirty-five and I've lived all my life in one place. Surely you can understand a belated desire for a little fun. I'd like to go now. If I wait another year or two I'll lose this impulse."

Mr. Welch looked convinced—almost.

"If you want a trip," he told her, "I'll send you along with Shay to the advertising convention in London. That's what you need—a good sea voyage. Or take a few months' leave—on pay—and go see the world. It's not such a big place."

"That wouldn't be the same—that would be artificial," she answered. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Welch, but I'm going to be stubborn. I'm going to leave." She was filled with hurting inward laughter at his suggestion. Imagine going to London with Mr. Millay—the tail to the kite!

"I don't know what I'll do," he said helplessly; and Miss Sims said:

"Nonsense! You know you aren't dependent on anybody. You'll like having Irene about for a change. I appreciate it that you want me to stay, but I can train Irene so that you won't notice the difference. And Simon is eager to get hold of some of my jobs, and he ought to have them."

"Yes," said Mr. Welch gloomily, "and they'll be marrying each other before another spring is out."

"Well," said Miss Sims, "at least I never did that."

She was not impressed by his gloom which she knew was only one of forty-seven different methods by which he got his own way. Yet she was surprised at her own firmness against Mr. Welch. He had always been able to talk her into things. But something very vital was concerned in the present issue. There was an intensity in Miss Sims' feelings that could be abated by nothing less than her complete absence from Mr. Millay.

(Continued on Page 114)

"Shame on You! You Must be Nearing Forty—to Permit Them to Treat You as a Child!"

THE BLANDINGS

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Learn it!" He Thundered. "And Learn One a Week for the Rest of the Summer, if You Don't Want to Have Your Car Put in Storage"

KEITH JAMIESON came rolling into Rockthorn, entirely mossless and polished by much rolling, eight years after the war was over. Home was the warrior, home from the wars, and very much the same Keith I had known in the hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine. Age hadn't changed him much; he was essentially the same lad whose war career was limited to nine madly spectacular days at the Front.

During those nine days he had bagged four planes and one sausage balloon. His commanding officer had threatened him with numerous courts-martial for not obeying flight orders, cursed him for an irrepressible cub whose courage consisted solely of a lack of good judgment, given thanks when Keith departed from the Front on a stretcher instead of wearing the conventional wooden kimono, and signed a citation that meant medals. They brought him to the hospital with six bullet holes in him and the side of his face bashed in. His face had struck the edge of the cockpit when he wrecked.

I had already been there a month, recovering from a wrestling match with some high explosive—I lost—and we did what Keith called our first solo hops in wheel chairs the same day. The upshot of that was a friendship which led to a letter of introduction to Preston K. Blanding. I had been worrying about what lay ahead of me when I got home. I was thirty-six years old and pretty badly crocked, and I had both my mother and a kid brother, just a few years younger than Keith, dependent upon me.

"I'll give you a letter to P. K. Blanding," said Keith.

"Of Blanding-Kane?" I asked. I had heard of the firm.

"Yes. He's a good scout too." He explained that he had lived in the little town—Rockthorn—where Blanding had a summer place.

Keith was vague about his own plans. He couldn't see that there was much reason for going home—his parents were dead—and his chief hope was that the war wouldn't end before he got to the Front again.

Fortunately I was sent home before the big rush, when any dog robber who blackened his eyes by falling up the barracks steps was likely to be seized and kissed as a hero by lovely ladies. I was less interested in being kissed than in getting a job, so I strapped on my corset, which took the place of some ribs I'd left behind me, buckled on the gear which made my right leg fairly serviceable, and went directly to Mr. Blanding. Keith's letter did the trick; I was taken to P. K.'s private office and ten minutes later I had a job. I was to be his personal assistant or private secretary—whatever you like. I knew there would be plenty of work with Blanding.

Blanding had two daughters, Dora and Irene. More about them later. We settled down as a makeshift family, with a small army of servants, managed by a competent housekeeper, an elderly chaperon for the girls, and an office staff of a stenographer and an accountant. It was as well organized as Blanding-Kane.

Each summer when we were established at Rockthorn, Blanding would say, "Major, stop at the bank next time you're passing and ask if they have any word of Keith." And each time I would come back with the news that Keith had cashed a draft at Mombasa or Bangkok or Singapore. And then Blanding would slap the table and say, approximately, "I wish that young rapscallion would come back here and settle down to something! There's fine human material going to waste! Yes, sir! Going to waste! That youngster needs a set of harness!" Then, probably, he would begin to rumble with laughter over some boyish trick that Keith had played.

One afternoon in midsummer Blanding and I were headed for the clock green, which is my leg's limit in golf, when we saw the tall, remotely familiar figure of a young man twist rhythmically in a drive. He smacked the ball on the seat of the pants and Blanding cried, "That's Keith!"

II

"I HOPE he's presentable," said Dora angrily. I had just told her that Keith was coming for dinner. I didn't know what she was angry about—not that it made much difference. It happened too often, and it had a curious way of making her prettier than she really was, which is saying a good deal. Her mouth could curve in contempt that was positively regal, and her blue eyes flame gloriously. She was one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen.

"Any reason in particular?" I asked. "Or is it just a matter of principle that all men should be presentable?"

She scowled. "Billy Van Horn is coming tonight and I don't want any goofy town boy around. I think that father might at least have asked me before he invited that Keith Whoever-he-is to the house."

The idea of Keith being a goofy town boy made me laugh, but I didn't say anything except that Billy Van Horn would probably be able to live through it. Van Horn was goofy enough to suit anyone; an aristocratic goof with a little money, an empty head and a social position that couldn't be denied. The Van Horns had left Newport and moved to Mearington when Newport became vulgar. The news that he was going to be in the house always gave me a throbbing pain, but I don't believe my pain began to equal Blanding's. There wasn't anything positively objectionable about him; he was just a zero without a rim.

Irene came drifting out upon the veranda in time to hear what Dora had said. "If Keith is the man I saw on the course this afternoon," she cut in, "he'll make your beloved Billy look like more of a jackass than he really is."

"That's enough from you!" snapped Dora, and went into the house.

"Tall?" asked Irene. "Blond? Curly hair? Very straight?"

"That's the chap."

She curled up in some cushions and began to turn the pages of a magazine. "I wish Dora'd marry her Billy and get the agony over."

"You'd enjoy Billy as a brother-in-law."

She shrugged. "That wouldn't bother me. They'd be abroad most of the time—until the divorce. It wouldn't last two years. In the meantime Dora'd have what she wants." She amended that by adding, "What she thinks she wants. A better social position ——"

"You'll have a better social position too," I suggested. "Just think—you'd be almost a Van Horn!"

"Oh, my eye!" she exclaimed disgustedly and then laughed. "What Dora really wants, most of all, is her freedom. Once she marries, she's got it, especially if she marries a man she can boss. And she'll have the edge on Billy in money, unless dad clamps down, which he probably won't. She'll be able to drag Billy around by the nose and make him sit in a corner when she doesn't want him. Why shouldn't she marry him? From her point of view she has everything to gain and nothing to lose. Criticize the point of view if you like. That's all there is to criticize."

It wasn't bad as an analysis of the situation by a girl who was just seventeen years old. Irene had a mind that was not unlike her father's. She reminded me of him in many ways; they had the same determination, which seemed sometimes like ruthlessness. Dora, who was three years older, was more like her mother.

Irene missed out in being beautiful by having a snub nose. Not painfully snubbed, but just enough so that it broke up a classic symmetry. Irene, with Dora's nose, would have had that rare thing—actual beauty. Her eyes were dark, with an extraordinary flecking of green and gold in them when she became excited or amused. She had a lovely mouth that was quick to smile, and a substantial chin, which she got from her father. Her hair was a little darker than Dora's and it had a natural curliness that Dora couldn't surpass with the aid of her hairdresser.

Dora missed out in being beautiful by being so exasperatingly, hopelessly pretty. Also, there was not that thing between the ears—brains, character, force—which gives the strength that beauty requires. It was a delicate, appealing prettiness—darkly golden hair, blue eyes, dark eyebrows and lashes, a mouth that might be described technically as adorable. It was only when she became angry that her prettiness seemed vitalized into something important. Otherwise it was bland, lazy, rather indolent, without being objectionably so. When she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was nothing worse than annoying.

All of which sounds as though I disliked Dora. I liked Irene best—she was so much more of a success as a human being—but I had a real affection for Dora too. Except for one battle, when she was seventeen, as to whether I was more or less a part of the family or a high-class servant, Dora and I got along very companionably. Irene and I were sworn friends, sharers of secrets; I was a combined elder brother and uncle—not to mention hero. Irene was utterly convinced that I was lying coyly when I said that the blood in my veins felt like cold pork gravy every time I was in an attack.

Long before we got up from dinner that night of Keith's first visit to the house I knew that we were in the grip of a situation that was going to be painful. There was Blanding at the head of the table; he was thinking that Keith Jamieson might possibly be a way out of the distasteful job of being Billy Van Horn's father-in-law. There was Dora, and never prettier to behold, at the other end, being the hostess; she wanted Billy and so she was flirting sweetly with Keith, dividing that May wind of smiles and flattery between the two men. Keith was at her right; he had collapsed, rather than fallen, in love with her. Billy was at her left; he was sluggishly becoming aware of the pangs of jealousy. I was sitting beside Billy and across from Irene; she, poor youngster, was pathetically, hopelessly, head-over-heels enamored of Keith, who sat beside her and scarcely looked at her. Now and then she gave me a wan, listless smile, and I said to myself that puppy love was pretty tough.

I drove Keith to the country club where he was staying.

"Glory," he exclaimed, "that girl is lovely! You can't imagine what it means to come back from batting all over the world and see an American girl like that!"

"According to my way of thinking," I said, "Irene is the real person. She's a Blanding of the Blandings."

"Oh, the kid?" he asked absently.

We didn't talk any more about them. Keith had fallen in love just as he had attacked Germans; a headlong, full-throttled, wild dive for glory or black eternity. He wanted to talk about Dora, but he couldn't without becoming lyric. I left him to his dreams—nice sappy dreams of an operetta-like romance—and went home. Irene was upon the veranda, a mist of faint blue in a big wicker chair. So I sat and talked for a while. Dora and Billy had gone over to Mearington to play bridge.

"I liked Keith," she said finally. "I liked him very much."

"He's a nice lad," I admitted readily.

Irene abruptly decided to go to her room—to be alone with her dreams, I suppose. And I sat upon the veranda, smoking a cigar and reflecting that there were some compensations to being middle-aged and crocked. No dreams. Nothing to worry about. Hi-ho! Nearly a graybeard!

"We Sat on the Beach and Talked About a Lot of Things—Ibsen, Elephant Hunting, Aeroplanes, Mashie Shots and Dora. Just One of Those Cabbages-and-Kings Conversations"

III

WE WERE in the library, Mr. Blanding, Irene and I, about two weeks later, waiting for luncheon to be announced, when Dora entered. She had been out late the night before and was just up.

"Well," she exclaimed, "Keith certainly made a large-sized fool of himself last night!"

Irene bristled, her father said "That so?" and I waited for the outpouring. I had felt for the past week that we were more than due for some sort of revolt from Keith; Dora had been leading him on one minute and throwing him over the next. Her determination to get Billy appeared to be a fixed idea.

"I just happened to cut a couple of dances with him," she explained. "Billy and I wanted to go for a ride"—she shrugged elaborately—"and so we went. Keith was furious. When we came back I tried to tell him I was awfully sorry and he told me to go jump in the bay and take Billy—he called him a twirp—along with me. Billy tried to make him shut up and Keith threatened to break his neck."

"That's reasonable enough," growled Blanding.

"But Billy didn't even know I'd cut a dance with Keith," she explained. "Poor Billy didn't even know what it was all about!"

"And never will," interpolated Irene.

"Oh, go stand on your head! Brat!" She continued, dividing a gaze of puzzled innocence between her father and me: "I was afraid Keith would start a fight right there in the club. Really, it was appalling! I didn't know, what to do!"

"Well, what did you do?" Blanding asked.

"We just left him there and started to dance. He couldn't very well follow us on the floor, so he went back to the bar and stayed there. As Billy said, if a man is a gentleman there is no argument, and if he isn't a gentleman an argument is useless."

The old man grunted. Probably before his mind's eye there flashed a picture of all the arguments—it's a polite word—he had had.

"But I haven't told you the best of it," Dora went on, a smile drawing up the corners of her mouth. "This morning I received a box of flowers from Keith, with a poem attached. Imagine! Keith writing poetry! He must have had an awful hang-over. Sounds like it, anyhow. Listen." She uncrumpled a piece of paper in her hand and began to read: "'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state ——' Can you beat it? 'And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, and look upon myself, and curse my fate ——' Imagine! His bootless cries! Good grief! 'Wishing me like to one more rich in hope ——'"

Blanding interrupted his lovely first-born with a bellow, and turned from her to me, as though I were the judge. "Is it for this that I pay thousands of dollars to finishing schools?"

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"Come On!" Ordered Keith. "Snap Out of It! On the Job!"

THE LAND WE BOUGHT—AND THEN FORGOT: By Kennett Harris

A Bit of the Town of St. Thomas, V. I. At Right—The Lutheran Church

QUITE naturally. There was a good deal to distract our attention at the time. We had rather definitely broken with Germany, and, if you remember, the newspapers devoted a large proportion of their space to happenings connected with that event—to say nothing of the ordinary claims on our interest, such as divorce cases, murder trials and bank robberies, which were then more exciting than they are today by reason of their comparative rarity.

Of course, we were duly informed that we had bought the Danish West Indian Islands for a naval station, but there was no great splurge about it. We were not thrilled. A naval station was, presumably, a place where our fleets could coal up if they happened to run out of fuel while in its vicinity, thus avoiding the necessity of going all the way back home after it. There were strategic advantages also. Fine! After all, these islands cost us only $25,000,000—and that amount was set down in figures, which, to the average person, were about as impressive as those on an annual bank statement of resources and liabilities of some other bank than his own. So we paid it absent-mindedly and with a far-away gaze fixed on the training camps.

Earnest students of history with retentive memories may recall that once before, in 1867, we bought St. Thomas and St. John for a paltry $7,500,000, but the trouble was that the sale didn't stick. The title was examined, the papers all made out, and King Christian went so far as to issue a proclamation to the islanders, wishing them good-by and the best kind of luck, when that unreliable body, the United States Senate, crabbed the deal, refusing to ratify and thus obliging King Christian to proclaim once more—that the stuff was off, in a manner of speaking. It may be said that he did this in a darned nice, gentlemanly way and without a single cuss word.

Unknown But Not a Secret

LATER on, however—in 1902—the Danes got even. At the instance of President Roosevelt, who had an effective way of instancing, we again started to dicker for the islands and a treaty was made which went smoothly through the Senate. It then went to the Danish Folkething, or House of Representatives, who said it was perfectly all right with them. Everything seemed lovely and merry as a marriage bell, until the treaty got to the other Thing—the Landsthing, or Danish equivalent to our Senate—and there it stuck hard and fast and high and dry. Couldn't even get a vote on it. No, sir! Not even an expression of opinion. The only way you could tell how this Landsthing felt about it was the way its members chuckled, rubbed their hands and winked at one another.

But now we—you and I—positively and actually have and hold the Virgin Islands in fee simple—us, our heirs and assigns forever. St. Thomas is ours, St. John is ours and St. Croix and all and singular and sundry, their outlying and adjoining banks, cays and islets, as they have been for lo these eleven years. Any of our ships running out of coal may put into St. Thomas and fill their bunkers without let or hindrance and we can use all the strategy that the place affords, freely and of right, as aforesaid. Moreover, any citizen of the United States hailing from one of our ports may land there without going through the customs—or having the customs go through him.

No pretense of secrecy is made of these facts. They are known to the President of the United States and to the Navy Department, as well as to many American importers of bay rum and exporters of various articles of luxury and necessity. Mail-order houses are profitably aware of them and there are two or three uncensored books in our public libraries that contain abundant information concerning our new possessions. From time to time articles appear in our radical newspapers and magazines, openly exposing our tyrannical and oppressive treatment of the native population, and still and in spite of all this publicity, if one announces his intention of spending the winter in the Virgin Islands, the almost invariable response is a blank stare.

"Yes?"

"Er—where are they?"

"Who owns 'em?"

Letters are received in St. Thomas addressed to the American consul, philatelists write to the postmaster, inclosing dollar bills and asking for postage stamps for their collections, and in many other ways it is borne upon one that the Virgin Islands need to be rediscovered for the information and benefit of their owners

Columbus was the first discoverer of the archipelago. He ran into them on his second voyage, and it must have kept him busy naming each island as it loomed up on his port or starboard bow.

Think of the Spanish Main when you take your first West Indian cruise. Look at the far expanse of that sunlit purple sea, unchanged and unchanging since Columbus plowed its waters! The masses of yellow weed that float by are the same as those that gladdened his almost despairing heart and brought him to his knees in devout prayers of thanksgiving.

How many tall ships have sailed that whale's path after him, their canvas filled with the cool refreshing breath of the trades or flapping idly in dreaded and monotonous calm while the pitch bubbled in the deck seams and men lay panting like lizards and cursing out of dry cracked lips—men of Cadiz, men of Devon, men from Bordeaux and Brest, from ports of the North Sea and the Baltic, weathered mariners, lads from the plow and shipmen, gentlemen and jailbirds, all drawn by the lure of gold and what gold buys, by the love of strife and the joy of seeing strange things!

Pirates and Privateers

HERE or hereby, guns thundered and ship grappled ship, and half-clad devils swarmed and clambered, were thrust back with pike and sword to death from which only resurrection shall raise them, or, gaining foothold, hacked and stabbed in a mist of smoke and stench of powder until they were driven back or stood victorious on a bloody deck. Then hey for the ingots of gold and the bars of silver, and yo-ho for the ankers of brandy and the rum barrels, and whoop for what woman flesh was to be dragged from hiding and borne shrieking hideously to its fate!

Great old times hereabout! Hither came Drake and Hawkins to sink and sack; Raleigh, courtier, historian, poet and first-class fighting man, came to extend the dominion of Gloriana, and returned—to Tower Green and the executioner's ax. Teach the Terrible, Bartholomew Sharp, Tristian, Hands, our old friend Captain Kidd and a host of others

A Scene at the Inauguration of Governor Waldo Evans

of sanguinary fame sailed these seas. Over on that beach they careened their long low rakish craft, and on that island, back in the woods, they buried treasure until such time as it might be safely dug up.

Within the memory of man an iron chest was excavated on Thatch Island in a cave now called Pirate's Cave. Tradition has it that the chest was chock-full of pieces of eight, moidores and rix dollars, and that every foot-loose adult in the islands roundabout who owned or could buy, borrow or steal a pick and shovel sailed for Thatch and dug. The English governor of Tortola had to issue a proclamation and send an armed force to stop them.

The buccaneers strutted their little hour here or hereabout; swaggered through the streets of that little town yonder, scattered their doubloons and pieces of eight royally among the publicans, and danced in the air on the gallows that was raised on yonder hill. And the slavers drove a thriving trade among these islands. You could smell them miles away, with a disfavoring breeze. Well that there are not ghosts of scents and of sounds! We would now be holding handkerchiefs to our noses and shuddering at the clank of fetters, at the crack of phantom whips and the splashes of spoiled freight thrown overside to the sharks that raced and fought for that hell-sent provender.

A Land of Sunshine and Color

THE landfall of St. Thomas was rather a disappointment to the passengers aboard a comfortable, well-appointed liner that put into the harbor early of a morning last January. A writer in a book on the islands that was in the ship's library had described the view from a steamer's deck of the port town of Charlotte Amalie as "the most beautiful in the West Indies." But here the sky was overcast and the rain was coming down, and the terraced hills to which the town climbed appeared bare, barren and forbidding, and waving palms were not noticeable. The water in the harbor had a dull, dirty, neutral tint, and one felt sorry for the naked negro boys who dived in it for small change when our ship docked; it seemed a pity to encourage them. The air was mild enough, but the gloom and rain made it seem chilly to the point of goose flesh—anything but a tropical scene. Yet within half an hour the sun was out and a Dutchman's breeches of blue had expanded to a cerulean firmament, mottled and flecked with creamy clouds. The brilliant light brought out the reds of the roofs and of the brick in the old Danish fort that menaced the sea front with its obsolete cannon; it enlivened the polychromatic stucco of the houses, and the hills all at once became vividly green, welcoming and friendly. There were palms, of course! There! And there and there! And the stone pavements were already dry and white as we drove to the massive, many-arched hotel.

A pity about Charlotte Amalie—because there is no Charlotte Amalie now. Our practical Post Office Department, with no doubt the best possible intentions and by no means the best possible taste, decided to drop that lovely name of a beautiful queen—dust these 300 years and more—and let the tail of the town go with the hide of the island, so that we now call the town St. Thomas. Too bad! Charlotte Amalie seemed to fit the place—the plaza, with its flowering shrubs and trees, and the bust of old King Christian looking benevolently on the children who play on the tiny lawns while their colored nanas gossip and laugh in the shade; the long main street—Dronningens Gade—with its wrought-iron balconies on the ancient buildings, whose shutters of thick bolted plank, incased in battered iron and ponderously hinged and barred, recall the days when such protection was highly necessary. It particularly suits the enticing brick-paved courts or alleys, planted with exotic trees—papaws, bays, gnneps, mangoes, bananas, coconut palms, limes, camphors and tamarinds—and running between ancient go-downs to the water front, from which courts gracefully curved stairways ascend to upper stories. St. Thomas doesn't exactly fit the market either. That has an odor that hardly seems one of sanctity.

There is color everywhere on Dronningens Gade. The houses are stuccoed in a variety of tints, reminiscent of Riviera villas, and the shutters are painted gorgeously, though sun and rain have mellowed and softened the brightness of their paint. The people on the street, in the stores, and behind the counters are, quite largely, colored people, and to their yellow, brown and black skins, the women, at least, add barbaric scarlets, blues, yellows and greens in bandanna kerchiefs worn turbanwise or in their dresses. In the market, calabashes are heaped with golden oranges, purple eggplants, ruddy pomegranates and the russet of papaws, plantains and coconuts. But it is to be noted that the market would be the better for brooms and water and some sort of supervision. The stores are numerous and contain practically everything that can be found at home, from breakfast foods to French perfumes. There is one bank—a monopoly operating under a Danish charter which has a few more years to run; and the drug store also is monopolistic, but doesn't seem to take any unfair advantage of it, as it sells cigarettes and anchovy paste cheaper than they can be bought in New York.

An Old Doorway in St. Thomas. In Oval—The Entrance to the Harbor Master's Office

Certainly the prospect seems good for the winter visitor to the Virgins. Looks as if a person might dodge his Northern winters here pretty comfortably and without grumbling. Golf course? You don't say! And tennis too? Well, well! How about bathing? Choice of half a dozen beaches of shelving-point coral sand; some of these landlocked so that they are almost as unruffled as a swimming pool on a Hollywood estate; and others, more exposed, will give you all the robust exercise with playfully slapping waves that you could reasonably ask for.

But it's not what you understand by sea bathing. You are immersing yourself in liquid sapphire, topaz and emerald, crystal-clear and exactly the right temperature, and you come from that exhilarating bath to bask in the sun on sand innocent as the babe unborn of orange and banana peelings, hard-boiled eggshells and torn newspapers. Practically Virgin beaches, if you understand me.

The Timid Shark

BUT it's better not to bask too long. The breeze that blows gently and constantly and the fleecy white clouds that drift across the blue sky don't alter the fact that this is a tropic sun and you can get too much of it on a tender skin.

Sharks? Well, ye-es, there are sharks; but they can't get you in shallow waters. They need room to come up under you—see? And then they are easily frightened away, which the barracuda isn't. He's the boy you want to keep clear of. But as a matter of fact, there's never been here, within the memory of the oldest

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Looking Over the Harbor at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

SIR GALAHAD

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

GUMMY WHITE represented the intelligentzia of the Black Star Order. Not only did he read books with avidity but he was afflicted with an addiction for riming that had brought him no little grief. He had not the initiative or the imagination of Woodchuck Collins, the Number 1 of the secret band, but he was apt to furnish from his literary delvings solid groundworks upon which the more adroit Woodchuck might embroider.

Gummy had just finished a juvenile version of La Morte d'Arthur and his insides boiled with knights and dragons and castles and sorcerers which he ached to pour out upon the organization. Woodchuck had listened to a preliminary discourse with approval. Now a meeting was in progress in the old sugar house.

"This here king, by the name of Arthur," said Gummy, "got up a kind of club of knights and then he sicked 'em off to do deeds."

"What kind of deeds?" asked Peewee Tubbins, the unimaginative.

"Shet up," said Woodchuck. "Hain't he a-tryin' to tell ye?"

"So he built him a Round Table where all these here knights could git their meals."

"For nothin'?" asked Peewee.

"I guess they had to pay for what they et," said Gummy, "but they didn't care. They just as soon pay as not, on account of the prizes they won in tourneys and stealin' the jewels of sorcerers and sich. Them knights allus had money in their pants pockets. And so a damsel would come to the Round Table and tell about some sorcerer that was treatin' her mean, and a knight would up and git his lance and all and go moggin' off to fix it."

"What's a tourney?" asked Peewee.

"A tourney's where a lot of knights go and brast lances over one another's heads. Anybody knows that."

"I don't, and I don't know what a feller does when he brasts, neither. How kin you brast anythin' if you don't know what brast is?"

Gummy considered. "Brast is kind of like bust, only it's different If we bust lances we'll be comin' perty clost to it. And the' was a knight by the name of Lancelot that could lick anybody in the world."

"That's me," said Woodchuck.

"And the' was a Sir Bors that was a kind of a thick-head and I figgered Peewee could be him, or else Sir Kay the seneschal, that was awful dumb too."

"What's a seneschal?" demanded Peewee, not at all offended by the aspersions against his astuteness. He was accustomed to them.

"A seneschal 's an awful dumb knight," said the ready Gummy. "In them days, when a feller was awful dumb, instead of callin' him a wooden-head or suthin, they called him a seneschal."

"I guess they was all perty dumb," said Peewee, "if they wan't able to say what they meant."

"And," went on Gummy, "they was a wizard by the name of Merlin, and he fit with other wizards and done magic, and everybuddy was ascairt of him and give him a wide berth. Mostly he was mighty pesky. But he knowed darn near everythin', and I figgered Mr. Breeze could be him." Mr. Breeze was the Eighth Grade teacher.

"Mr. Breeze hain't pesky," said Peewee.

"He kin pertend to be," said Woodchuck.

"But the best of the lot was Galahad, and that's me, because I thought it up. This here Galahad was Lancelot's son, and he was about the slickest knight ever was, and he was the only one that ever got to find the grail."

"What did he want of it?" asked Peewee.

"Everybuddy wanted it," said Gummy impatiently.

"Was it any good when they got it?"

"It must 'a' been," said Gummy, "or the whole gang wouldn't of been so het up over findin' it. We got to hunt for the grail. It's one of the things we got to do. And we got to learn how to talk, too, because knights don't talk like folks. I'll read ye a piece so as ye kin see the idee of it. This here's about Sir Lancelot." He extracted a book from his pocket and read:

"And so they put their spears in the rests and came together with their horses as fast as they might run, and either smote other in middles of their shields, and both their horses backs brast under them and the knights were both stonied. And so within a while they had both grimly wounds and bled passing greviously. Thus they fared two hours traysing and raysing either other where they might hit any bare place. Then they hurtled together as two wild bulls rashing and lashing that sometimes they fell both over their noses. Then at the last Sir Turquine waxed faint. That espied Sir Lancelot and leapt upon him fiercely and gat him by the beaver of his helmet and plucked him down on his knees, and anon he rased off his helm and smote his neck in sunder."

A sort of stunned silence followed the reading of this fell adventure.

"Is it all like that there?" asked Pazzy Boomer.

"Some's better," said the enthusiastic Gummy.

"They didn't play right," said Peewee. "They didn't brast no lances; they brasted hosses' backs."

"They could do that if they wanted to," said Gummy White.

"You kind of git the drift of it," said Woodchuck, "but all the same them words don't mean sense. I dunno if I kin git the hang of it—this here traysin' and raysin' and smotin' and brastin' and waxin' and all."

"We'll come as clost as we kin," said Gummy. "It'll come easier with practice."

"I bet that was a good trick," said Banty Norton.

"Which one?"

"Where," said Banty, "they fell both over their noses. They must 'a' been circus performers."

"Fust off," said Woodchuck, the organizer, "we got to have a round table cap'ble of seatin' everybuddy."

"Who's a-goin' to be King Arthur?" asked Pazzy Boomer covetously.

"You kin," said Gummy. "He didn't amount to much except bein' a figgerhead."

"I betcha he had to do suthin to git to be king. I betcha he was as good as any of 'em. How come he to be boss of everybuddy if he was jest a figgerhead? How'd he git to be king, eh? Tell me that if ye kin!"

"He got born it," said Gummy scathingly.

"Where do we git any fun out of it?" asked Peewee.

"When damsels come around beggin' for help we go 'n' give it," said Woodchuck.

"Where," demanded Peewee, "be you goin' to git these here damsels? I wouldn't go 'n' brast a hoss' back fur any damsel I ever see. Yes 'n' you go around callin' girls damsels and what you're a-goin' to git is your face slapped."

"I never see a time yit when the' wan't a girl underfoot," said Woodchuck, who was amply provided with sisters.

"Does this here meetin' decide we're a-goin' to be the Round Table?" demanded Gummy.

"It does," said Woodchuck autocratically. Woodchuck had found that the uses of democracy brought little to humanity save bickering and divided counsels. "And we gotta adjourn, 'cause I got to git home and do the chores."

"All the same," muttered Peewee, "you don't ketch me doin' no traysin' and raysin' and waxin' and them things—not till I find out if they're agin the law."

"I Wonder," He Said, "If She Hain't in Danger or Suthin"

II

THAT evening Gummy rather overdid matters at supper with respect to boiled cabbage and apple pie. So occupied was he with these two favorite articles of diet that he was aware only subconsciously of the dinner-table conversation which went on about him. Nevertheless, it left him with a vague impression that it had been far from cheerful.

Money had been the general topic—as it so often is in families. From such words as penetrated he might have gathered that his father was in financial straits; that there was a certain note; that this obligation must be met of a Tuesday and that his father did not know where to turn.

"Pilkinton says flat he's got to have the money," said Mr. White, "and he won't give me another day."

"What do you expect from a man like him?" asked Mrs. White. "If the's anybody meaner in the township, I dunno who it is."

At this Gummy cocked an ear. "I betcha," he said through an overabundant mouthful of cabbage, "he doth bear himself right traitorly."

"Eh?" exclaimed the startled Mr. White. "What?"

"I betcha," said Gummy, delighting in the sound of the words, "he's a disworshipful varlet."

"What's got into the boy now?" Mr. White asked.

"It repenteth me," said Gummy, "that I hain't able to do an adventure upon his body and rase gobbets off'n him with my sword."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. White; but Gummy subsided again into unconsciousness of all the world beyond the borders of his dinner plate.

"I've got to raise that money," said Mr. White.

"Don't you worry, pa," soothed Mrs. White. "Suthin'll turn up. It allus does."

Gummy, having done his devoir upon a second quarter of apple pie, retired to the sofa, where he read of knights and damsels and Sangraals and such like until bedtime. Then he retired, but awakened some hours later to the consciousness that all was not well with his midsection. The cabbage and the pie, as one might say, were traysing and raysing. He arose and sat on the edge of the bed, fearing the worst, following which he went to the window for purposes of his own and thereafter sat with clammy forehead upon the cool window sill. Presently the fear of death departed from him and he felt somewhat better, though decidedly weaker. The cool night breeze was exceedingly grateful as it blew through his rumpled hair.

After a time he heard a sound below and his interest in life returned to the point where he could lift his head and look out. He saw a man come in softly at the back gate and approach the kitchen door. Though he was almost certain it was his father, he pretended he was not certain and immediately his mind lighted and glowed with the glories which would be his if his courage and adroitness should discomfit a burglar.

"It repenteth me," he said in a whisper, "that I left mine armor in the woodshed."

Nevertheless, all unarmed and unaccoutered as he was he made his way to the door and opened it softly. The house was silent. Step by step, he tiptoed down the stairs and put his eye to a two-inch crack where the hall door stood ajar. The sitting room was lighted and he saw his father standing beside the marble-top table counting money. There must have been a billion dollars of it!

He stood there very quietly for a while, and then, with an uncomfortable sense of foreboding, he made his way back to his bed.

In the morning he went to school with the second volume of La Morte d'Arthur in his pocket. He was a few minutes early, but so, it happened, was Solon Breeze, his teacher.

"We got a new one," said Gummy. "I thought it up. We're the Round Table and all, and I'm the only one that kin talk like 'em yit. Listen here: 'Wit thou well thou has done me this day the greatest despite ever knight did me, and so I cal'late you better take keep to yourself before I smote you a-two and brast my lance onto ye.'"

"Spoken," said Solon, "like Sir Palomides himself."

"I hain't," said Gummy. "I'm Galahad and Woodchuck's Sir Lancelot and you're Merlin. I figger I got the hardest job, on account of the kind of a feller Galahad was—kind of noble and doin' deeds and all that. It's goin' to be a sight of trouble fur me to find the kind of deeds to do that Sir Galahad would 'a' done."

"He was a very gentle and courteous knight," said Solon.

"Now Lancelot—all he's got to do is lick folks. Yestiddy he went on one of them quests about five o'clock and of a sudden he come on the dolorous knight Sir Jim Beebe that lives in New Bristol, and he let cry how he could lick any knight in Lombardy. And Sir Lancelot feutered his fist and brast Sir Jim on the nose, and then Sir Jim wotted the might of him and how he was the best man of his hands that lived and he never quit runnin' till he got back to New Bristol, I betcha. But I got to do nobler things 'n jest go around joustin'."

"Opportunities," said Solon, "will come to a true knight errant. Damsels in distress ——"

"I was thinkin' about that, but the damsels around here hain't in much distress."

Just at that moment the Seventh Grade teacher passed in with a nod of greeting and Sir Galahad eyed her speculatively.

"I wonder," he said, "if she hain't in danger or suthin. She's about the pertiest one in town. I betcha I could do a deed for her if I got a chancet, even if she is a school-teacher."

"I Tell You What I Think, B'jimminy!" Said Gummy. "I Just Tell You What, and The' Hain't No Two Ways About It Neither. I Don't Think a Feller That Does That Is So Awful Gosh-Darn Wicked"

"She seems," said Solon a trifle wryly, "to be pretty well able to look out for herself." He glanced at his watch. "We'd better be going in," he said.

At dinnertime half a dozen knights of the Table Round walked down the street together. Before Tyrus Bone's dry-goods store they noted a gathering of the citizenry and crossed the road to discover its reason. They were amply repaid for their trouble, for they learned that Bone's store had been broken into the night before and the sum of twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars stolen from Mr. Bone's antiquated safe. The money, it appeared, had been paid to satisfy a mortgage, but had arrived too late to be deposited in the bank. The robber had gained admittance through the back door, had pried off the ramshackle door of the safe, possessed himself of the treasure, and departing, had left scant identifying traces of himself behind.

"Kin we go in and see the safe?" asked Woodchuck. "Say, Deppity Sands, kin we go in and see it, hey?"

"You kids clear out of here. This hain't no place for kids," said the deputy importantly.

They drew off, grumbling, to a safe distance, whence they took vocal revenge by yelling that Deputy Sands couldn't catch a cow, let alone a thief, and by adding that most irritating of all juvenile war cries, that syllable of derision: "Yah! Yah! Yah!"

"I tell ye," said Woodchuck—"I tell ye what! Ol' Sands, he won't never ketch nobuddy. He hain't no good. Let's have this here to be one of them quests we was talkin' about. It was one of them traitor knights done it, and the Round Table's got to send off some champeens to brast lances on him and joust him and all."

"I betcha it was a tramp," said the practical Peewee.

"I dunno's I feel much like quests jest now," said Gummy in an odd voice. "I dunno's this here would turn out to be a good quest neither."

"You're scairt! Jest 'cause the's a robber in it, you're scairt!" jeered Pazzy.

"I hain't scairt neither, not of no robber that ever was if he was eight feet high. I dast go right up to a robber if I got a mind. 'Tain't that a-tall. It's just I don't feel like quests. I—I got suthin to think about."

Gummy did, indeed, have something to think about. He was thinking of that midnight hour when, through his bedroom window, he had seen the entrance of his father. It had been a stealthy entrance and through the rear. And he was thinking of that enormous sum of money his father had counted on the marble-top table. He was thinking also of that conversation at supper last night—of which he had been only vaguely conscious. His father had needed money to pay a note. His father had had to find money or something bad was going to happen. He was not, strangely enough, thinking of it with horror, but with alarm. If his father, for reasons best known to himself, had turned nocturnal robber, Gummy's loyalty was such that he could recognize the necessity and intrude no moral scruples. He might be very sorry, indeed, his father had found robbery necessary; but if his father had found it

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Presently the Fear of Death Departed From Him and He Felt Somewhat Better, Though Decidedly Weaker

FUR BRIGADE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVI

THE sudden commotion at the far end of the village, Hunter discovered, was occasioned by the entry of a party of Pawnee braves with six captured white men. He hastened to the spot and found that he had met two of them at the rendezvous. They had endeavored to slip into Pawnee country to trap and had been captured by a war party returning from a raid into Cheyenne territory. The Pawnees were highly incensed; likewise the trappers. Hunter acted as interpreter.

"Ask them," Raven Bird instructed, "why they come to Pawnee country to trap our beavers and kill our buffaloes when we have forbidden it."

"Beavers and buffiers is free to all, as any game is and always has been," the spokesman for the trappers returned when Hunter conveyed the substance of the chief's query.

"Can the Pawnee go to the country of the white man and shoot his cattle and his sheep?" Raven Bird demanded.

That, the trapper insisted, was an entirely different matter. The white men owned such cattle outright. Raven Bird asserted that the Indians exercised a similar ownership over the creatures in their country; and so the argument went on. It was the eternal conflict between the opposing viewpoints of the red man and the white in respect to property rights. The Indian was firmly grounded in the belief that the Great Spirit had peopled the plains with bison and pronghorns for his benefit. They were his, he claimed, and it was stupid to insist that he could not establish ownership until he had caught and confined the creatures which he claimed. Why go through such bother in order to say "This buffalo is mine and these three are my brother's," as the white men did with their cattle, when it was much simpler to own all animals jointly and take toll of them as required?

"The Osages tell us," said Raven Bird, "that the hog animals of the white settlers on the far edge of the Osage country run wild in the forest. When the white men first came they said that because the deer were wild the Osages did not own them; so the white men shot the deer. Yet the Osages owned the country and all in it. Now the hog animals are wilder than the deer. But if an Osage shoots a wild pig the white men brand him a thief because some settler once owned the great-grandmother of the slain animal. And yet the white men do not own the country in which the hogs run wild: How do you explain these things?"

One of the trappers was about to render an explanation, when Hunter interrupted.

"Of what use is all this argument?" he demanded in English. "Haven't you learned enough of redskin nature to know that you cannot convince him that he has no property right over the animals that Manitou put in his country, and that the white man does have property rights over the animals which he brings to Indian country? It is futile. The only thing that matters is that you will be ordered from Pawnee territory."

"And what if we don't go?" a trapper demanded.

"Then your scalps will hang in the lodges of the Pawnees," Hunter prophesied. "They will kill you. They will permit no white men to trap their beaver streams."

"Wherever there's beaver, mountain men will go," the trapper asserted. "You know them well enough for that."

"No doubt they'll come," Hunter agreed. "And when they do, the Pawnees will go to war."

"Injuns has gone to war before, but it never has kept mountain men from stringing out their traps," the man answered. "And I don't reckon it ever will."

"Likely not," Hunter said. "But in your particular case, what are you going to do?"

"It appears as if that's up to you. That bevy of savages that jumped us up said all white men were to be taken before Big Mandan for judgment. Is that so you can order all whites out?"

Hunter looked the man over coldly. "Yes—so I could order you out while still wearing your hair. Without that order, they would have filled you full of arrows and left you to rot on the creeks. Had you rather no such order had been given?"

"I wouldn't go quite that far," the man qualified. "But it does appear that you'd maybe urged the Pawnees to keep trappers out so you could control the whole of their trade."

"And if I had, what is there in the annals of the fur trade to condemn it?" Hunter demanded. "The history of the trade is the history of men who have sought to control the trade of their vicinity even to the point of inciting the savages to massacre all rivals. But there is no need for me to urge the Pawnees to keep others out. Nothing I could say would induce them to let others come in. It was so before I came. My own men, employed to transport my trade goods from St. Louis, cannot remain to trap. These streams are virgin territory, swarming with beaver, and a brigade could harvest a vast fortune in furs in a single season on the creeks. If I could get permission from the Pawnee council, do you think I'd not have out a brigade of my own? My purpose, however, in requesting that all captured white men should be brought before me was not to the end of ordering trappers for rival concerns out of the country but to endeavor to see that they left the country alive instead of by way of the happy hunting ground."

"I ain't a-holding it agin you, Hunter," the trapper declared. "Undoubted, that order saved our scalps. There was upwards of two hundred Pawnee bucks in the band that jumped us up and likely they could have wiped us out. I'm merely p'inting out that the mountain men will figure that you're aiming to keep all trappers out and control the Pawnee trade yourself."

"Those that know me will not think it," Hunter said. "And the others can think what they damn well please."

With a Dozen of His Followers He Started Out With Her for the New Post in the North. Not for So Much as a Second Was She Permitted to be Within Reach of a Weapon or to Walk or Ride Alone Near the Edge of a Declivity Over Which She Might Throw Herself

He turned to Raven Bird and said in Pawnee: "These men made a mistake, believing they were in the edge of the Cheyenne country, not in the land of the Pawnees. They regret that they violated the commands of the great chiefs of the Pawnee council, even though they did so by accident. If their lives are spared they will leave and come no more to trap our streams. I suggest that they be received as honored guests for two days and nights and then escorted beyond the boundaries of the Pawnee nation."

"It is settled," said Raven Bird.

Hunter was well on his way to make a great fortune in the Indian trade, as many another had done before him. The fur of the Pawnee country was untouched, plentiful as when the Great Spirit had given the land and all creatures in it to the red man and before the devastating invasion of the whites. Great quantities of furs and robes accumulated in Hunter's wareroom. The demand for his wares exceeded even the great supply that the two boats had transported up the river. The first desire of every Pawnee warrior was to possess a musket and ammunition, and each successive supply of these weapons had disappeared with astonishing rapidity and the demand remained far in excess of the supply. The Pawnees also developed a passion for red blankets and red shirts and the demand for those articles seemed insatiable.

Fortunes were made or lost swiftly in the fur trade. The loss of a full season's supply of trade goods while en route to some post or rendezvous frequently proved sufficient to wreck the prospects of individual traders or companies whose prospects of reaping a fortune had seemed excellent. Hunter had friendly country along his entire route, and unless hostilities should break out, there seemed no obstacle that would hinder him in acquiring great wealth through his control of the Pawnee trade.

A year and half another had passed since Hunter's visit to Big Mack's post. Something over six months before, he had heard the report that a new factor had been put in charge of the fort. Undoubtedly McKenzie and his daughter had started for the East immediately after the arrival of Big Mack's successor. When Tod returned from St. Louis he might bring the tidings that Nepanamo was settled somewhere in the East and waiting for Hunter. He would start the day that such word arrived. He would bring her to St. Louis, then up the course of the singing river on whose shores they had met, settling her eventually in the post on the Republican.

The Pawnees frequently expressed to Hunter with utmost frankness the wish that he would soon bring Nepanamo to the Republican. Not an Indian of Raven Bird's village had ever seen a white woman. Squaws brought gifts of various articles of feminine attire, finely dressed and decorated, and presented them with the words:

"For Nepanamo when she comes to reside in the lodge of Big Mandan."

Reason assured Hunter that Ann McKenzie could not have made the trip East, settled her father and returned word of her whereabouts to the fur companies of St. Louis by means of some traveler, all in so short a span of time. Hope, in eternal conflict with reason, whispered that she might have accomplished it. If the McKenzies had returned by way of the Missouri, Tod would have word of them, and any day now Tod's boat might appear at the village. Hunter awaited the arrival with considerable impatience.

This suspense was ended before Tod's arrival. Two trappers, thinking to slip into Pawnee territory for the late winter and early spring trapping, had been captured and brought to Raven Bird's village. Hunter learned from them that Big Mack had not yet left the post on the branch of the Columbia. Upon the arrival of his successor, McKenzie had been too feeble to undertake so strenuous a journey. He had elected to wait until his powers had

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A BAD WASHING

"Half Tide's the Time We'll Take Our Licking," He Shouted

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE Bull Light was of the second class, flashing red, a group flash of two two-second flashes, and you opened it out when you had fetched past the spindle on Ragged Coat's northeast corner. The Bull himself breasted the tide, bellowing, with his snout under water; and by night he winked his one eye, red as the red eye of his brother Taurus in the heavens. A low black-green villain of a rock, saw-toothed and razor-backed, the Bull never knew in winter when green water might not roll clear over his back; but this knowledge, or lack of knowledge, had only confirmed him in his obstinacy. All the keepers on the coast knew his tricks and begged off duty there; but the Bull had methods of his own of attracting men into his service.

Mal Cornish knew that a long time before he began taking Jean Marks off the Bull to dances ashore, but he didn't perhaps sufficiently reflect on it. Mal's grandfather had been keeper of the Bull—he took the job because he wanted time and solitude to write his history of Beggar Island—and he got Sam Marks to supply for him while he went ashore after a little more material.

"Make a nice vacation for you," Mal's Grandfather Cornish was reputed to have said to Sam Marks in naming over the advantages.

Sam, in those days, drove the stage from Ragged Coat to Back Landing; but his wife, Hettie Marks, got him to turn that job over to their son Joe, and Sam went out to wrestle with the Bull. A week later old Cornish was stricken and waggishly departed this earth, chuckling at Sam's predicament, and Sam had stretched his vacation out to twenty years or more.

He lived to see the stage line discontinued with the advent of rails, and then his son Joe and Joe's wife joined him on the rock, since the light rated an assistant then; and Sam had lived likewise to curse the Bull mightily and scripturally; but he cleaved to it, and that was because old Mrs. Marks, his wife Hettie, chained him there by refusing to go ashore herself.

Sam was a big loud-mouthed lumbering man who had dealt with mules and horses all his life, and he talked to the Bull the way he had to his horses, but he didn't mean anything by it. The Bull's antics were enough in all conscience to make a man quote Scripture; and in particular a man who was doing penance for past misdeeds, as Sam was. When he did go ashore after supplies he would go and steal a look at his old yellow coach of pumpkin pine, in the barn back of the summer-and-winter hotel. There it was, with its paint flaking off, the wheels getting dished and the yellow pole nuzzling the dirt; and Sam could see the wraiths of six milk-white horses stretching out in front of it, tassels at their ears and the brass on their harnesses bright enough to put your eyes out.

Even on the Bull, he was always looking for white horses, and at half tide he could see whole regiments of them thundering past the Bull's lathered flanks; but there was no sign of the coach there. For a time, after he had abandoned the stage, people would wake up in the blue dawn, thinking they heard Sam Marks' trumpet and his great hale voice like the breath of storm itself and the thunder of the white horses' hoofs at the bridgehead. There the great Sam had stood, those frosty winter mornings, in front of the summer-and-winter hotel, swinging his arms, looking gigantic in that dogskin coat with the bone toggles pounding his chest, his tubes whistling, his big nose scarlet, with tears on the sides of it, his yellow mustache drooping with the weight of brown coffee icicles.

Sam's gallantry was a legend even down to Mal Cornish's day; he always had an answer for his lady passengers; six horses weren't enough to keep his eyes from straying. Since he couldn't make the round trip in one day, he spent every other night at Ragged Coat; and that was why, some said, his wife, when she got him on the Bull, kept him there. It was something to be able to know where to put her finger on him. Possession was nine points of the law, and Mrs. Marks could never learn to think of other women's interest in Sam as merely a tribute to her own good judgment in choosing him out of all the tribe that offered.

Sam stayed on the Bull. He swore he would get a ring through its nose sooner or later, but he never did. He escaped only by falling off and getting drowned. The big whistling buoy that had gone adrift from Ragged Coat was knocking against the Bull's flank one morning; and Sam, standing with an iron sling ring in his hands, tied to a heaving line, and waiting for a chance to throw the ring across the buoy, slipped on the Bull's slick hide and went down forty fathoms, with the heavy ring and heaving line tangled round his legs. He had never learned to swim, and the ring took him down for good. The buoy sank with him.

Old Mrs. Marks, after that, had to work out penance for her fatal jealousy, and this penance involved a duty to the Bull. She wouldn't leave until Sam came for her. That misused man had disappeared before her very eyes in a flurry of oaths, with the ring in his hands, and the terrible suddenness of his departure had touched her brain a little it was thought. She could never learn to think of him as dead.

"She thinks he'll certainly come back," Jean Marks told Mal Cornish one night when they were going ashore in Mal's boat to a dance. "If she hadn't kept him on the Bull he might be living now. He was a clumsy man and couldn't keep his footing here, and it really was the death of him; but granny's certain he's forgiven her. It's just that ring, she'll say, that keeps him down there."

"Jealousy is a terrible thing," Mal Cornish said, stooping in the dark and tinkering with the engine.

"Isn't it?" Jean Marks brought out abruptly from her very heart.

"Senseless," said Mr. Cornish.

"It's too abominable," said Jean. "It spoils everything and just makes life not worth living."

"It needn't," said Mr. Cornish.

"That's the pity of it," the lady murmured.

"Ever feel it yourself?"

"Yes," said Jean Marks simply.

There was no subterfuge in such a soul. Mal Cornish was touched. She was thinking that there were nights around the Bull when it was too rough to bring her off, and these were dance nights too. Mal would have one of those imported school-teachers in his arms; and Jean, on the Bull, would be reading from the works of Dickens to the old grandmother. Jean had a clear head. She had read all Dickens and the Bible clear through; and she was the only

girl of Mal's acquaintance who wouldn't shrink from splitting and cleaning a big fish or pulling a lobster trap in a seaway.

"You'd better come ashore with me for good," Mal muttered, staring at the loom of the land.

"Mal, I couldn't leave granny on the rock. I couldn't think of it. But, Mal ——"

"Well?"

"The light rates an assistant again. If you'd apply ——"

"I can't marry a woman that's married to her grandmother," he said bitterly, but he didn't like the brutality of that in his own ears. Still, he said nothing more; and Jean, with a throat full of tears, couldn't speak. Jealousy that tyrannizing little twist! Jean had inherited it. If he wasn't careful she'd chain him to the rock yet, as her grandmother had chained Sam Marks. When they got ashore Jean didn't want to dance; she would wait for him, she said, in the drug store. Mal Cornish broke off in the midst of a dance with the tall school-teacher with the peaked chin to go back to Jean.

He saw her through the window of the drug store before she could see him. The cold misery stamped on her face struck to his heart, but he meant to stand his ground. The Bull was not to be led around by the nose too easily; Sam Marks had demonstrated that. Mal Cornish took the girl home and landed her on the stringers of the boat slip, but she didn't ask him up to the light and he didn't offer to go. The shadow of that little old lady with the delicate hawk nose, the firm chin and the little flat ribbon on top of her head had got between them and there was no repairing the mischief.

Jerry St. Louis, who was captain of the Galloping Horse Lightship, told Mal to stick to his guns.

"You keep away from the Bull," St. Louis said, "or the old lady'll get her hooks into you. She got her son Joe a wife, and she is on the warpath now to find a man for Jean. She'll do it too. Man, she's got powerful medicine. She takes nitroglycerin."

"No!" Mal shouted, wide-eyed.

"Now I'm telling you," said the captain of the Galloping Horse, "she does. She's got a relish for it. She takes it down in carload lots, and you want to look out for the explosion."

"All the same, she gets under the ribs," Mal muttered. "What she says about the soul stretching forward to the things that are before —— And then in the next breath she'll hear the wheels of Sam's coach on the rocks and she'll take a long look back. She means well. I won't be in the kitchen two minutes before she's whispering to me to help myself out of the doughnut jar."

"Just as long as it's only the old lady that gets under your ribs, there's no harm done," St. Louis prodded him. "Keep away from the Bull. They took a ram out there, and it grew up and went mad and butted the cow stone-dead right between the eyes, for no good reason that anyone could see, except the poor footing everywhere, or maybe the cow looked too contented."

St. Louis

Mal Cornish had nothing but a wan grin for this advice. He was walking around as aimless as a tide walker, and his memories of Jean riddled him. For a week now—for longer, it seemed—when coming home from his herring house on Ragged Coat, he had run deliberately past the Bull and not looked up from his engine. There was a red bell buoy right near the Bull, and formerly he had been in the habit of stopping to claw the ice off the lip of the bell with a boat hook. Now the neighborhood had got too perilous to stop even for such necessary work as housemaiding the floating aids. He went past the buoy at full speed. Only one good hammer was left on it; the others had frosted and cracked off. Foaming away on the tide, Mal Cornish could hear the bleat of that hammer every so often coming against the bell, lonely as an orphaned sheep.

Then, almost at once, he had the Whistler on his beam. The weary old brother jumped up and down in his path, moaning and complaining. It was dark now, and suddenly the lighthouse tender, coming up inside the Bull, put out a strong exploring beam of light. This beam flicked the spindle on the reef, hung on the Whistler's red skeleton, glittered on his frosty swollen legs, made a defensive thrust against the gleaming black flank of the Bull, then moved a little higher. The buildings clustered round the light tower flowered against the dark, and Mal Cornish could see Jean Marks standing against the whiteness of the house wall. She rang the bell three times and the tender answered with three reassuring whistles and turned off the light.

Mal Cornish, in the dark again, felt a queer rush through him; he seemed to sway and spin like a buoy in a tideway, and he heard the water piling over Spindle Reef with a noise like a cartload of plank with loose ends going over a rough road.

Three bells. There was nothing they wanted, then and that was a good thing. It wasn't the best kind of night to put a boat ashore on the stringers. It was a tide hole hereabouts, and all those saw teeth of ships' broken backs sticking up over the outer bar were cold comfort, to say the least.

Mal Cornish wished the Bull to the devil and went on in to the main and tied up at the sardine factory's wharf. St. Louis and Dr. Simon Peltz were sitting in the smoke-drugged superintendent's office, and Doctor Peltz, in a black bearskin, cried, at sight of Mal, "Speak of the devil ——"

"What's up?"

"They've telephoned ashore that old Mrs. Marks is sick again. She's had a heart attack and they're out of nitroglycerin," Peltz explained. "How about your ferrying these tablets out there?"

Peltz held them out, inclosed in an old steel spectacle case, but Mal didn't reach for them. He stood in his brilliant blotchy woodsman's shirt, taking solemn sips at his pipe and squinting ironically at St. Louis.

"I've refused the job," said the captain of the Galloping Horse. "When I was on the tender I boated coal and shingles up there more than once, but that was in the daytime, not after dark, with the Bull taking the kind of licking he is tonight. Mister, I'd throw an egg at a barn door with better hopes of it than I would have of my own skin if I tried to shove a boat into that slip tonight."

Still Mal Cornish didn't speak; and Peltz said, "I don't ask the impossible, boys. You know what can be done."

"What's the matter with Joe Marks coming ashore himself? He's got a boat," St. Louis said resentfully.

"Engine's gone bad on him," Peltz said briefly. "He didn't put it up to you too strong. The old lady wanted it put up to Cornish, I understand. If Cornish said it couldn't be done, she didn't want to see another man try it."

(Continued on Page 50)

The Old Lady Straightened in Her Chair. "That Was Solid Water That Went Past the Window Sill," She Said

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 26, 1928

Managed Currencies

THE international advocates of a managed currency seem to have the floor for the time being. Perhaps a more modern expression would be that they are on the air. Among the speakers are numerous distinguished men—for example, McKenna of Great Britain and Cassel of Sweden. It is difficult to know whether the motives are identical, but the message being broadcast sounds pretty much the same from all countries. It runs to the effect that the American dollar has replaced metal gold as monetary standard in the world. The American dollar sets the pace, the value of gold follows, and the currencies of all countries, based on gold or otherwise, conform. In short, the price level of the world—and trend upward or downward—is made in the United States.

This all-controlling value of the dollar, according to the new doctrine, is not determined by the gold in the United States. It is determined by banking policy, particularly on the part of the Federal Reserve System, and made effectual by control of the rediscount rate and open-market operations in buying and selling securities. The ultimate inference runs to the effect that prices in every corner of the globe are fixed by the Federal Reserve System. This is asserted to hold true for countries on the gold basis of currency, for those on the so-called gold-exchange basis of currency and for those countries doing business with paper money or any kind of fiat money whatsoever. These gentlemen seem to have discovered that the almighty dollar is almighty in a sense that Americans never suspected.

Doubtless there are international reasons in the several countries for proclaiming this doctrine as it is being announced. Possibly also in these countries exist domestic political reasons for this highbrow propaganda. But we may be sure that in these foreign countries, as well as in the United States, still remain old-fashioned people who doubt the feasibility of controlling prices without movement of gold. Before the war, international prices, movement of goods, disposition of services, several so-called invisible capital items and movement of gold were the factors in international trade. Perhaps the world has outgrown movement of gold, but many of us would prefer to wait and see. Most Americans, in Congress and out, will doubtless feel surprised to learn that we have created, without knowing it, the financial dictatorship of the world. Perhaps we are supposed to be flattered. But we do not recall having read anywhere that the Federal Reserve System has taken over the control now being publicly imputed to it by European bankers and economists. The Strong Bill, now before the Congress, is based on the idea that the Federal Reserve Board should work to stabilize prices. Apparently, the European experts would have us believe that it already does so. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought.

An Honest Name

IN THE recent concluding article of a series in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, entitled An American Banker, the subject of the autobiography ascribes his success in part to the fact that he has always thought of his job in plain terms. He remarks that people like to do business with a man who feels that way. "I, myself, will always patronize a barber shop rather than a tonsorial parlor. And when the time comes, I think I shall prefer to throw my business to an undertaker instead of a mortician. . . . When a man calls his job by a plain name you know he is thinking more about his job than about his personal glory."

Such a blunt confession of faith is sure to meet dissent, because in the striving of many lines of business for what is considered a professional, or higher, status, new names are being concocted. If the purpose is to raise ethical standards, then a changed nomenclature may have an argument to recommend it. New names are often taken on when business men organize trade associations, and the exchange of opinion and experience which goes on in such associations is a real force for improved service. President Morgan, of Antioch College, in one of his little bulletins, goes so far as to say that if "even our political bosses should organize an American Institute of Professional Politicians, with a professional journal and a code of ethics, their innate quality and desire for the respect of their associates in time would turn the organization into a constructive force for good government."

It is a serious problem these days to protect time-honored and honestly acquired titles. A pants manufacturer is engaged in just as honorable and legitimate a business as a civil engineer, and it would add not one whit to his dignity or status to be known as a nether-garment engineer.

Then, too, in the heat of business expansion and competition, cases frequently arise of particular name thieving. Business ethics, so called, will be little more than a pious wish until honesty in the selection of specific names becomes more common than it is today. The effort to capitalize on a competitor's name is not only a relic of jungle days but it shows a striking lack of originality and ability. After all, the man who is worth while, who has a real conscience and who believes that a good name is more to be desired than riches, will always see to it that his name is an honest one.

The New A. E. F.

WITH the passing of the years since the conclusion of the World War ever larger waves of American youth have rolled across the ship lanes of the North Atlantic. More than four hundred Princeton undergraduates will journey to Europe and the Mediterranean this summer. According to the Princeton Travel Bureau the exodus will be heavier than ever before, with one out of every five undergraduates of that institution spending his vacation abroad.

The United States Lines are the authority for the statement that their flagship, the Leviathan, carried nine thousand five hundred and fourteen passengers in her student section last year in fourteen round-trip voyages, and that the total number of passengers transported in the student third class by all the steamship companies was seventy-seven thousand, two hundred and fifty-four eastbound, and seventy-three thousand, two hundred and ninety-seven westbound. Though not all the passengers traveling third class are students, it must also be kept in mind that not all students travel third class. Many thousands of them embark in first or second cabin.

Are these youthful voyagers actuated by a wish to shake off shackling inhibitions or are they in search of Continental culture and broader horizons? Will they spend their time tracing the footsteps of Ernest Hemingway and Richard Haliburton or will they hunt out the art treasures of the Louvre and Pitti Gallery? Will they subscribe to the weird cults that bloom in the cellars of Paris and Vienna and imbibe unhealthy philosophies with their *apéritifs?*

In the opinion of Dean Christian Gauss, of Princeton University, other factors are even more important. "We are, of course, living in the time of the rush to the colleges. A very large number come to college with no definite aim in view. They come because it is the thing to do and also—and this I think explains the increase in European travel—because the country is really excessively prosperous. Then, too, the present cost of European travel-student third class is low. Not only is it low but the trip itself is very attractive to young men who do not know just what they must do next. The student cabins are, of course, filled with youngsters of their own age of both sexes, and it makes a most attractive outlet.

"Of course, there is also another factor. The war took a great many of their older brothers abroad and the newspapers have also been discussing international questions to a degree that was not true before. In addition, the increase of interest in subjects like the history of art, architecture and modern European history makes a good many of them honestly and earnestly curious. The 'grand tour' was in the old days a normal part of the young Englishman's education. It seems to be becoming a part of the education of Americans.

"I have known a number of cases in which a boy whose father has paid him a modest allowance has spent his last two years at various kinds of employment in order to lay up sufficient funds to make such a trip abroad. It indicates that in many cases, at least, these transatlantic travelers take their trips seriously and are willing to make sacrifices for it. If we eliminate the large percentage who go merely for a good time, the result is on the whole good. Like Ulysses—Homer's—it is always wise to have seen the customs and manners of many men."

It seems safe to assume that the urge for first-hand discovery fermenting in the much-maligned younger generation is a normal one, and that no intelligent boy can expose himself to the contacts of travel without learning something every hour that he is on the road. No alert American lad can make a holiday trip to Europe and come back the same boy he was when he left home.

A British Appraisal

IN CONNECTION with current discussions of factory unemployment in the United States a comparison of British and American production recently carried out in a prominent British periodical is of timely interest. The Economist is soundly edited and impartial; certainly it carries no pro-American bias. On the basis of recent available and, so far as possible, comparable census reports comparisons are made between value added by manufacture, per capita productive power, horse power per human worker, and horse power employed to produce a given amount of net output in terms of currency.

In each instance the comparisons turn out to the advantage of the American position. It is concluded that "the admittedly high standard of living of the American people is soundly based upon a high rate of productivity per head." Admitting the possibility "that human ingenuity in economizing manual effort may from time to time outrun the needs of the situation in a country where efficiency is a policy congenial to the national temperament as well as suited to the national economic environment," no importance is attached to current unemployment in this country. The review ends with the following observation: "In view of the fact that America's economic resources are great enough to support a much larger volume of industrial activity than the country has yet attained, fears that American workers have become 'the victims of the machine' would seem as yet to have slight foundation."

MAKING THE CRIMINAL WALK THE PLANK

By Lawrence Veiller

Secretary of the Committee on Criminal Courts of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York

NEW YORK has lost its crime wave. At any rate, it no longer has a permanent wave. What a contrast to the situation that existed two years ago!

Then, a citizen of New York, picking up his morning paper, found nearly the whole of its front page and much of the rest of it given over to accounts of holdups and crimes of violence committed the day before—highway robberies, holdups of jewelry stores in broad daylight, shops invaded by armed bandits and their clerks trussed up at the point of a pistol, loft burglaries with thefts of $100,000 worth of furs or silks, the criminals shooting or beating to death whoever stood in their way.

Today such news is found with difficulty. What has brought about this startling change? Chiefly the enactment of laws that punish the criminal and leave him no loophole of escape.

That this has been the chief factor in changing the situation is emphatically proclaimed by the criminals themselves. The underworld has been quick to testify, in unmistakable language, as to the effect that these laws have had upon them. Just before the new laws became operative, in June, 1926, when it became known to the underworld that hereafter punishment for crime would be much more severe than it had been in the past, there was a frantic rush on the part of criminals charged with serious crimes to plead guilty and aid the state in obtaining a speedy determination of their cases, so that they might get into prison before the new laws became operative and thus secure the benefits of the much shorter terms of the old statutes. What was known as the "bums' rush" to prison offered a spectacle, probably never before afforded in this country, of large numbers of criminals literally begging to be sent to prison instead of fighting to keep out of it.

There has been much similar testimony since the new laws have been operative. The notorious Bum Rodgers, when finally captured by the police and asked by the reporters what he had been doing since his escape from prison some months previous, said that he had been lying low and spending his time studying the Baumes Laws.

Not long ago a prisoner released from Dannemora Prison, who had been serving eight years in that institution for robbery, stated that the prisoners at Dannemora were much perturbed over the Baumes Laws, saying:

"The men at Dannemora call these laws the Bums laws. They sure do curse the sponsors for the laws, and when new prisoners come in to do raps of sixty, seventy and eighty years under the Baumes Laws the cursing gets worse. The word that has gone around there is 'Keep clear of New York when you get out.'" This prisoner told the detectives he intended to try for a suspended sentence on the old charge on which he was arraigned, asserting that he meant to go straight in the future.

A writer in the press recently told of a talk he had with a convict lately released from state prison, sent to him by the chaplain of Sing Sing to help him get work, as he now wanted to go straight. He thus described this man, known as Willie the Wire-Walker, for forty years a professional pickpocket:

> A man fifty-six years old who has never been on a pay roll; never earned a dollar from the fruits of labor; never spent a nickel of hundreds of thousands of dollars he has squandered that was not the property of somebody else; never known the satisfaction of receipt of recompense from honest effort.

This man had been a pickpocket since he was fifteen years old. Of the past thirty years of his life he had spent between fifteen and sixteen years in prison.

And what do you suppose, the writer asks, is the inspiration that set his feet into the paths of righteousness? The Baumes Laws. If the Wire-Walker is ever convicted again he will go to prison for life. He has done six terms. Under the Baumes Act a convicted fourth offender goes to prison, there to remain until carried out or buried in the

(Continued on Page 120)

The Law Has Been Made to Fit the Criminal Rather Than the Crime

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Town Sheik Tries to Steal a Kiss From a Traffic Officer's Daughter

Graduation Speeches in One Lesson

Q.: How should the audience be addressed?
A.: Young men and women of tomorrow.
Q.: What are the dominant notes of the occasion?
A.: Joy and sorrow.

Tabloid Editor (to His Wife): "There! I Told You This Play Would End Happily!"

Photo Taken at the Inauguration of the Great National Brains Contest

Q.: Why?
A.: Eager anticipation for what the future may hold and regret that the happiest days of their lives have ended.
Q.: Who are the most fortunate people in the world?
A.: The audience.
Q.: Why?
A.: Because they have been to school
Q.: Will schooling guarantee success?
A.: No.

Continued on Page 165)

Possible Effects of Futuristic Art on the Artist's Future Offspring

Movie Director: "Lucky I Found That Bumblebee's Nest— Now Step on it, Girls!"

"What are You So Sore About, Father?" "Junior Has Forged My Name to a Check for $50." "The Piker!"

Delightful variety in soups!

When to serve clear soups

ONE OF the most fascinating features about soup is its almost endless variety. Tomato and Vegetable are, of course, the favorite soups. In fact these two kinds have made soup so popular that the housewife is likely to find her family hoping for it and expecting it every day. So she is grateful that she can choose from nineteen different kinds of Campbell's Soups, in addition to Tomato and Vegetable. All blended and prepared, requiring only the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering before placing on the table!

PERHAPS you will be a little surprised to learn how useful and attractive the so-called Clear Soups—Consomme, Bouillon, Printanier, Julienne—are in planning your meals.

Clear soups, when included as a part of a meal, should be regarded as the introduction or forerunner to what is to follow. They are not to be depended upon to supply as generous a part of the nourishment as the thicker soups. Thus the clear soups are appropriate at the beginning of a hearty dinner and to give the first warm glow to the luncheon or supper when other dishes are to follow. At formal occasions—the fashionable dinner or luncheon—the clear soups are in special favor because of their charming appearance, their delicious flavor and their invigoration. For the same reasons they are prized for the longer meals on the family menu.

CLARIFIED broth of the choicest beef is the principal ingredient of these clear soups. They are therefore especially valuable as a tonic to the appetite and in inducing a free flow of the digestive juices. Remember this about them and serve them whenever the appetite needs coaxing and whenever your wish is mainly for the brisk invigoration of a bracing hot liquid food. Oftentimes, too, after exercising in the open air, a brisk motor ride, or before retiring at night, nothing "goes right to the spot" like a piping-hot cupful of clear meat soup. Of course, the value of Campbell's Bouillon for invalids and convalescents—adults and children—has long been recognized. Campbell's Printanier, Jellied, (you simply place the can on ice overnight) is a summertime favorite.

Your grocer has, or will obtain for you, these clear Campbell's Soups—Consomme, Bouillon, Printanier, Julienne. See the complete list of 21 different Campbell's Soups printed on every label. 12 cents a can.

I'm on my way with feelings gay,
My appetite is real.
For in my hand is Campbell's grand—
I'm headed for *some* meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THIS KING BUSINESS

Royal Relatives—By Prince Christopher of Greece

In Collaboration With Mary Margaret McBride

In This Group at the Athletic Games in the Athenian Stadium are the Crown Prince of Rumania; Alexander, the Prince Who Died of a Monkey Bite; King George of Greece; Prince Christopher; His Brothers, Nicholas, George and Andrew; His Mother and Father; Queen Sophie; King Constantine; the Italian Foreign Minister, Tittoni; and the King of Italy

ONE of my favorite visiting places as a child was our father's old home in Denmark. All his brothers and sisters—there were three boys and three girls in the family—used to collect at Bernstorff or Fredensborg, the palaces of our grandfather, King Christian, every year. We called our grandfather and grandmother Apapa and Amama, and they spoiled us after the fashion of grandfathers and grandmothers the world over. The thing that especially amused me was that father seemed to be afraid of grandfather. It gave us all a secret satisfaction to see this.

The strangest part of it was that while I was terrified of disobeying my father, I hadn't the least fear of Apapa. I even bullied him a little on occasion and got everything I wanted from him.

Yet my father would rather go out on a bicycle than ask Apapa for the use of a carriage, and it would have seemed unthinkable to him to take one without asking.

My grandfather had a mechanical piano which I enjoyed playing above everything else. One morning my father gave me a stern calling down for starting to strum just after breakfast, which we all had together at 9:30. Apapa overheard and hastily came to my rescue.

"The child shall do as he likes," he said. Then to me: "Go ahead and play!"

I did, but with a red and not very happy face. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if father should recall the incident when we got home, far away from Apapa. But he never mentioned it again.

Our luncheons in Denmark were cheerful informal family affairs at which we served ourselves. When Amama was alive she presided at these meals, helping everybody to the main dishes. There were no servants about and everything was kept smoking hot in chafing dishes. We got silver, plates and linen off a side table and took whatever we fancied in the way of food.

One of the specialties at breakfast was a dish I have never tasted anywhere else—a kind of soup made of black bread and black beer boiled together. To eat it, you first lined the bottom of a dish with brown sugar. On top you poured the thick soup, and over all, heavy cream. I have never been especially fond of food, yet I cannot speak of this delicious concoction, called *ölebrod*, without a wild sensation of hunger. The description, though, sounds loathsome. Another splendid dish was a Danish jelly, raspberry flavored, eaten with sugar and cream.

A Spicy Joke Backfires

IN THESE gatherings were included all our family—Aunt Alix, then Princess of Wales, with her husband and children; Uncle Freddy, Crown Prince of Denmark, and his family; Aunt Minny, Empress of Russia, and Emperor Alexander III; Aunt Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland; and Uncle Waldemar, who married Princess Marie of Orléans.

The only one of Apapa's family who rarely came to Denmark was the Duchess of Cumberland, our Aunt Thyra. Her husband, the Duke of Cumberland, hated to travel, and when he did visit Fredensborg, disliked to dress for dinner, because he never wanted to wear anything but his shooting clothes, the Tyrolese costume. This consisted of a short green jacket, no collar, leather shorts which left his knees bare, and hobnail boots. He always hurried to his room immediately after dinner and put these clothes on again so that he would feel like himself once more.

When all the grandchildren were there, the younger generation numbered thirty-six. Of these, five have occupied thrones since, and three still do. Christian, eldest son of Uncle Freddy, is King of Denmark. His brother Charles is King Haakon of Norway. Aunt Alix's son George is King of England. Nicholas, Aunt Minny's son, was the ill-fated Emperor of Russia, and my brother Constantine was King of Greece.

It was a devoted family, and Amama and Apapa were very proud of their middle-aged boys and girls who left cares of state behind them for a brief space when they came home. Apapa not only encouraged his grandchildren's pranks but, to our delight, sometimes joined in them. One day at dinner after my grandmother's death an old lady in waiting was playing hostess. She had a long red nose with an upturned tip which always fascinated me. Stealthily I shook out a little pepper in my hand, blew it gently in her direction and it went up her nose. Immediately she had a fit of sneezing, and my cousin, Princess Victoria, and I were taken with the giggles.

My grandfather leaned over and demanded to know the joke. In spite of my warning look, Victoria told him. He also began to laugh. Then he seized his private container of Cayenne pepper and attempted the same experiment on the old lady, but succeeded only in blowing it up his own nose, with the inevitable result that he, too, began to sneeze until he cried. What a wigging I got from my father for leading grandfather astray!

Amama died when I was quite young, but I well remember seeing her wheeled about her rose garden in a Bath chair, a huge pair of shears in her hand. She always cut the roses herself, for they were her hobby. She was the traditional grandmother type—white hair and an angelic smile.

Denmark was the place where all my relatives exercised whatever latent talents they might have. Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Cumberland, my grandmother and the Empress Marie would play eight-handed arrangements on two pianos. Queen Alexandra sometimes painted and so did my Aunt Marie, Uncle Waldemar's wife. Aunt Marie had a passion for riding and one day ordered a huge prize bull to be saddled and mounted it. The marriages in the family sometimes produced strange relationships. For instance, my elder sister Alexandra became the sister-in-law of our Aunt Minny and the first cousin of our mother by her marriage to Grand Duke Paul. She teased my aunt by threatening to call her Minny instead of Aunt Minny, but of course she never did.

A great favorite in the family was Aunt Alix—Queen Alexandra—who possessed the rare quality of charm—charm which is a thing apart from everything else and quite independent of good looks, goodness or even sweetness of temper. Charm can never be acquired. Either it is a gift in the cradle from some good fairy or else you never have it. Aunt Alix could talk to a child as winningly as to a grown-up, and she was a mistress of repartee and sparkling conversation, yet never hurt people's feelings by bitterness or satire.

Although luncheon was so informal, dinners in Denmark were stately affairs, with the master of the household arranging the seating and all the adults entering the big dining hall arm in arm. These dinners took place at 6:30.

After dinner we cousins visited in one another's rooms, for all the world like youngsters at boarding school. Later we met the equally carefree adults in the drawing-room for coffee and cake and sessions at a card game called loo, which we played for a tenth of a cent a point. We all got the bicycle craze and were just learning to ride. In those days people who rode in carriages referred to cyclists as "cads on casters," because they obstructed the road, especially the ones who hadn't learned to ride well.

Too Large a Dose of Royalty

UNCLE FREDDY, Crown Prince of Denmark, before he mastered cycling technic, was riding along a highroad which had a ditch on one side, and beyond it a sidewalk. Two old ladies recognized him and began to curtsy. He tried to respond and his bicycle got out of control and knocked them into the ditch and him as well.

One day Queen Maud of Norway, Princess Victoria, Grand Duke Michael and I were going round to the stables at Bernstorff after a ride when suddenly a lady of about forty flew down the hill on a bicycle. She hit the railed sidewalk and the bicycle scampered on, leaving her hanging on the railing by her chin.

As soon as she came to a little she began to gasp, "Where is mamma?"

We couldn't tell her, but mamma's whereabouts was not long a mystery.

"She has just begun bicycling, and I don't know what'll happen to her," mamma's daughter was going on agitatedly when a second bicycle shot down the hill. On it sat an old woman of about sixty-five in tight bodice and poke bonnet. Her eyes were fixed terrifiedly on space and she drove her bicycle straight between her daughter's legs.

When we'd picked them both up mamma said sourly, viewing the battered wreck of her wheel, "I'm going to learn to ride that thing if it takes the rest of my life." Her daughter nodded a bruised head in agreement.

Fredensborg had a charming park, open certain days to the public. On one of these days my father, my Uncle Bertie, then the Prince of Wales, and Uncle Sacha—Alexander III of Russia—were walking in the park. A man had lost his way and asked them to show him how to get out. They escorted him all the way to the gates, talking of the weather and the crops as they went along.

At the gate the man said, "I'm certainly much obliged, but whom must I thank for this favor?"

(Continued on Page 34)

Churned from graded, tested cream . . .

Creamery fresh . . .

IT'S nice to know that the butter on your table has been churned in a spotless creamery, from graded, tested cream.

Every pound of Brookfield Creamery Butter is made this way, assuring the finest flavor.

Then Swift refrigerator cars carry it to the city where you live. Dealers get it either from a Swift branch house or, in smaller towns and villages, direct from the car.

A quick, direct way of bringing it to you—is it not?

And that is one of the secrets of Brookfield Creamery Butter's special goodness. It comes to you straight from the churn—*Creamery Fresh.*

Swift & Company

The name Brookfield also guarantees the uniform high quality of Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Poultry.

Brookfield

Butter--Eggs--Cheese

S & Co

(Continued from Page 32

"I'm the King of Greece," said my father, "and these" pointing to his brothers-in-law by turn—"are the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Russia."

The man's face had become a study in fright as this recital went on. He thought they were all crazy, and ran as hard as he could

That reminds me of a time that Apapa wasn't believed when he tried to establish his identity. There was a new sentry at the palace in Fredensborg—a raw recruit from the country. He had been instructed that nobody was to be let in and took his orders literally. When grandfather came along in plain clothes he was ordered away.

"But I live here," said grandfather. "I'm the king."

"Anybody can say that," answered the guard, "but you'd better get out of here before I have to make you."

Luckily an A. D. C. arrived just then and identified the king.

One of the uncles I was fondest of as a child was Uncle Sacha. He was a jolly, kindly person, and although I was only six when he died at the age of forty-nine, I have never forgotten him

An invalid for months and suffering greatly, he was not able to lie down and sat always in an armchair, even sleeping there. He liked to have me run in and out of his room, and I took his death as a personal affront.

An Honorary President

UNCLE SACHA was about six feet tall, and when he was well had colossal strength. One of his favorite tricks was tearing a pack of cards in two with his hands. Another was bending a silver plate as if it were paper He liked jokes and couldn't understand why people got offended at a little teasing. He never did. My brother Nicholas relates that once when he and my older brothers were at Fredensborg they organized a bicycle club with some of the cousins. All decided that Uncle Sacha would make a good president. Accordingly they drew up a formal document in French explaining that he was too fat to take riding, but was being offered the honor of heading the club. He pretended to be furious, but proudly read the message to his suite.

Another time, while he was in Denmark, his nephews gave him a garden hose for a birthday present. He adored the strange gift and was busily engaged in squirting it from a window in the top floor one day when King Oscar of Sweden came up the garden walk. Uncle Sacha couldn't resist the temptation to turn the hose in that direction. King Oscar got a thorough wetting and his spick-and-span garments were dripping. Uncle Sacha apologized, but King Oscar never did see the joke.

I was twenty-one when I first went to England and stayed at Buckingham Palace with Uncle Bertie and Aunt Alix—King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Though I had thought them charming in Greece and Denmark, I found that I hadn't known the half of it. In their own home they were the most perfect hosts a guest could wish. They thought of everything for my comfort and amusement. Later my nephew, King George of Greece, joined me at Buckingham Palace.

King Edward took the two of us everywhere with him, and when he couldn't go himself, deputed Sir Harry Stoner to escort us. That poor man must have thanked his lucky stars when we finally left, for he got little sleep during three weeks. Every night we went to the theater, then on to a supper party and ball, but were quite fresh next morning and anxious to do it all over again. The unfortunate Sir Harry had to take a rest cure after we were gone

King Edward was a fascinating man, with plenty of temper as well as personality. One day, I remember, one of his youngest grandchildren toddled into the room where we were sitting at luncheon and overturned something on the table. King Edward, with a mighty expletive, picked up a huge melon and sent it smashing to the floor. My nephew and I disappeared behind a huge pot of carnations to laugh.

Another day, after the king was all dressed for a ball in the impeccably correct garments he affected, he spilled some spinach on his shirt. Instantly he flew into a rage and smeared the entire front of himself with the sickly looking vegetable.

Then almost at once he smiled sunnily and said, indicating the wreck with a spinach-splotched hand, "Had to change anyway, eh?"

King Edward VII

The Imperial Train. On the Sofa, Prince Christopher's Mother and Her Equerry, Count Messala

The first ball I went to in England was at the American Embassy. Whitelaw Reid was then ambassador, and I remember it was a gorgeous affair, with all the noted London beauties there in their most splendid gowns and jewels

Nobody can be more beautiful than an Englishwoman when she is beautiful. There were, among others, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Westminster and her sister, the Princess of Pless, the Duchess of Portland and Lady de Gray, each seeming lovelier than the one before.

At court balls in England, King Edward and Queen Alexandra used to enter the ballroom hand in hand and stop at the door, where the queen made profound curtsies first to the diplomatic corps and then to the other guests, while King Edward bowed low. Later they both danced the quadrille. Queen Alexandra had a stiff leg, but moved with real grace. King Edward was short and fat, but extremely imposing.

Queen Alexandra was the human exception that proves the rule. If you said you didn't like people who kept you waiting, you added to yourself, "Except Aunt Alix, who doesn't mean to."

If you disapproved in general of women who insisted upon hoarding worthless objects until their rooms were littered, you still smiled indulgently at Aunt Alix's pernicious habit of refusing to throw away anything that had ever been given to her, and even of taking most of her what nots and family photographs with her when she went on a journey.

The English royal yacht Victoria and Albert was crammed with cherished objects. I remember once when I was taking a trip to Norway with my aunt and there was

Prince Christopher and His Niece, Nina, Playing on the Terrace of His Sister's Place in the Crimea

a dreadful storm at sea she sat up all night picking up and replacing bric-a-brac on her table.

As fast as she'd pick up what fell off on one side, the ship would give a jerk and she would have it all to do over again on the other side.

Speaking of Operations

THE Marquis de Soveral, former minister from Portugal to Great Britain and a great friend of the English royal family, came along on that voyage. He was sitting on one side of the queen and I on the other at dinner that stormy night. Queen Alexandra always had a crystal pail of ice for water next her at table, and once when the ship lurched suddenly the queen, the marquis and the ice pail landed in a heap in the corner.

My aunt's sense of humor never deserted her. She must have had a wonderful time watching us all squirm at the luncheon table one time in Athens My mother had taken her to visit a Greek hospital that morning and Aunt Alix had insisted upon watching an operation that was just starting when they arrived—quite a complicated and bloody affair which the surgeon enthusiastically described as "beautiful."

My aunt was fascinated. When she came to luncheon she could talk of nothing else and gave an all-too-graphic description of the operation, while we all, from my father down, besought her to remember that we were still eating.

Queen Alexandra often came on her yacht to Greece and then we had splendid times. In 1905 she and King Edward paid an official visit and were joined in Athens by the present king and queen of England, then Prince and Princess of Wales, on their way back from India. The Prince of Wales was a great favorite with my mother. She called him Tootsums and he called her Sunbeam.

For this visit there was an official reception and welcome in Athens. The welcome included troops lining the streets and all the ministry and diplomats gathered to greet the

(Continued on Page 107

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Above is the "KASHMIR"
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Twenty-Five Years in Sports

By BOZEMAN BULGER

FOR two years the National League took all the play away—the excitement, I mean—from the rapidly growing American League, a situation very distasteful to Ban Johnson, that guiding power whose genius made the new league what it is today.

Even when the White Sox, rival Chicago club, won the pennant and later beat the Cubs for the world's championship, the big series was somewhat secondary in public interest. The emotions of the fans had been sapped in the bitter struggles of the National League. The New York Highlanders didn't amount to much, the Boston Red Sox had slipped and so had the Athletics. The Detroit Tigers, soon to be famous champions, were just beginning to get on their feet.

Here is the difference: Only two or three New York newspaper men went to cover that 1906 World's Series in Chicago. Neither McGraw nor any of his players went. Last year more than 400 correspondents were on hand to cover the World's Series between the New York Yankees and the Pittsburgh Pirates. To be exact, 470 seats were provided for working newspaper men and women in their several specialties. In addition, fifty or more cards were issued to roving workers, such as photographers and crowd reporters.

Incidentally, it might be interesting for the general public to know that all such arrangements are made by the Baseball Writers Association. The ball clubs have nothing whatever to do with it, much to their relief and peace of mind. To avoid technical complications, matters that they do not understand, the baseball officials turn this department of the big series over to the writers entirely. We elect two experienced newspaper men who work night and day for a week to provide for the needs of the press—local, general and foreign.

These representatives issue all passes and complete all arrangements, even to seeing that telegraph wires are provided for the newspapers that actually require them. Such highly technical details, if left in the hands of anyone outside the craft, would soon be in a hopeless jumble. More telegraphic words are sent out from a World's Series than any other event in the country, not even excepting a national political convention. The tolls of a championship heavyweight prize fight are enormous, but that is only for one day and night. The World's Series usually lasts a week.

Put on the Grill

THERE are no free passes to the big series excepting those issued by the writers' committee for working purposes. Even the issuance of those requires great tact and patience. If all the small newspapers in the United States, Cuba and Canada were accorded the accommodations they request there wouldn't be room for the spectators. The task of our elected representatives is, indeed, a thankless one. Last year, though, the undertaking was handled so skillfully by George W. Daley and William J. Slocum, of New York, and Regis Welsh, of Pittsburgh—all well-known baseball writers—that the newspaper craft of the country presented each of them with a fine watch of gray gold as a memento of their accomplishment.

All this is quite different from those years of 1906, 1907 and 1908, when the big series was more of a local affair and handled as such. There was little of other sports to attract national interest in that period. Baseball, having the field practically to itself for a few years, developed several writers of note. Among them were Ring Lardner and the late Charles E. Van Loan. Hugh Fullerton was then a veteran.

Babe Ruth Advances a Teammate With a Lusty Swat in a World's Series Game at Forbes Field

The press box in the Polo Grounds at New York could easily have been mistaken for an outdoor literary club. Many authors sat in with us daily.

Baseball writers as a rule were extensive readers and sharp critics of current literature. They still are, for that matter. Any author could find out the moment he shoved through the little iron gate just what was the frank verdict on his latest work. This odd gathering of scribes minced no words in expressing its opinion. Among the playwrights, Paul Armstrong, Bayard Veiller, Wilson Mizner and Thomas Gray dropped in regularly to have themselves put on the grill. In a box near by were generally gathered George M. Cohan, James J. Corbett, Willie Collier and De Wolf Hopper. Nat Goodwin and Charles Grapewin frequently joined us on the road trips. It was rare in the spring that we didn't run into John Drew somewhere on our swing of the circuit. Charles J. Gebest, the music composer and director, was a full-fledged member of the gang.

Any time a new figure bobbed up in literature, Charley Van Loan and Damon Runyon would make a point of bringing him around for appraisal. Irvin S. Cobb, to whom had been issued a pass as "sporting editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" in a spirit of levity, took great pride in this distinction. Other habitués of the press box were Morgan Robertson and Maximilian Foster. Another member to become internationally celebrated was George Luks, the painter.

It was at Sheehan's that Wagner—Old Honus—used to drop in after every game played by the Pittsburgh team and have his six glasses of beer, no more and no less. The Pirates had a club rule that no two players must be seen drinking together.

On his first visit Old Honus called for six beers. The bartender placed them on the bar, and after looking around curiously, was about to remove them.

"Where are the other fellows?" he asked

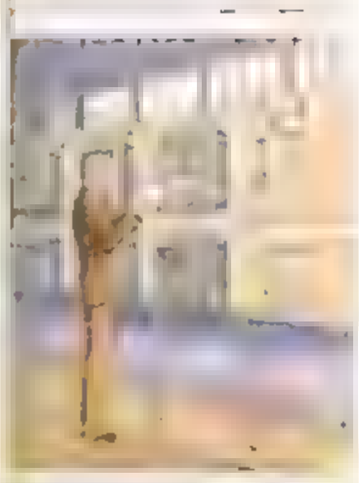
"Them six beers is for me," Wagner informed him, and promptly drank them down in order, starting from the left.

A Delicate Question

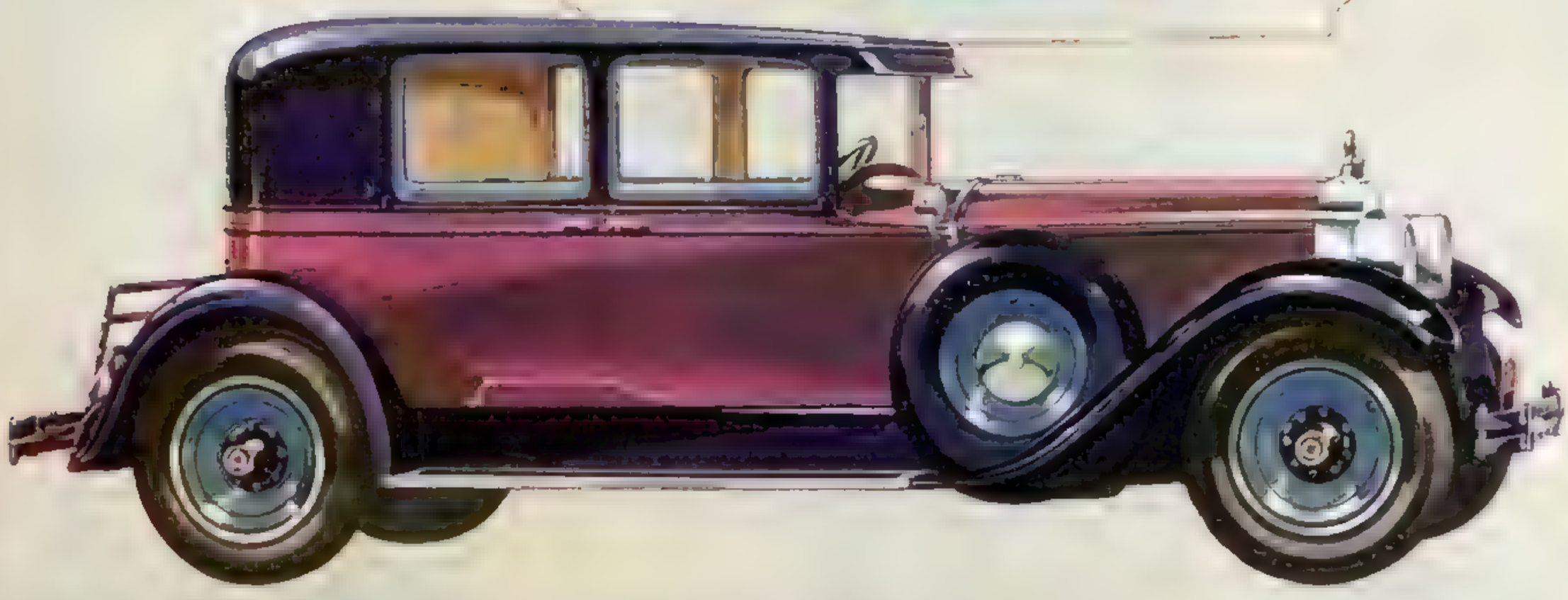
WAGNER did that regularly, always in the same way. Never did he appear with a companion, but went through this ritual in solitary glory. Having finished, Old Honus would go to his hotel. He never had any other dissipation, never drank any more or any less. Always he was in perfect physical condition, and is to this day. During the season of 1927, at the age of fifty-five years, Wagner played regularly on a little independent team of his own out in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Many baseball men to this day regard Wagner as the greatest ball player that ever lived. His only rival in that respect is Ty Cobb. The records give Cobb a shade the better of it, but it is still a debatable subject. Wagner had one big advantage. He could play the outfield as well as anybody and could play the infield better than anybody. The claim for Cobb's superiority is based on his speed, batting and aggressive spirit. Many hold that Wagner was superior as a straightaway hitter. That is very likely true, but the old Dutchman, as he was affectionately called, lacked the sparkling variety of Cobb's attack. *(Continued on Page 136)*

The Incomparable Wagner in a Characteristic Pose



The methods used in heat treating metals in the early days of automobile manufacture were still those of the Dark Ages



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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

What the Well-Groomed Presidential Candidate Should Know

By KATHARINE DAYTON

IN THE course of the more or less human events connected with the writing game, as one so often hears it called—presumably because so many people just play at it, or are only doing it to reduce, or something—this article should reach the consumer, if it does, barely in what is known as the nick of time; which is to say, allowing for neap tides, editorial whimseys and whatever it is that Venus is doing with Saturn now, just as sap and presidential candidates all over these United, more or less, States, are getting ready to run.

Believing, as we sincerely do, that in this year's threatened congestion of presidential candidates we are confronted by a menace second only in importance and far-reaching consequences to the boll weevil and the shaved neck, and in response to repeated requests from expectant presidential candidates far and wide, as they sometimes are, we have prepared the following constructive little résumé, brochure, or what you will. If you are a presidential candidate, or about to become one, you will do well to read it—bearing in mind that an ounce of prevention may save you a great big heartache, to say nothing of a campaign fund.

Let us begin then by asking ourselves that question which has puzzled the scientific world for generations: Why are presidential candidates? In answer to it some have said one thing, some another, and then again sun spots and wives, with this year's unwonted plethora, as the boys say, of candidates attributed by many to the unprecedentedly heavy rains and the queer things they invariably bring out of the ground—all of which are explanations which our exhaustive research has convinced us are little better than mere guesswork, if not hooey. No, the thing goes deeper than that. In the kindliest spirit, and constantly reminding ourselves that presidential candidates, too, are God's creatures, we cannot but feel that presidential candidates are presidential candidates simply and solely because they do not know! No one has ever told them the facts of political life! In their light-hearted innocence, they see only the fun of running. They never hear the pitiful stories of candidates who have had to walk back! How many bewildered, disillusioned candidates have asked themselves after the votes were counted and the bunting rolled up and put away in moth balls: "Wherein did I fail? What didn't I know? Was it tired feet? Dandruff? Weren't my gums pink?" and the like. Indeed, it was the pathetic discouraged letters that came to us which first led to our investigations and determined us fearlessly to open presidential candidates' eyes, let the chips fall where they may.

Briefly, our idea is this: Believing that a candidate, to be successful, must know—and, indeed, all he needs to know, as the fellows say—approximately as much as the majority of the electorate concerning the various national issues, both foreign and domestic, we have prepared a synopsis of the information possessed by the average voter on each subject. Mastery of these will prove invaluable in delivering speeches, dealing with hecklers and the like. If, after careful reading, and ten minutes a day spent in a dark room saying to yourself "After all, why should I be President?" you still feel that you want to go on with it, all we can say is God bless you! If, on the other hand, you feel that the best thing you can do is to have a good hot tub and jump quickly into bed with a big bottle of bichloride of mercury tablets, all we can say is God bless you!

Issues—Foreign

Nicaragua

LET us first take Nicaragua and get that over. Nine times out of ten nobody will even think of it, but the tenth time some old nuisance in your audience will say "What about Nicaragua?" before you can say Jack Robinson, and there you are! Well, about a year or so ago—maybe not so long as that, or maybe it was longer—it seems there were a couple of presidents in Nicaragua. One of them was a Doctor Something—it began with S—well, anyhow one of them chased the other out, and the Nicaragarans—Nicragurans—Nicaragans —— Well, we sent some marines down there, anyway. There was a sash-weight murder or something came along about then and everybody sort of lost track until just recently, when we sent some more marines down because it seems there was some fellow—name begins with S too—who keeps upsetting things and getting captured and everything. Anyway, it does seem as if there was always something, doesn't it?

China

CHRISTIANITY and Western civilization are on trial today in China. [Use this sentence just as it is—never mind what it means.] This General Chang C'hing What's-his-name married a girl from Wellesley named Sun Wat Koo, or something like that. Guess they're very nice—she was a Wellesley girl. Modern and all like that. Guess they probably have the right idea. She came over here, you know, and went to Wellesley. The trouble with China is it's too big. A lot of them come over here and go to places like Wellesley, and all, don't they?

Mexico

LINDBERGH certainly is a great kid. Dwight Morrow's a pretty smart fellow, too, isn't he? President Calles seems like a good guy, after all. He signed, or the supreme court signed, something or other about petroleum that gives rights to somebody or other—anyway, it looks as if it would turn out all right. Did you read Will Rogers' stuff? Pretty funny!

Europe

IT WOULD be quite natural to suppose that this would be the longest and most difficult synopsis of all. But *au contraire*, as the French so tersely put it. Such is the state of the average voter's mind on this subject, after the campaigns of the last eight years, that you will find all you have to do is, say, to start giving the figures of what France owed us in 1921 as contrasted with the reparations collected by England during the last three fiscal years since the operation of the Dawes Plan which enabled Germany, producing, as it does, three-eighths of the world's hemp and potash as against the French okra concessions in East Africa, which alone constitute .007¾ grams—Fahrenheit—of the total output of Italy, Belgium and the Malay Straits—well, you'll be surprised how soon your audience, hecklers and all, will tiptoe quietly out, leaving you all alone in the hall with the local chairman and the pitcher of ice water. Our advice is to just say that Europe is getting on its feet and let it go at that.

"Oh, Well—Business is Always Bad in a Presidential Year!"

*Issues—Domestic**

Flood Control

THIS may not be regarded by all as the most important, but it is certainly the loudest issue we have with us this year, led, as it is, by Bill Thompson and the more solid of the Southern senators. We are shocked at the tremendous fund of misinformation circulated on this subject and the diverse views held concerning it. For example, we have met people who firmly believe Bill Thompson is the Father of Waters, and others equally firmly convinced that he was just a big spillway and should be dammed. Perhaps neither, both or someone is right—but who? The facts in the case are simply these: The flood was there eating its head off, but no one paid any attention to it until Bill Thompson found it and took it to Chicago. Now other and stronger boys will try to take it away from him. Heigh-ho! That's life, of course—and politics.

Farm Relief

AS WE see it, the farmer's position—a pretty darn uncomfortable one, too—is just this: When crops are good, there's no money in it; and when they're not, why, of course not! Now you take a frost, or a dry spell, or a boll weevil—go on, take it, it won't hurt you! And then there's acreage. No country can stand it. There ought to be a way, somehow. It just seems terrible that with all that land and seed and cows and everything, and getting up so early to milk and all, something doesn't come of it.

Hydroelectric Power

BOULDER DAM is a place in Colorado, and Muscle Shoals is that fertilizer factory or something in —— Well, anyway, it's down South somewhere, and they're always talking about it till you get simply sick to death of it! The idea is that there are either dams there that ought to be pulled down, or else they aren't there and ought to be built

The Government wants to do one or the other, and the private power companies want to do whatever the Government doesn't. It seems awfully silly to make such a fuss over old fertilizer, doesn't it?

Tax Reduction

AMERICA has all the gold and everybody knows it, which makes it feel pretty uncomfortable around holidays and birthdays, naturally. Money is cheap, although you'd hardly notice it; and debentures and ear-marked gold seem to be all the rage. This being the case, with industrials what they are—and, indeed, more so than ever before—there seems to us little enough to choose between the Administration's plan for a $225,000,000 reduction in Federal taxes as against the counter proposal for a cut of whatever it is.

What of it, say we? What of it—what of it?

*Author's Note—We have purposely omitted prohibition because we consider that it has ceased to be an issue and has become an excuse; also the tariff, which may be classed as negligible since, like skirts, it can't possibly go any higher yet shows no signs of coming down

THE SPOKEN WORD

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

WOMEN have been kept in the background long enough. Men have been pushing them ruthlessly aside and to the rear for untold centuries, maintaining male supremacy by brute force and jealousy; but at last the fragile sex is surging into the spotlight, swimming channels, falling into oceans, sitting up on flagpoles with the best and running for governor without embarrassment.

For my part, I know now that ladies are smarter than men, and so in future all my affairs, business and personal, will be in the hands of a young New York girl with blue eyes and a nice smile. Whatever she decides will be carried out no matter what I say. As far as I am concerned, the female of the species comes nearer the facts; and furthermore, this same blue-eyed lass will have something to say about my ethics, which seem to require supervision.

I formerly felt that my morals were on straight and that I was average honest, but I see now where I was as wrong as two times two are seven. Clara was right and I was wrong, and I am turning everything over to her, for I am merely a feeble-minded yahoo who shouldn't be trusted with anything larger than a Balkan dime. Anyone who sees me standing on a street corner talking to strangers should notify the authorities, for I shall most likely be found trying to buy the north end of Central Park for a small cash consideration.

It is a sad story at the start and grows steadily sadder, and the last man who heard it burst into sobbing and went home ossified. Those who are good at bearing agony, kindly move forward into the front seats and I will explain why Clara is now the captain of the ship and I am down in the hold peeling potatoes among the lee scuppers.

We used to go to one of these amusement parks, filled with roller coasters and shooting galleries and other attractions to purvey entertainment for male and female. At the hour of three o'clock of a certain Sunday afternoon, Clara Gendron sat timidly in December, and I was beside her, holding her hand and telling her to show a little courage. December is the name of a car on a Ferris wheel. There are twelve cars on the wheel—named, oddly enough, after the months—and we selected December, because there it stood when we walked through the gate holding our tickets.

"Gregory Renshaw is a Perfect Gentleman," She Said Icily

"Let us wait for June," I suggested—"a nice summery month."

"No," said Clara, a clairvoyant having told her she would die in June. So, without further ado, we walked in and sat down.

These cars are so constructed that the two seats face each other, and as we rose tranquilly into the Sabbath air Clara clutched my arm and shivered slightly. I noticed that the other seat was occupied by a young couple about our age, out for a Sunday frolic.

When December reached the top of its orbit, the extreme tippy-top, the Ferris wheel jerked three times, came to a stop, groaned dismally and remained stuck until seventeen minutes after six o'clock, making three hours and seventeen minutes of what you might accurately call motionless inactivity.

Naturally we became acquainted with the young couple whose knees were mingled with our own.

"Well," I said to Clara in a reassuring voice, "it looks like the machinery busted down."

"It certainly does," she responded, trying not to turn pale.

"There is nothing to worry about," I continued, "as long as the whole thing doesn't fall over into the river. And if we have to stay up here two or three days, it is lucky I happen to have some food on me."

Clara nodded faintly, but the young man across immediately spoke up: "Food?"

"Sure," said I. "Will you have some peanut brittle?"

He said he would, and I withdrew from my several pockets small quantities of peanuts, sandwiches, assorted candies in silver paper, chewing gum, a package of dried raisins and other minor edibles. That is how I happened to meet this young fellow, Rudolph Dockweiler, who ate heartily and thanked me. I also met his girl, Clara Pence, who refused to eat anything and was at first inclined to high-hat me and Clara Gendron.

"My name," he mumbled through a bit of peanut brittle, "is Delaney."

That might sound strange, seeing his name was Dockweiler, but I will explain as we jog along.

"My name," I announced, "is Ben Salter, and this is my girl, Clara Gendron."

"That's funny," said he, "because this is my girl and her name is Clara Pence. Two Claras. Ain't that rich?"

It seemed far from rich to me, and the two girls did not act astonished. They smiled with the polite hostility of a couple of young girls meeting.

"I am pleased to meet you," his Clara said, and I offered her a chocolate-covered prune, which she declined.

The ladies addressed each other casually, and when they found they were the same age and wore No. 3 double-A pumps, they got along all right—that is, all right for up in a stalled Ferris wheel.

You were bound to notice two things about Mr. Delaney the minute you met him. The first was his face and the second was the odd way he talked. Many persons would reverse this order, for Mr. Delaney suffered with a marked impediment in his speech—an impediment amounting almost to complete stoppage which, if you were to try to spell it out as it sounded, you would go crazy. I have listened in my time to many a stutterer, but this Mr. Delaney was the limit. Now and then he would be unable to say anything, but merely sat there in December, blowing out his cheeks and waiting for a word to explode or otherwise leave him. Regarding his face, it was quite different from ordinary everyday faces. It was that of a young man, and yet it seemed worn out, giving him a melancholy air. I had an impulse to ask him about it, but decided not to, for some men are touchy about their faces; and anyhow, I scarcely knew him.

The four of us sat up there in the breeze, getting acquainted rapidly and eating peanut brittle, with Mr. Delaney talking, or making desperate efforts to talk, until seventeen minutes after six, at which time there was more of the faint jerking and the Ferris wheel started. We descended slowly to earth and walked out, thankful that no human lives had been lost. It is likewise wearing to listen to a stammering young man for three hours and more, especially if he stammers hard; and if Mr. Delaney wasn't the worst stammerer in the world I don't want any more interest on my bank account.

"Ben," he said, taking me by the arm when we reached terra firma and pushing the words out of his system—"Ben, I like you. You are a regular fellow. I like your girl too. Come on along with me and Clara and I will drive the both of you home."

I quickly glanced over at my Clara to see if it was all right with her, and she nodded, so I said we would be glad to ride home with Mr. Delaney and his lady friend. We walked out of the park, hunting for the automobile, and naturally we expected to see a vehicle used by the lower classes—probably an ordinary touring car or a sedan with the paint going. Imagine our surprise when he suddenly stopped and said "Get in, Ben." He laid his hand on a maroon automobile, a closed car, about thirty-nine feet long, shining to heaven with nickel plate, cut glass, new varnish and expensive cushions. There was a small man on the radiator, made of metal, poised as though about to dive. "You have quite a car, Mr. Delaney," I said.

"It cost fourteen thousand dollars," he said, and that is when I began to wonder.

The two Claras moved into the back seat, each trying to be polite, and I sat beside Mr. Delaney, and on that trip up to the Bronx we grew intimate. There was no doubt that he had taken a fancy to me, for he asked many questions, such as was I making a good salary and how soon did Clara and I intend to get married. Before the ride was over I learned why his name was both Dockweiler and Delaney, and why we were riding in such a swell car.

This young man Delaney was the world's champion prize fighter and as unassuming as a letter carrier. That, of course, accounted for his face. At the end of the ride he wrote down my name and business telephone call.

"I'll see you again, Ben," he remarked; and two days later he called me up at the store to know if he could send us a couple of free tickets to a barn dance.

Here was really the first prize fighter I ever knew. I once shook hands with the champion pool player but received

(Continued on Page 42)

Volume *bred by* Value

isn't that the difference in CHRYSLER?

IT MAKES a tremendous difference what thought is uppermost in the mind of a man when he lays the foundation stones of his business.

If he engages in the manufacture of motor cars, for instance, and the uppermost thought in his mind is price, he will build a price car and a volume by way of price.

If his first thought is quality and performance, as everyone knows it was with Walter P. Chrysler, the product will be a quality-and-performance product.

And the volume will come as it came to Chrysler—through value and not through price—the reward of an enthusiastic public approval steadily swelling in size and swiftly cutting down the overhead.

Out of that, as in the case of Chrysler, low prices will also follow inevitably—low prices which had their beginning in quality and create volume out of value.

Chrysler, in the four great price fields, is indubitably today *the world's lowest priced producer of quality cars.*

The first and controlling thought of quality, dictating the business when it began, continued to control; and out of one car launched on that principle came four Chrysler cars in four major markets, each contributing its share to cutting down the overhead.

Volume born of price is a mighty power in industry—quantity standardization is a marvelous thing—but greater than either and greatest of all constructive forces in business is the fruit of volume bred by value—the unique Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality.

Here is a practical principle and an enduring one—a principle which lifts quality while it lowers price, which raises standards and reduces costs.

How?

By the successive steps Chrysler has taken, which rushed Chrysler to its present eminence in the industry.

First, striking out boldly in the Chrysler "70" of four years ago to create a car so brilliant and dashing that it would be irresistible in appearance and performance.

In other words, concentrating on the thought of value—sure that the public would compel volume in due time.

When volume came, extending the same progressive principle to the production of another car, and then another, and then another—supplying to each and all the same fundamentals and by making four operations almost actually one—cutting Chrysler overhead to the lowest point in the industry.

That's Chrysler Standardized Quality—its only application in the world of motor manufacturing today.

That's why Chrysler prices are actually lower than even those which seem to be lower.

That's why Chrysler, in the four great price fields, is the world's lowest-priced producer of quality cars.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 40)

no thrill, and I ate supper in a Bleecker Street restaurant which boasted the waiter who had eaten one hundred and thirty-six soft-boiled eggs, thus becoming champion. Neither of these meetings stirred me, but I was impressed with Kid Delaney. The feeling was not shared by my Clara. And it was a great surprise to me to discover that prize fighters are soft-hearted and inclined to be romantic.

I always had thought of them as a rough-and-ready crew, battering men unconscious and removed from the more refined things in life. Mr. Delaney astonished me with his sentimental streak, and when he knew that Clara and I were teetering upon the verge of matrimony it seemed to warm him more than ever.

"Yes," said my Clara, in talking over the new friendship, "but I don't like that man, and I don't like the girl either."

"What's the matter with Mr. Delaney?" I inquired sharply. "He's a fine fellow, and he certainly treats us nice."

It was not necessary to discuss Delaney's Clara, for we seemed to agree about her. She may have been a lovely soul with many good qualities, and it was plain that the battler adored her, but just the same, she was not our kind. My Clara is a quiet little person with a soft voice, and some people think she is dumb, because she never says much in a crowd. This is a mistake. I have found that the ladies who talk the most and loudest in a crowd are the dumb doras if you get down to the facts.

At any rate, Delaney's Clara was not like my Clara. His girl rouged her lips every ten minutes whether they needed it or not. Her clothes were flashy, even in these days of flappers, and she wore rhinestones in her heels. Any girl who will wear rhinestones in her heels in public certainly has got something the matter with her, even if you don't know what it is. But the Kid seemed all right to me, and I said so. Sure, he was not handsome, but a boxer is not supposed to be.

"He may be a fine fellow," said Clara, "but I don't like him, and I am not going anywhere with him and that girl."

"Just because he stutters?"

"No," said she. "I wouldn't mind a man because he stuttered. You could stutter and I would still marry you."

"You mean if I had money," I told her with a trace of bitterness, and we went back to the old subject, which has practically driven Clara's parents out of their own house.

This business of getting married was a real problem and we went over the details four hundred times. I had an even thousand in the bank, built up painfully over a period of years, and I considered the sum sufficient for the grand leap. Clara thought otherwise, so we spent the time arguing and going to Westerns over at the Gem Theater.

I was drawing forty a week down at Brem & Brinstool's wholesale grocery, where I worked as head checker, a position I have held for five years. Forty a week is fair money and probably enough to marry on if you have a home to go into. Clara also had a job and a good one, but that did not figure in our calculations, for I contend that the new husband who will let his wife work in an office is a poor excuse and deserves to lose his bride, which he usually does.

In time, my forty would certainly be fifty down at the grocery, but things like that move slowly. All we knew of the future, when we met the Kid and his Clara, was that if we both lived long enough, we would one day be man and wife.

Imagine Our Surprise When He Suddenly Stopped and Said "Get In, Ben"

Mr. Delaney being interested in these romantic facts, I unbuckled and told him freely just how it was with us, and he was sympathetic.

"I have my own troubles," he said, in his combination of English and sign language. "Only, it ain't money with us. I have enough money. It's Clara and her ideas."

It appears that the battling swain couldn't marry his Clara immediately, as he desired, because the lady first wished to have a fling at what she called her career. This was a cloudy ambition connected with the speaking stage, and it was Clara's opinion that she was gifted with the power to sway audiences. She had never swayed any audiences up to this time, but she told the Kid that she could do so, and that they would be married later on in life, when she had made a star of herself. Mr. Delaney laughed scornfully during these conversations and stated it was rich, and if there are two ways of getting along smoothly with a girl, that isn't one of them.

So there we were, two couples, all about the same age, engaged, you might say, and no marriage in sight for anybody, with money stopping one and ambition the other. We went riding three more times with the Kid and his Clara before my Clara definitely rebelled, and after that I had to make up excuses. Being a good friend, the Kid told me a secret of the underworld.

"Ben," he began importantly, "something is going to happen, and you can make some easy money. I like you, Ben, and I'm going to let you in on it."

With him stuttering, it took five city blocks to say all this. It was a serious effort for the man to talk, but do you think that stopped him? It did not. He liked to talk, even more than persons who can talk.

"What is it?" I naturally asked, and he then let me into a secret of the prize ring that is known to very few people even today. I am one of the few who know.

Those who read the sporting pages and keep up with the fight news need not be told about Kid Delaney. He was such a good fighter that he finally fought himself out of opponents, and starvation was getting ready to stare him in the face. This annoyed the champion, and it further annoyed Karl Dunning, his manager; of the two, it annoyed the manager the more. I met Mr. Dunning two or three times—a thin-faced person wearing elegant clothes, and you could tell by looking at him that here was a man who would always have money—either his own or somebody else's. The Kid admired him hugely and told me he was the slickest fight manager alive.

"That's the trouble," the Kid explained. "I'm too good. There's nobody left to give me a battle." I took his word for it. "But we got a guy now," said the fighter, his eyes lighting up with pleasure. "You been watching this Johnny Goss?"

I said I had not been watching Johnny; and in fact, up to that instant, I had never heard the man's name.

"This Johnny Goss," said the Kid warmly, "is gettin' good again. They're nutty about him over in Brooklyn."

"Do you know him?" I asked politely.

"No, I don't know him; but he's gettin' good once more. He was a bum for a while there, but he's gettin' good again. They're daffy about him over the bridge."

When the Kid talked earnestly he was a strange sight and it fascinated me to watch his struggles. He made sounds like a cat hissing, and his eyes seemed to protrude slightly, though this was probably my imagination. He whistled in a broken manner and his mouth opened and closed spasmodically. His Adam's apple could be seen moving, the end of his nose grew red with effort and his jaw shivered. He was now in one of his earnest moods.

Little by little I learned the details of the secret, which concerned Johnny Goss of Brooklyn, who was an older man than the Kid, had slid down hill and was now coming back. Once he had been a leading fighter among the

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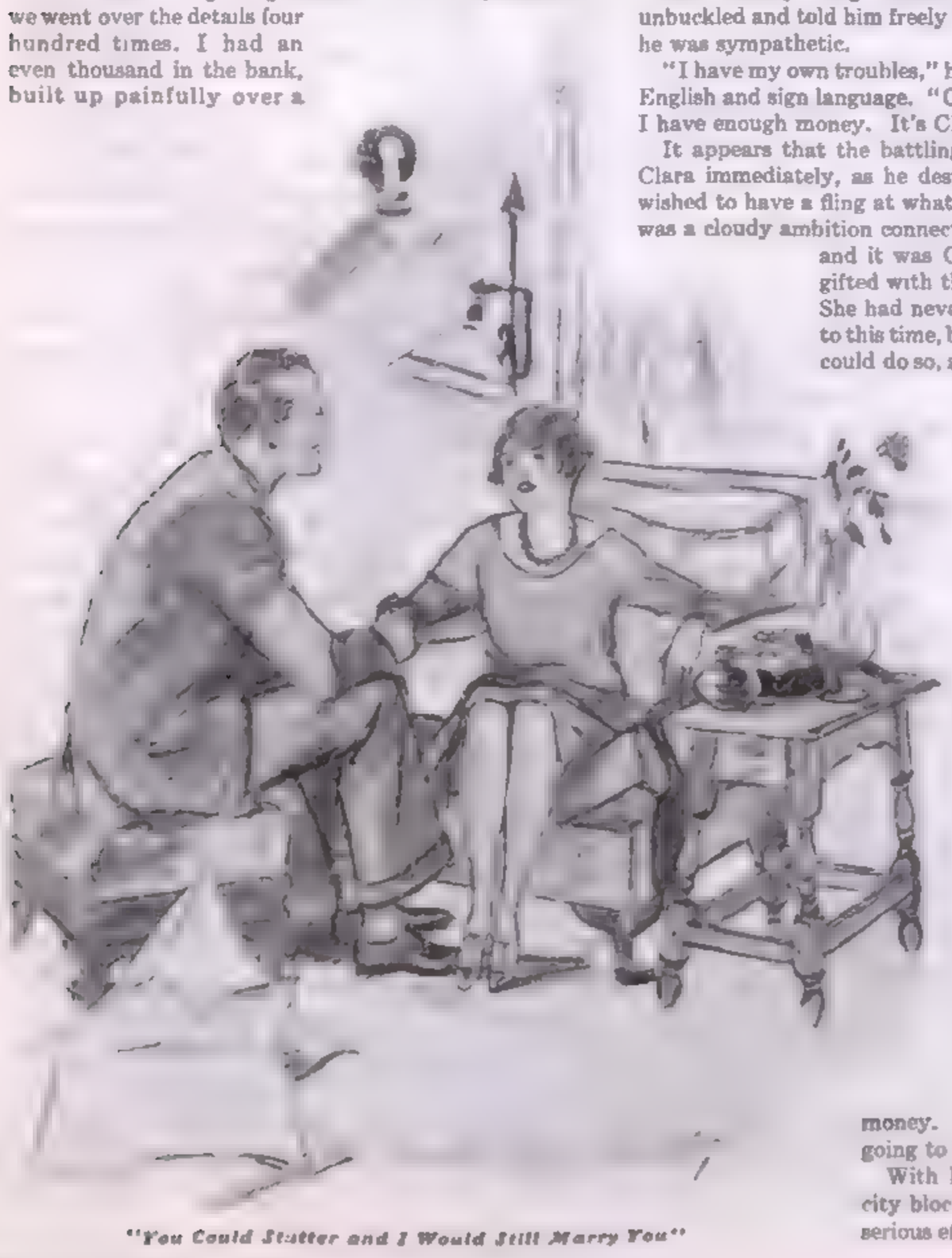

"You Could Stutter and I Would Still Marry You"

Body by Fisher

Landau Coupe $1045

When you answer the call of far-away hills/

Green hillsides beckon. Shimmering lakes lure you to wooded shores. It's spring . . . the season for wandering. The time when something tells you to be up and away. When you want to hear the purr of six cylinders taking you on and on to distant scenes.

* * *

That's when you'll most appreciate this All-American . . . a car that fits your holiday mood. That's when you'll welcome its brute of an engine . . . its smoothness and silence and change of pace.

* * *

You'll admire the way it conquers the highways. You'll love its thrilling burst of speed. And as for its charm and style and comfort . . . they'll re-impress you with every passing day.

* * *

If spring makes you a sort of gypsy . . . a kind of vagabond always eager to go . . . you'll find this All-American Six always ready to answer the call of far-away hills.

Soldiers and Sailors Monument A landmark of Greater New York and a monument of deep national significance to all Americans

2-Door Sedan, $1045; Sport Roadster, $1075; Phaeton, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Cabriolet, $1155; Landau Sedan, $1265. New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Check Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE ACTOR

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BARKSDALE ROGERS

"Can You Imagine Whom I Was Taken for the Other Day?"

BEFORE sitting down, Peacock gave the other diners a dignified inspection. He always did in a restaurant. For, standing there with a thin Russian cigarette held nonchalantly between a couple of neat fingers, it was a fine, handsome figure he cut, and he was far from being a man to deprive the public of a pleasant spectacle. That was Peacock—always generous, always liberal with views of himself.

Then, having noted all, and, in perfectly fair return, permitted himself to be noted, he sat down, picked up the menu, studied it portentously and said "Ah!"

"The usual crowd, I suppose," I commented.

"Barthelmess is here. Charming fellow, Dickie; one of my dearest friends. Know him?"

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"Splendid fellow, and an artist of the first rank. Too bad you don't know him."

"It is," I agreed.

We'd chosen to have dinner at the Madrid, because that was the kind of place Peacock liked. Many other ladies and gentlemen celebrated in the arts allied to Broadway dined there, and consequently it had likewise a large patronage of sight-seers who had heard so and who came to whisper excitedly as Johann J. Szilch was mistaken for Vincent Lopez, and Reba K. Berkman was positively identified by two lady voyageurs from Buffalo as Peggy Wood. There was a great deal of surreptitious pointing during the dinner hour, and this was frequently a source of deep if ephemeral pleasure on the part of such occasionals as myself, who, if I may be permitted to mention the fact, once sat in a rosy daze as two lovely young visitors gave me their rapt attention for more than an hour, under the impression, I am sure, that they had spotted Larry Semon, the film comedian.

"Harpo Marx is over there, too," Peacock said.

"Yes?"

"Marvelous fellow, Harpo, and a first-rate artist. A man I am proud to call friend."

Peacock himself had no need to seek his pleasure in ignorant sight-seers' errors. The attention he got, which was a great deal, was rightly his own. It would not be accurate to say he was a nationally known celebrity or that his features were familiar to every man, woman and child in the land; but for ten years he'd been distinguished enough to warrant the use of his name prominently displayed in the billing of his various shows, and these shows had been generally successful. It was a real name, and it flew on billboards and in newspapers past Broadway and New York to nearly every home blessed with even a no more than fairly observant home body. I'd known it for years before I met him, and I'm no devourer of theatrical chit-chat and small talk.

When he came into the Madrid, or into any other restaurant or hotel dining room in New York, and eager eyes followed him through the lobby and buzzing whispers marked his presence at the next table, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was not being mistaken for Vincent Lopez or Larry Semon; he was being recognized as Reginald Peacock.

Nor, I may say at this point, did he ever allow this little tribute of recognition to pass unrewarded. What his table behavior may have been in the privacy of his own dining room, away from the gaze of the public, I cannot say; but in the open it was clearly of the Robert B. Mantell school. During the ordering of the meal his dramatic instincts were fairly under control; but once this was past and the meal reached the conversational stage, his eloquence was visible and stirring. He gave, as it were, his all; and observers well out of earshot were easily able to follow, through his vivid pantomime, the trend of his discourse.

He never, so far as I can remember, actually stood up and wept with the heroine of his story; but short of that, I should say he ran up and down the human gamut of emotions as neatly as I have ever seen the trick done sitting down.

There is very little privacy in this form of conversation; but privacy was not, after all, what Peacock sought. He was making what is known as an impression.

So, knowing this, I was prepared in theory anyway for what occurred this evening. We had given our order and I was thoughtfully informing him that it seemed clear that the lady and gentleman at the next table had recognized him; they were staring and whispering excitedly. Peacock gave a quick, casual glance and smiled modestly.

"Probably mistaking me for somebody else." He laughed indulgently. "Can you imagine whom I was taken for the other day?"

"Who?"

"Richard Dix! Can you beat that? Can you see the slightest resemblance between Dix and me? Not that Dix isn't a nice chap, understand. But can you see any resemblance?"

"No," I admitted; "you're different types."

"Well, a great many people say so," he insisted sharply. "It's always being said. You really don't see any resemblance?"

"Well, maybe a little, about the chin perhaps."

He smiled slightly. "As a matter of fact," he said, "Dix's chin is about his best point. He really has a marvelous chin. But what I've always said is, What is the sense of being pleased about looking like someone else? A man ought to want to look like himself, and himself alone. When people say I look like Richard Dix—and hundreds have told me so—I always thank them, because they no doubt intend it for a compliment. And —— Great heaven!"

I hope I may be excused for not seeing immediately that something of extraordinary importance had happened, but Peacock had more than once exclaimed just as dramatically, or nearly so, upon noting a new and perfectly commonplace bus boy in the room.

"Great hope of heaven!" he whispered and, pushing back his chair, rose and stood with hands clutching the edge of the table, his face white and set, his eyes fixed with a fearful, unbelieving light on someone or something behind me.

"Reg," I said, "what is it?" And I turned.

"Greta! My Greta!"

Two women, both around thirty, had entered the room and were following a captain of waiters through an aisle It was the second that Peacock was watching, staring at, oblivious, apparently, of the curious looks that had been drawn to him. I tried, but only a glimpse could I get of her face—not remarkable in the way of beauty. She was pleasant looking and smart in a manner that struck me as suburban. Then she sat down, still with her back toward us.

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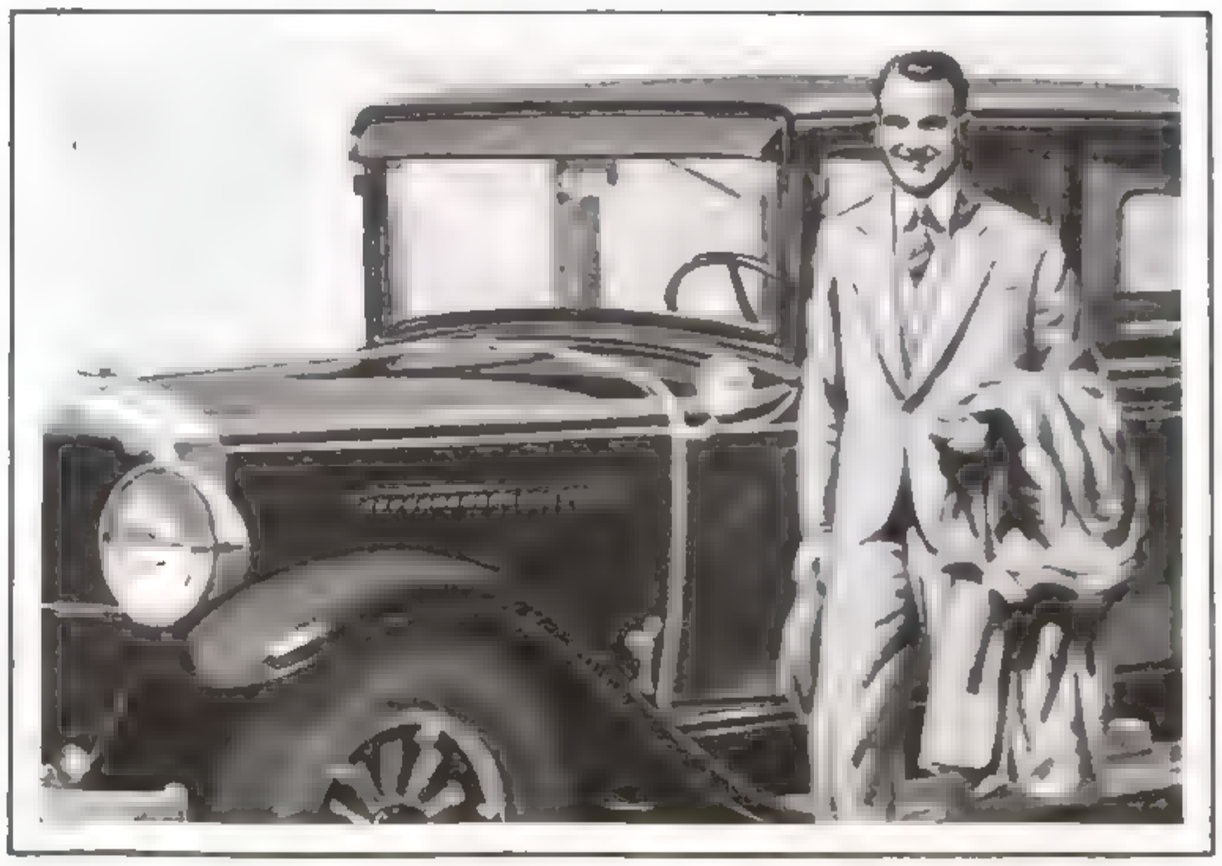
"Greta! My Greta!"

The REO FLYING CLOUD is *not* a racing car *but*– it's fast enough *for* Pete De Paolo



AUTOMOBILE racing has its place in the scheme of things, no doubt.

To the gruelling tests of the Speedway—at Culver City, at Indianapolis, at the Monza Grand Prix—is due a large part of present-day automobile design. The 500-mile classic is the laboratory which has gradually evolved and revealed the possibilities of speed and power and acceleration—*and endurance*—without a resort to cumbersome size and weight.

But racing speed is for the Speedway—not for the public highway.

That's why the Flying Cloud is not built to do "100 miles an hour". It's why we don't even *claim* 100 miles an hour.

It will do more than 75 miles an hour—75 honest miles. And that's fast enough. It's faster than the average driver ever wants to go. And it's faster than the average driver ever has safe and lawful opportunity to drive.

But the possession of that 75-miles-per-hour capacity implies the possession of other characteristics that the average driver does want—the flashing acceleration that gets him away from the traffic-barrier ahead of the pack; the "zoom" that picks up the traffic pockets with incredible ease and with perfect safety; and the man-saving and motor-saving surplus of power for the hills and the mountains.

That's why Peter De Paolo, speed-king of America, bought a Flying Cloud for his own use—when he's not burning up the bricks at Indianapolis; that's why he joined the Reo sales-forces in Southern California and is making a great sales-record—and hosts of new friends—in that toughest of all markets.

It's why he asked—and received—permission to christen his world's champion race-car—the car that in 1927 carried him to his second world's speedway championship—"Flying Cloud Special."

His racing-car is not a Reo Flying Cloud; neither is the Reo Flying Cloud a racing-car.

But they're both thoroughbreds. They're both built to stand out above the rank and file. They're both built to stand the gaff—to "go through", in other words.

The Reo Flying Cloud has received no finer tribute—and it has received many—than Pete De Paolo paid it when he gave its name to his own championship racing-car, and identified himself with the organization that builds it.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Perhaps I can best express my opinion of our special production, *"We Americans,"* by quoting the well-known critic, George Gerhard, of the New York Evening World who wrote:

George Lewis

"One of the best melting pot stories ever brought to the screen—crammed full of human interest—enthralling in the extreme here's one picture you will love."

What more enthusiastic tribute could anyone pay to a moving picture? In New York where critics are down on the ground and merciless, *"We Americans"* romps away with golden reviews which describe the picture as "an inspiration." I can add nothing. The critics have said it all.

Do you know anything about the trials, tribulations and heart-aches experienced by the average emigrant to this country? Do you know what a time he has divorcing himself from the traditions and love of the old country and adapting himself to the new? When you see *"We Americans"* you will see the story in full. Director Edward Sloman might have been an emigrant, so faithfully has he depicted the theme. And the cast of players could not have been bettered had he used a searchlight on screenland.

Patsy Ruth Miller

GEORGE SIDNEY, celebrated, always good, always faithful to his character, plays the lead, assisted by such capable players as: PATSY RUTH MILLER, JOHN BOLES, BERYL MERCER, GEORGE LEWIS, KATHLYN WILLIAMS, EDWARD MARTINDEL, JOSEPHINE DUNN, EDDIE PHILLIPS, MICHAEL VISAROFF, and others. The picture was supervised by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

So, see this heart-gripping drama of the new America—see how the emigrants come to it—how they readjust themselves to our ways—how they fight to retain their love for their native land while their children, born here are patriotic Americans. What a story!

Margarita Fischer

A voice from Toronto, Canada, Fred Williams of 185 A Cowan Avenue, writes that "*'Uncle Tom's Cabin'* created a furore here. I congratulace you upon teaching the younger generation something about the masterpieces which enthused their fathers and grandfathers."

Carl Laemmle, President

If you want to be on our mailing list send us your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Continued from Page 44

"Reg old boy," I begged him, "sit down and try to pull yourself together."

He obeyed, but almost as though he hadn't heard; and then I saw that he was, indeed, genuinely shaken. He murmured her name incredulously once or twice and pressed his hands to his eyes. This seemed to clear his head in some way, and he glanced about hastily and noted interested looks still directed at him, and this appeared to steady him.

"Amazing! Absolutely the most amazing thing I've ever known in my life!" he said. "I can scarcely believe it."

"But what?" I repeated. "You know her?"

"Know her!" I might just as well have asked him if he'd ever heard of Napoleon Bonaparte; his surprise would have been no greater. "My dear Faber, do I know her!"

The way he said it gave me some relief; he was speaking heartily again, and with a fine dramatic emphasis. I reflected that all likelihood of his swooning from the shock had passed.

"Faber," he said, fixing me with a steady eye, "this is the most extraordinary thing I have ever known off the stage. It is truly the most dramatic second I have ever known. That woman"—he paused to prepare me for the revelation—"is the only woman I have ever loved or ever will love. And until this second, when she entered that door like an apparition from the dead past, I have not seen her for ten years!"

This was the old Peacock speaking, and I could only murmur, "You overwhelm me, Reg."

"Ten long, dreary years, Faber. Ten years of heartache, ten years of striving and achieving, ten years that would have been emptiness itself had it not been for my art, my career."

I confess that for a moment this was a bit difficult for me to swallow. True that he was still unmarried, but he'd never been precisely an anchoret. He'd roved Broadway casually, pleasantly, even though he'd betrayed no passion for play. I could not remember any affair describable as more than passing, but my acquaintance was not of the closest.

"You have doubts," he said shrewdly; and reaching into an inside pocket he brought out a pigskin case worn to a lovely shining mahogany. For a few seconds he gazed at it with narrowed eyes, and then with a quick flip he laid it open on the tablecloth in front of me. Under a panel of celluloid was the woman who had just entered the room, as she was ten years ago, and privately I was still unable to find justification for this impressive gesture.

"Beautiful," I said.

"Ah, Faber," he said, shaking his head thoughtfully, "if you but knew what this moment means to me!"

"I'd like to hear it," I said, digging into my chicken shortcake. "Is it—is it too personal?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he stated, with the air of a man who has just decided to buy the United States Steel Corporation for cash in hand. "You would understand, Faber, and it would help you to understand me better. You'd be able to see why I have been—well, you might say an enigma to all Broadway for lo, these many years. It's a strange and tragic story, and if you have suspected that there was a shadow over my life, this may explain it."

He took the case, folded it after a last yearning glance and returned it to his breast pocket.

"It was ten years ago she gave me that picture and case, in a little village in New Jersey where we'd both grown up, and since then it has never left my possession; I've never been without it, right here"—he smote his chest—"over my heart. . . . Pass me a roll, please."

He spoke then so earnestly that slowly but surely I was compelled to believe. My skepticism gradually disappeared, and if he recounted his story with what may have seemed a greater emphasis on the manner than on the matter, still that was his way—apparently his natural way of relating facts. I soon began to feel that behind his alarmingly vigorous eloquence, behind all his fervent histrionics was a rich and deep sincerity, a faithfulness rare and sweet and genuine.

"I was just out of college then, Faber, and you know what that means." He smiled indulgently. "I looked just about as I do now, with naturally more youth about my eyes, and my chin was even stronger. It may sound conceited—I dare say it is—but it remains a simple fact that I was something of a town hero, though it was but a small town. Why should I deny it if it was true?"

"No reason at all," I assured him.

"I hadn't received that urge then to become an actor. It hadn't gripped me so that I knew that that was what my whole life was designed for, as it did later. Ah, Faber, that would be difficult to explain, so I shan't try. At that time I was casting about in my mind as to what to do, with no definite urge to do anything in particular.

"The only thought in my mind in those days was Greta, and my mother, of course—my father was dead. She was really marvelous; beautiful, intelligent, charming. Greta Hardwick. We'd known each other since childhood—tender little childhood—but it was not until after college that we were drawn together. That was one of the most natural things in the world, for she was certainly the real belle of the town; and nearly everybody rather regarded me as a kind of hero on account of my baseball playing at school. As it happens in small towns, we were sort of thrown together, and I soon came to understand her beautiful charm.

"We strolled on the banks of a stream, Faber, hand in hand, as you may have seen in pictures. We went to dances together and wandered out into the moonlight together. I took her to moving-picture shows and the theater when a play came to town. We were always together. It was the most beautiful memory I have, a thing that can never leave my mind for a moment. . . . There's Heywood Broun just sitting down over there."

I turned and looked. "The chap with his hair uncombed?"

"Yes. Great fellow, Heywood. One of my best friends. Gave me marvelous notices. . . . And slowly but surely this great love began to catch hold of my heart. Perhaps if everything had run smoothly then, I would not be here at this moment; Reginald Peacock's name would be unknown to the American public; you would be dining with someone else. It just goes to show how things turn out.

"My happiness, however, was not destined to last. Kismet had another fate in store for me. After about a year out of school I began to consider my responsibilities. I mean my mother, whom I adored. She had an excellent position in the local department store as head of the sales force, but I realized that that could not go on forever. She was getting on in years, and there were silver threads in her lovely hair, Faber—silver threads among the gold, as the song has it. Soon she'd have to give it up. I had to think about the future.

"There was no thought of the stage in my head at all; my idea was to get a job there in town, where everybody knew and loved me, and where I'd be near Greta. That was all I wanted—to be there near Greta. So I asked a bit around among the business men. I really got marvelous encouragement, but times were tight then and everybody was cutting down forces. But there was really no great hurry; my mother, the dear old soul, was in no way approaching feebleness at that time.

"Then I had an idea. Greta's father owned the drug store. Why not go to him and go to work in the drug store? After all, I figured it, his daughter and I would be getting married, and some day—well, you know, if anything happened I'd have some knowledge of the business. It could continue and the old gentleman could pass on happy in the knowledge that the business he'd built up and loved would be in good hands. The work of a lifetime, you might say, would not crumble the instant he left it." He paused. "Perhaps I was wrong, but I didn't think so.

"My notion, Faber, was to step in, begin at a nominal salary and learn the business from the ground up; and when—well, when anything happened, I'd be there on the spot to take control. So I went directly to Mr. Hardwick and put the proposition up to him. I explained it just as I've explained it to you. I said I was ready to start at the bottom and work up. Do you know—can you imagine, what he said?"

"No."

"He said I wouldn't do." Peacock's lips shut for an instant in a tight line. "He said I—I, Faber, who this day can get up forty sides in two days—would not do. What he wanted, he said, was a licensed pharmacist. Figuring that perhaps he hadn't grasped the situation, I explained it again, and again he said no.

"Well, I can only intimate to you how miserable this made me. It was, really, the collapse of all my dreams. I simply stood there, Faber, thinking to myself: 'Here my mother, my adored mother, is getting along in years; here is a position I could fill and so provide for her in her old age!' And here was the father of the girl I was going to marry rejecting my application. Imagine it, Faber—just imagine a situation like that! . . . Elsie Janis just came in—good kid, Elsie.

"But I wasn't angry—just hurt. I spoke to Greta about it and she promised to speak to her old man—her father. I asked her to explain the situation to him, that he was liable—well, something was liable to happen to him, and there I'd be, ready to take the rudder, as it were, from his palsied hand. . . . Are you eating your butter?"

"No; help yourself."

"Thanks. I love butter. Give me plenty of butter and I'm happy. . . . Then something happened which set my blood to boiling. After all, I was young—just a boy—and hot-headed, and now that I am older and more settled, I see that my impulsiveness was a gigantic mistake.

"But listen closely. A few days later I was walking down the street and whom should I meet but Greta with another chap, a thin fellow with yellow hair? We were introduced, and he—listen—was a Mr. Langley—Mr. Guy Langley, 'who's coming to work for father.' Did you get that? 'Who's coming to work for father'!"

He leaned back, holding me with two eyes that gleamed with emotion.

"This was Mr. Langley, Mr. Guy Langley, who was coming to work for father," he repeated, sitting back and endeavoring with some difficulty to control himself. "Faber, you may believe it or not, but at that moment everything went red before me—everything! Not," he hastened to add, "that Langley may not have been a good man, and pharmacist. I don't say that at all. But everything went red, nevertheless. And now ask yourself how you'd feel if you had an adorable mother to support and the father of the girl you intended to marry denied you what practically amounted to food and shelter for this sweet, white-haired old mother and brought in over your head—over your head, mind you!—an outsider with yellow hair simply because he claimed to be an apothecary—ask yourself that."

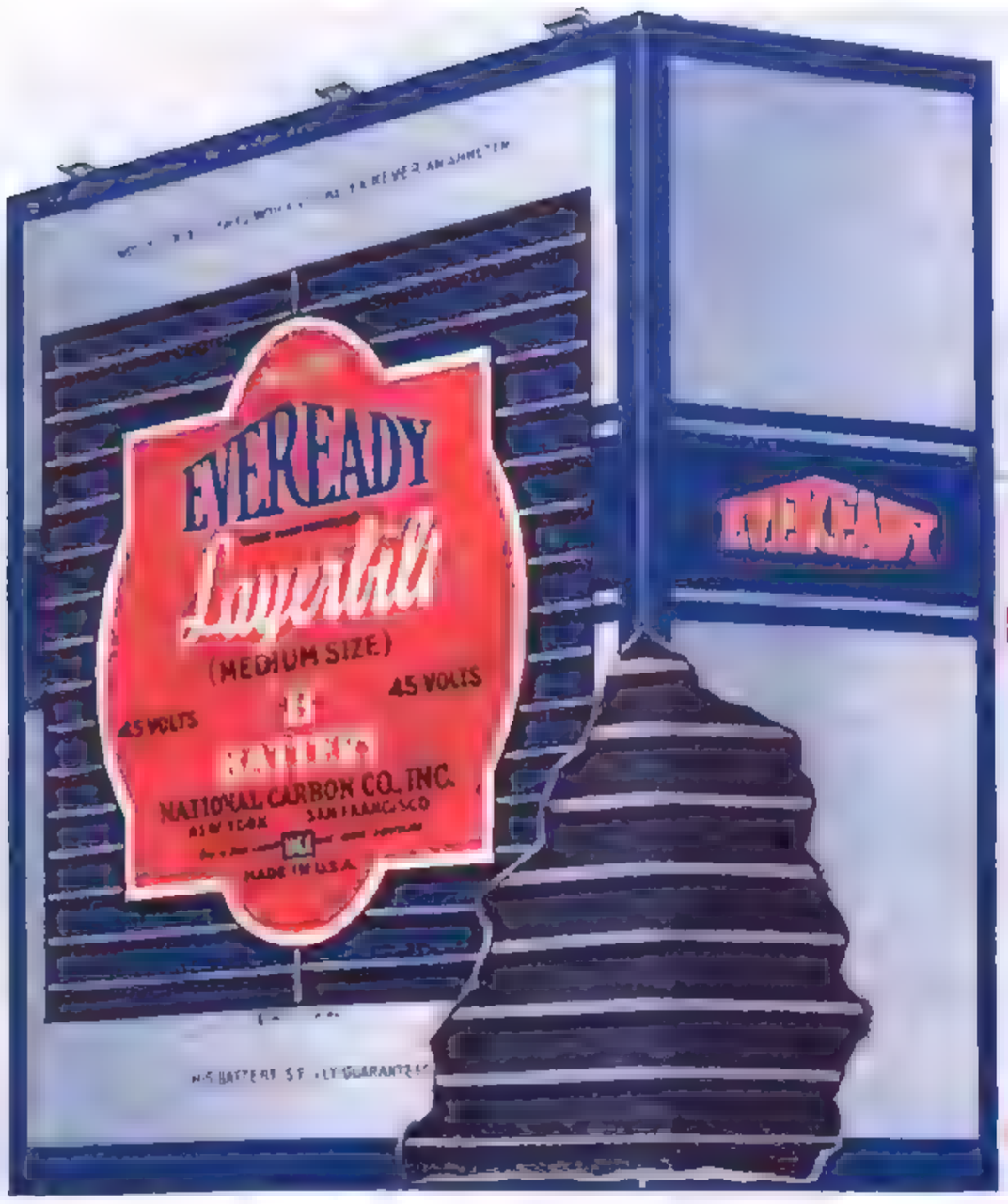
"Well, it was blamed tough," I said. "I can see that."

"Tough? It was outrageous! Faber, when she told me that, I'm telling you honestly, I shook all over—like that." And he shook horribly all over for me. "I shook like a leaf, Faber—like a little leaf in a big storm."

He sat back and breathed heavily.

"But no," he said then, "I shouldn't give way to anger like that. After all, I was a boy, and too young to judge accurately. I really have no one to blame but myself. But I had to see Greta alone, to talk it

(Continued on Page 49)



This great modern B battery

The EVEREADY LAYERBILT is now made in two sizes

This is the new medium-size Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 485. 3¼ inches thick. 45 volts. $3.50.

THERE is a new Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery, marked "Medium Size" on the label and bearing the number "485." This has the same outside dimensions as the medium-sized cylindrical cell Eveready No. 772. But because this new battery is a genuine Eveready Layerbilt containing unique *flat* cells, it will long outlast the cylindrical cell battery of the same size. All our tests show that the new battery is the longest-lasting one of its size, just as the famous big Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 has proved to be the superior Eveready in the heavy-duty size.

Now that the Eveready Layerbilt comes in two sizes, the remarkable economy of the Eveready Layerbilt construction can be had by everyone. These two batteries will fit the needs of about 99% of modern receivers. If you have been buying heavy-duty batteries, ask your dealer for the "big" Eveready Layerbilt No. 486, which is the one that has been so popular for over two years, in heavy-duty service. If you use medium-size batteries, ask for the "Medium Size" Eveready Layerbilt No. 485. The flat cell construction is patented—no one else can make an Eveready Layerbilt. Look for the name on the label.

Each Eveready Layerbilt provides Battery Power, the pure Direct Current that is essential to best operation of radio receivers. Battery Power is silent, hum-free, uniform, making no changes in the natural tone of your receiver and speaker. Use Battery Power for maximum radio reliability and enjoyment, and get the Eveready Layerbilt in the size you desire, for maximum economy and convenience.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Illustrated above is the famous Eveready Layerbilt No. 486. 4 7/16 inches thick. 45 volts. $5.00.

Illustrated at the left is a typical cylindrical cell battery, showing the waste spaces between the cells and the soldered connections, which are avoided by the Eveready Layerbilts.

EVEREADY Radio Batteries *-they last longer*

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night

East of the Rockies
8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

On the Pacific Coast
8 P. M., Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C., Pacific Coast network

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

These things we FOUND *in* Gasoline

Yet it takes just one speck of dirt to plug up the needle valve of your carburetor, causing excess carbon, pitted valves, hard starting, stalling, and scored cylinders.

Allow us to FILTER *Your* Gasoline *for 30 days at our risk*

ENGINEERS today agree that engine troubles are due in large degree to faulty carburetion. Not the carburetor itself, but due to tiny bubbles of water and specks of dirt that get into your gasoline and plug up the needle valve of your carburetor.

The objects pictured above were actually caught in gasoline just before it went into the carburetor. The objects were found by car owners who use a Gas-co-lator. The Gas-co-lator is a unique filter with a glass trap-bowl which catches the very finest particles of any foreign matter in gasoline. It even traps water.

There are over 2,000,000 now in use. Many use it as standard equipment. If it is not on your car, we want you to test it out at our risk. Let your nearest dealer put it on your car. Use it 30 days. If you do not want it after that, your money will be refunded. We believe, however, that the dirt and moisture it will collect out of your gasoline will amaze you.

Why the Impurities?

Gasoline may be pure when it leaves the refinery. But bits of fibre often slough from the filling hose. Bugs get into filling hose and into your tank. Dirt seeps in before the cover is put back on. Water condenses from the air inside your tank. Chemical action loosens tiny flakes from the lining of the tank.

Then a tiny speck of dirt or a bubble of water plugs up the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. Your engine sputters and coughs. Perhaps it refuses to start. You use the choke too much. Or change your carburetor adjustment.

This picture shows how the Gas-co-lator catches all impurities in gasoline just before it enters your carburetor

And right here is the start of most serious engine troubles. For this allows raw gasoline to enter your cylinders. It forms carbon. It pits your valves. It seeps past pistons and dilutes crankcase oil. Often it is the beginning of scored cylinders and burned out bearings.

So for your own sake we urge you to let your dealer put a Gas-co-lator on your car. Can be cleaned in a moment's time. The impurities it will catch in *your* gasoline will prove all we claim here. Otherwise your money will be refunded.

$5.00

Slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies.

The photograph shows an actual collection of debris caught by the Alemite Gas-co-lator in 30 days.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2672 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

ALEMITE

Gas-co-lator

Continued from Page 46

over; and I did, that night, for the last time, Faber, until she walked in that door a few minutes ago. . . . Broun's leaving; I wonder what's the matter.

"And that night I made an error which has shadowed my life ever since. But it was a marvelous set, Faber. I really wish you could have seen it. We met on the banks of a tiny rippling stream which meanders in and out at the foot of the town." He leaned over and simulated a tiny rippling stream meandering in and out. "There it lay, or rather flowed, gleaming and glistening and babbling as it played in and out among the smooth bowlders." With one eloquent hand he showed how it played among the bowlders. "Beyond and behind and all around," he explained, waving both arms to indicate a panorama, "the towering majesty of tall trees at night, like a magnificent back drop, and Greta and I stood in the midst of this natural glory with blue moonlight falling over us like a baby spot. I really wish you could have seen it, Faber, because I've never known anything like it, on the stage or off. . . . Waiter, more butter.

"There, in that magnificent set, I made my mistake. But it was so fine, so overwhelming, that I could not have spoken otherwise. It was a natural climax, so when she came, in all her loveliness, I spoke directly, for such scenes can't lag, Faber, if they're to be effective.

"I said 'Greta,' and my voice was low and—well, murmurous, 'did you speak to your father again?' She was silent for just a moment, a good tense moment, and then she replied, so near a whisper I scarcely heard, 'Yes.' 'Then,' I said, slightly louder and with more firmness, for I knew that this answer would be the—well, the big line, 'what did he say?' I didn't speak harshly or in any tone that might offend her. I just said it like this"—and he lowered his voice and looked steadily into my eyes—"'Then what did he say?' That's the way I said it.

"She looked up at me like this"—and he looked up at me—"and her face was like a white petal—like a white petal, that's what it was like, there in the moonlight. 'I'm sorry, Reginald,' she said, 'but he says he needs a licensed pharmacist.' Well!"

He shrugged and spread both hands with an air of hopeless helplessness, knocking a saltcellar to the floor; oblivious of it, he shook his head sadly, with a little wistful smile on his face.

"You see, Faber? You see how it was? I was just a boy, and what would any boy's natural reaction be but that she'd scarcely made much of an effort to help me to support my mother? An older man might have said to himself, 'Well, she's tried her best; why blame her for her father's lack of foresight?' An older man might have said 'Well, give her another chance.' But I was just a kid, Faber—a great big kid, that's all.

"And so, like a great big boyish kid, I became cold with resentment. She had betrayed me. It was not the job—oh, no, Faber, it was never the job I considered. I could have got a hundred jobs, or a thousand; all I had to do was look for one. It was the principle of the thing. I had given her the opportunity to render me a trifling service and she had not seen fit to do it. That was what I thought."

"So you left," I said slowly.

"We walked together out of that still moonlit scene—together but apart, no longer the single soul we had been. We walked back down the dark quiet streets silently, and I left her at her door. Late that night I was aboard the train bound for New York—and fame."

He pushed back his dishes and lighted a cigarette with trembling hands.

"Well ——" I commented, uncertain as to what I should say, when he interrupted quickly.

"No," he said sharply, "don't try to console me. Whatever you had in mind to say, I know that I made a mistake—though a boyish mistake, to be sure. There's no need trying to tell me I did right; in my heart I feel that I didn't. It was a horrible mistake that I have paid for every hour of every day since. It brought no comfort when after years I came to see what I should have done."

"What was that?" I asked curiously.

"Go look for another job, of course. That's precisely what I should have done, but it didn't occur to me then. But that's where I made my mistake, the mistake I've paid for—by not going out for another job."

He leaned across the table again, and there was a look of such earnestness, such pathetic unhappiness, that I scarcely recognized the fairly self-centered actor I had entered with.

"Don't you see, Faber," he asked simply—"can't you see that I loved her, that I love her still? I made a mistake, a boyish mistake, but should I have to pay for it forever? There hasn't a day passed, Faber, that this picture hasn't been here at my heart; not a day that I didn't curse the rashness which made me leave her. And now—there she sits, in the same room with me. I could raise my voice and she'd hear me."

"What happened after you left?"

"After I left," he said slowly, "she married her—her apothecary. They moved to Jersey City, after selling the store, and three years ago her husband died. She's been living there with her mother ever since."

I framed my next question with some difficulty. The sight of the girl, the recollection of the pathetic mistake, had shaken him so that I hesitated to speak at all; but, I admit, I was curious.

"But, Reg," I said, picking my words as carefully as possible, "if you loved her, love her still, as you say, and she did love you, why, if I may ask, haven't you gone to her, or telephoned her, or written to her? I mean to say, she's there, very near. Her husband is dead; she is free. Why haven't you made some effort to see her?"

"What?" He seemed surprised at the idea.

"Well," I insisted, "I can't see why your way isn't clear now to go to her, if you still love her—and, if I may outrage your modesty, you should be even more considerable as a suitor than you were ten years ago. I mean," I floundered, "after all, you're Reginald Peacock, and that should mean something ——"

"That's just it," he interrupted sharply. "That's exactly why I haven't made an effort to see her."

"I don't understand."

"Faber," he said earnestly, "it's clear that she doesn't want me, else she'd come to me. She's lived there in Jersey City for several years. During that time my name has been flung on every billboard in Jersey, my picture in every paper. For eight—no, eight and a half months I was starred in Howdy, Queen, as successful a farce as Broadway has known in ten years. For nine months I was featured in the Night Judge. For six months I was in Ship Ahoy, and touring the Subway circuit, Jersey City, Newark and Brooklyn. For four months I was featured in Goody Goody. All that time my name has never been in type smaller than that of the title of the show—a clause in my contract. And still, with my name before her face practically every day for the past seven years, she has not seen fit to telephone me or even drop me a line, much less come to see me. Doesn't that indicate to you that she has no desire to see me?"

"Not at all," I replied. "After all, she's an obscure Jersey City housewife; you're a famous actor on Broadway. What does she know but that you laugh at those days in your home town? The likelihood is that she is dying to see you—and afraid of your reputation."

"You really think that might be it?" Clearly it was a new idea to him.

"I do," I said and, growing bolder: "I don't like to advise you in such a matter, but if I were you, Reg, I'd go over and talk to her now—as good a chance as any." I looked around. "That other woman's gone; she's alone now. If you're sincere ——"

He clutched the table, wrestling with the problem, and his eyes turned eagerly, anxiously toward her. Then he rose.

"Faber," he said, "thank you. You were what I needed—a prodder. Come with me. Give me a little backing. After all, old man, I'm nervous, shaken."

We walked across the dining room together. Peacock's face was white, but there was no questioning his firmness of purpose. He stood at her table for the briefest of seconds, and then spoke softly: "Greta."

She turned, looked, and in her eyes I saw that same incredulous light of happiness. "Reginald!" she exclaimed, and he sat down opposite her. It was only by his moving over that either of them indicated that they knew I was there, or even alive. I took the place he offered and, pulling out a notebook, pretended to be absorbed in something else. For minutes they did not speak, merely sat and looked at each other, wrapped in thoughts which were not for anyone else.

Then: "Oh, Reg, I'm so glad—so terribly glad! It's a dream, Reg, a dream! You look so natural, so like—like those old days."

"And you, Greta—you too. It makes me think —— I can't tell you, dear, how happy I am, how marvelous this is. To think, it's been ten years—ten long, dreary years since—since we—we last saw each other."

The same thought came to both of them then—the thought of that night by the brook, with the tall trees throwing long shadows in the blue moonlight, and they fell again into silence.

"I heard," he said then softly, "about your bereavement—and I was so sorry, Greta."

"Thank you, Reg. I knew you'd be if you heard. Guy was a faithful husband."

I suddenly wanted to look at her when she said that: it was such a curious epitaph for the late deceased. But I dared not; I kept to my notebook study.

"I didn't know him very well," Reg said, "but because he was yours, I felt—somehow I felt bad when he—went."

"The truth was, Reg," she said—and then her voice dropped so low that I heard no more. He answered in something like happy surprise; and then they talked, heads together, smiling happily into each other's eyes while I risked fleeting glances. I was really thrilled; there was, after all, something very near drama here. Beside me were two life threads being drawn together once more after ten long years of separation. I shamelessly wished I could hear, but they no longer spoke up; they were whispering now.

I gave up the effort to eavesdrop presently; I set myself to wait patiently until it should be found advisable to notice me. It was not a short wait, for me, and I'd have become annoyed had my interest in the situation been less. Diners were drifting out and soon the room was nearly empty, and waiters looked sorrowfully at our table.

Then Reg turned, his eyes bright and excited. "Faber," he said, and he moved nearer—"Greta, this is Horace Faber, a very good friend of mine. He knows the whole story, so if you don't mind I'll tell him."

She smiled happily. "Of course, dear."

"Faber, old man," he said, putting one arm about my shoulders, "you're being present at the end of the story—the happy end of the story. You're sitting in the presence of the same old Greta of the old days, the girl who loved me when I was a boy. She hasn't changed, Faber. My love"—and he drew out the worn leather case and opened it—"my love, which hasn't failed a single day, is being rewarded, old man."

"Reg, I can't tell you how happy I am."

"Thanks, old boy. We're both happy. What happened," he said slowly, "after I

left home has not altered either of us in any way. That came and passed, and now it's to be forgotten. In short, we're going to be married—within a week at the most."

I beamed as broadly as either of them, and again they sat staring into each other's eyes.

"What a day! What a marvelous, miraculous day!" he murmured. "After ten years!" He spoke thoughtfully. "Ten years of waiting, ten years of waste. But, darling, why should you have been afraid or frightened? Why couldn't you have got word to me—just a note, or a telephone call, anything to let me know?"

"But, darling"—she laughed—"how on earth could I? I didn't know where you were. I didn't even know what line you were in." She turned to me. "We've been so excited"—she laughed again—"I haven't even asked him what line he's in."

"What?" The question came in a half-choked voice.

I looked at Peacock, suddenly frightened. His face, the smile gone, had become an apoplectic purple. His eyes bulged dangerously. He seemed on the verge of a stroke as he caught the edges of his chair convulsively.

"What did you say?" he repeated.

"Why, Reg," she exclaimed in distress, "what is the matter?"

"What did you say?"

"Reg, I just said, what line are you in?"

Slowly, trembling with barely controlled fury, he shoved his chair back, his gleaming savage eyes never leaving her suddenly distracted face. Then he stood up and bowed to her.

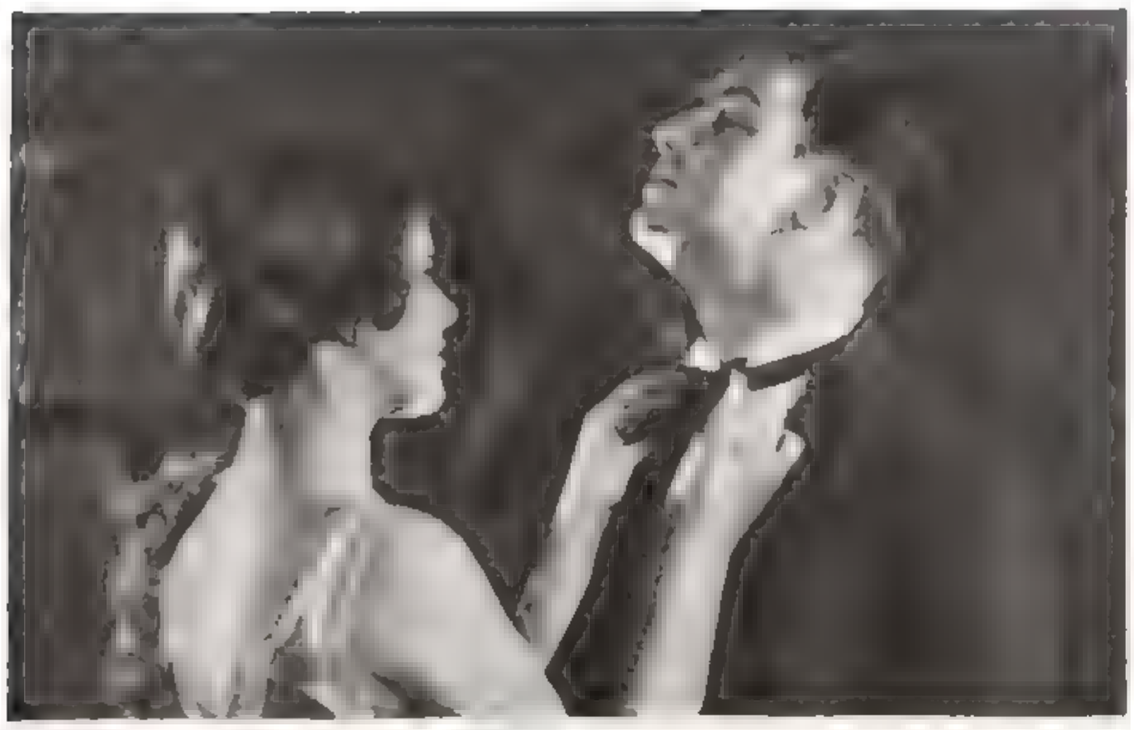
"Good evening," he said, and turned and walked swiftly toward the door, his back as eloquent of his temper as his face.

As much embarrassed as the poor woman, I struggled with futile explanations for a second; and then, to my intense relief, Greta's woman friend came back to the table.

Mumbling words of apology and farewell, I darted for the cloakroom, got my hat and stick and set out after Peacock. I caught him at the corner. He was standing over a corner trash can, tearing up the picture which he had ripped out of the leather case.

"Reg!" I said.

"Dull, blind, stupid little moron!" he was muttering between clenched teeth as he snatched the picture savagely into bits that he tossed viciously into the can. "Did you hear her? Could you believe it? Living in Jersey City for years and never heard —— Stupid little fool! How I could ever have thought that she —— But come, Faber, let's walk. I've got to cool off before going to the theater."



He could be so good-looking—*but ..he has that half-clean look*

WHAT a disappointment! When she saw him across the ballroom floor he looked so attractive. But "close-up"?....

Sometimes you *do* have to look closely to see pore-dirt. But there's pore-dirt in *every* face. Even after you wash and shave, pore-dirt lurks in your skin ....sallow....gray.

The air you live in all day long, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, swims with millions of tiny specks of sooty gray. Even indoors you can see them in any shaft of sunlight. These tiny specks float onto your face. Get *into* the very pores of your skin—wedged *under* the surface!

Once *under* the skin, no surface washing can ever budge pore-dirt. It's there "for keeps"....*unless* you massage it away with Pompeian Massage Cream.

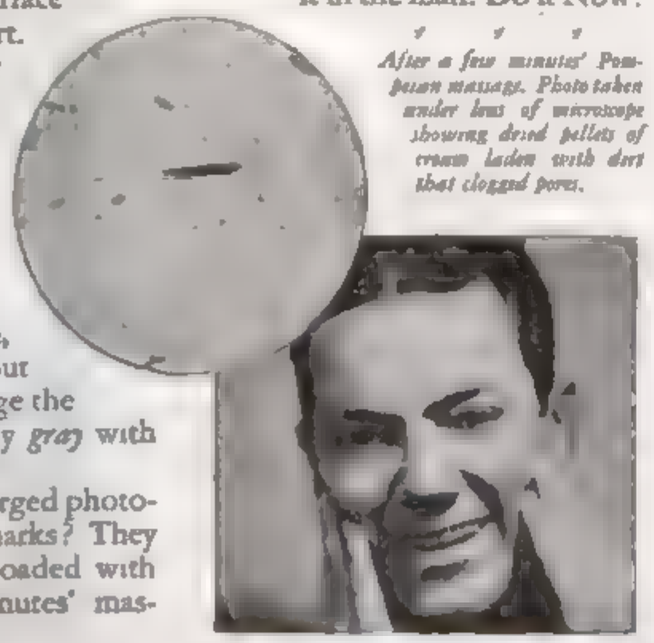
Even indoors, as you can see from a ray of sunlight, the air is dirt-laden.

The air is alive with millions of tiny particles of sooty gray

Watch this pink cream roll pore-dirt free!

When you rub Pompeian Massage Cream into your skin, notice the clean, pink color. But after only a two-minute massage the same cream rolls out—actually *gray* with pore-dirt!

That's what this greatly enlarged photograph shows. See those dark marks? They are dried pellets of cream—loaded with pore-dirt that just a few minutes' massage rolled free!



After a few minutes' Pompeian massage. Photo taken under lens of microscope showing dried pellets of cream laden with dirt that clogged pores.

See how clean the skin is now! Gloriously clean! Pompeian clean!

Try it yourself tonight. Make sure that when she sees *your* face "close-up" it will have that fresh, ruddy glow that Pompeian Massage Cream gives. A clean, confident look that will make her say, "My, but you're looking well tonight!"

This FREE test convinces thousands every day!

Pompeian is 60 cents at every toilet goods counter. You're welcome to test it *free*. Simply fill in coupon and drop it in the mail. Do it Now!

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Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

A BAD WASHING

(Continued from Page 27)

There it was—the grip of the old lady's fingers on his wrist, her shadow falling on him hard. If she died for lack of these pills wouldn't it be said that Mal Cornish had wished her out of the world in order to bring Jean Marks away to the main? Jean herself would probably think that.

"Let me have your pills," he said to Doctor Pelts. "Telephone Joe, will you, to have his hook ready in the slip to hook onto me?"

"Oh, holy old crow!" moaned St. Louis. "Fail not on your peril!"

Mal Cornish told him in appropriate language where to deport and deposit his unwished for carcass. Getting down to his boat, he laughed out loud. What if the old lady were just putting on this heart attack? No matter. Now that he had a proper pretext for going out there, nothing under heaven could have kept him away from Bull Light. He would take the Bull by the horns or by the tail or any way he could; fling himself at his neck and ride with him like a puncher at a rodeo.

Mal stooped low under the finlike canvas shelter of his boat and saw the Bull winking at him across opprobrious waters. He had better sag away a little to the south and take advantage of the west tide in running up on it. The Whistler's voice was something between a moan of self-pity and a hoot of derision. The old brother knew—none better—the bone-weariness of being chained to a rock. And then the little bell buoy on the port hand yammered with its crippled one-tongued voice as he plunged past it.

Nothing was left between him and the Bull now in the way of floating aids but a red spar. It might be better for him if that spar should rise up against him in the dark and clout him end for end into eternity. But he missed it by ten yards.

The Bull was close aboard now, with that noise of blowing and spluttering and that sound of lumber being dumped down on Spindle Reef. The red beam of light kept touching those lugubrious wraiths of trees, lumpy with salt ice, at the east corner of the island. Halfway between those trees and the light tower was a spark of light, high up. That was a lantern hanging from the neck of the iron crane fixed in the light over the slip.

Now the slips on these islands, as everyone secretly or openly thought whose job it was to run in on them, were cunningly placed to try the skill of boatmen. This slip was not the worst, yet it was tucked away in a frothy crevasse, a fault between two blocks of stone, house-high, and hung with black weed. The slip was nothing but three lines of stringers, eight by eight in the butt, and scarfed and bolted to the rock at a vicious angle. The bilges of Mal's boat were reënforced to stand the strain of crashing down against these stringers; and then there would be Joe Marks in hip boots and oils, with an iron hook in his hands, fixed to a wire that ran up over the stringers to the winch. Mal's boat had an outboard eyebolt in its prow and Joe must get the hook in this eye before the boat slipped back. Then the women at the winch would winch him up out of trouble before the next sea could suck at him.

St. Louis was right. It was ticklish work, even by day; doubly so at night. Mal Cornish, hugging the steering lever, got in close enough to see a figure in yellow oils hanging off the rock and pointing out the stringer ends with an electric torch. The tide was coming and the ends were covered with water; but twice, not seeing his chance, he turned tail and put to sea again. The third time in, he got comfortably on the back of a wave and rode with it.

Even now, he couldn't point his boat directly for the slip. There was, he knew, an ugly sidelong thrust of the sea along this flank of the Bull, a knotty place in the water at this tide, which would set him to the east. He must allow for that. He therefore drove the boat full tilt for the naked rock. He felt the black water building up under his keel to bursting height, boosting him high, shouldering him roughly along, shouting bogus encouragement with maniac glee.

Mal Cornish was down on one knee, wrestling with the steering lever; there was a howling, slobbering, guttering sound dead ahead; a shot of white spume, dense as bucket water, whitened the dark, and he was tilted end on into the rock.

The stem of his boat was not a handspike's breadth away from it when the boat was hurled sidelong to the east, as Mal had calculated. Now he was fronting the slip; but, after all, the tide was too low still, and in the last second the water ran away from the stringer ends and left the butts bare. Going full speed ahead, Mal went smack into the centermost of the three butt ends and was catapulted out of the boat like a stone out of a sling.

Next he was in the Marks kitchen. He had a bloody bandage round his head and

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Philadelphia, Penna

"WHEN UGLY ERUPTIONS broke out on my face I was frightfully embarrassed. I began to have terrific headaches, too, with frequent stomach pains and constipation. Seeing Fleischmann's Yeast advertised, I decided to try it, as I had tried nearly everything else. I took three cakes a day, in milk, and soon noticed that I was less constipated. At the same time, my crossness and grouchiness disappeared, which greatly pleased my brothers and sisters. And when my skin cleared up, too, my family was so impressed that several of them began eating Yeast themselves, with good results."

EDITH VERONICA EDWARDS

"A lumber camp was no place for a sick man"

Seattle, Wash.

"Ever since my earliest days in the lumber camps I can remember being bothered with severe skin eruptions. Often so bad I couldn't sleep.

"One time I remember, the camp doctor lanced 13 of these eruptions on my legs. There I was, hobbling around, no good for anything, just when there was the most work to do—2 weeks of hard chopping.

"Indigestion, too. I was a sick man! Finally I went to one of the leading drug stores in the city, where I had bought many different patent medicines. The druggist said, 'Do you want my honest advice?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Then lay off medicines and try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did, and have never been sorry for it. Inside of three months—no more skin trouble. Indigestion gone, too. I can't praise Yeast too highly."

DAVE E. BARTL

WHERE drugs and cathartics have failed, millions have found lasting relief in a simple, non-habit-forming *food*

Fresh as crisp new celery, Fleischmann's Yeast combats the poisons from stagnating food wastes. It gently stimulates the colon muscles. Keeps your whole digestive and intestinal tract active, *clean* . . . Soon your whole being awakens to new vigor and health. Your skin clears. Digestive troubles vanish. Your youthful appetite returns.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-64, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

ABOVE

Los Angeles, Calif

"MY CLOSING YEAR in school I studied so hard that by the time I graduated I was completely run down—so much so that on my return Mother greeted me with unmistakable concern. The school principal had already written her advising that I be given a long rest. Instead, she sent me to the family doctor, who said the best thing he knew of to build me up was Fleischmann's Yeast. Well, after the first month I was amazed at my improvement . . . Now I am dancing for pictures all day and in a local theatre in the evening, but with the help of the Yeast I am more than equal to the strain."

LAURA V. KIRKPATRICK

Milwaukee, Wis.

"I FELT IN NEED of athletic exercise, so with 15 or 20 friends I formed an athletic club. We held practice meets among ourselves and with other clubs. It was a great success—kept me in fine trim.

"Then came the flu—a severe attack—leaving me badly run down, and constipated. For two years I dragged along in this condition, trying various remedies and treatments . . . Then I read about Fleischmann's Yeast and decided to try that. I ate it every day, in water. It has proved so effective in my case that my brother and mother have also become converted to eating it."

ALBERT C. FELBEL

MR. DAVE E. BARTL, *in one of the famous Douglas Fir forests near Seattle. Read his story at left*

An easy way to health, vigor

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.

The FIREFLY never loses its head

A match is not far from your eyes if you strike it to light your smoke. Quite often the flaming head breaks off *and doesn't know where it is going.*

Why run any risk? Use a Firefly always. Here is a sure light, as safe as a flame can be, and with all its usefulness it is a fine, jeweler-made article that every smoker should carry.

The Firefly is clean to use. You never smudge your thumb, for the sparking wheel is permanently covered—and that's a Clark patent. There is no chance for the Firefly to light itself in or out of your pocket.

The Firefly has a self-tightening gas cap that keeps in the vapor and makes your fluid last nearly three times as long.

What a cheap guarantee of a light—what small insurance against danger! The price of the Firefly is as low as $4.50. Most shops that sell lighters have Fireflys. If you don't know a Firefly shop, write to us.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., INC.
580 Fifth Avenue New York

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

(Continued from Page 50)

Jean was holding the old lady's aromatic spirits of ammonia to his nose. The girl's eyes glittered black with fear for him.

He saw at once that old Mrs. Marks had rallied from the heart attack. She was sitting near the stove in a rocking-chair, with pillows at her back and sides, a lace cap on her head and her fingers buried in the sheep's back. Joe and his wife were just back of Jean. Joe's black hair was ruffled and his eyes were like two sewed-up seams high in his red face. He carried the lids close together, as if light hurt his sight. His plump wife had a look of resentment in her saucer eyes.

"She had no right to get him to come off here a night like this," Joe's wife muttered. "It's of a piece with some other of her performances that I could name."

Joe shut her mouth stealthily with the palm of his hand and stole a fearsome look at the old lady.

Mal Cornish could hardly keep from smiling; but when he closed his eyes again he heard the solitary hammer of the crippled bell buoy striking in his brain whichever way he leaned.

"Medicine's in the spectacle case," he muttered.

"We've found it. Lie back, please—please," Jean implored.

"You got a gorramighty crack out of that upset, young feller," Joe said uneasily. Mal glimpsed the keeper's swollen red ears, his dyed mustache, his pointed chin.

Old Mrs. Marks, still with her hand in the sheep's wool, cried out in her clear commanding voice: "You're a lucky man, Mr. Cornish. If the girl hadn't had the wit to hook the hook into your belt the way she did after you struck, away you'd have gone again—and it would all have been laid at my door. I'm a selfish old woman and I shouldn't have asked you to come."

"Hooked me, did she?" Mal said. "Jean did?"

"What else was there to hook?" Jean asked them.

"Then the boat ——"

"Gone to glory, with a hole stove in her bow," Joe said with that same restless note. He shifted from one foot to the other and water from his oilskins drummed on the oilcloth. "She smashed up on the stringer ends, Mr. Cornish. Knocked the eyebolt out of her clean, and the girl muckled onto you just in time." He pawed with his feet, pulled at his ears and muttered, "Boat insured, was it?"

"No, sir."

"You couldn't get off the rock tomorrow if you had the boat," old Mrs. Marks said. "We're going to get a washing. I could tell by those grease spots on the water and the way the eastern islands were hoisted up above the water a morning or two ago. I guess we'll get a bad washing; we're due for one."

"We'll get one washing too many," Joe's wife said lugubriously, and nobody would take it on himself to deny that. They made Mal Cornish up a bed for the night on the kitchen couch; and he had uneasy dreams of going round with a giant iron ring in his hands, hunting for the Bull's nose, which was under water. It was wearing business and he was up before daylight, looking the island over. The back of the Bull was as easy to walk on as the floor of a room where children have been playing with blocks. A mere crown of rock, so steep that in the old days before the light came, when seals had basked here, nobody had been able to shoot a seal so dead that he didn't manage to squirm off the rock and drop out of reach into the deep water. But the sunrises here were beautiful.

"Mr. Marks always said, himself, there was no place like the rock here to watch the sunrise," old Mrs. Marks said when the others were at breakfast. "There's nothing to obstruct the view. He cursed the Bull, I know; but when he was ashore he talked something terrible to his horses and didn't mean a thing by it. He was a pretty positive man, but I guess he was as happy out here as he would have been anywhere. He had time to look around and take account of stock, and his enemies couldn't reach him."

Jean Marks' cheek was burning; she got up quickly to put something on the back of the stove and didn't sit down again. She went out to the cow shed and Mal stared through the window at her. The sun was coming up, beautifully minted as new money, and there were red flashes on the blue-black water where the sun's upper limb burned the taut horizon line an oar's length away from High Island.

Old Mrs. Marks felt the sun warm her lids, and she reached out and tugged craftily at Mal's arm

"Ain't that a pretty sight?" she prodded him.

"That's good for scenery," he admitted.

The rock was snow-dusted, its ghostly trees were gray as powdered wigs with frozen vapor, and Great Island raised its chalk-white side out of the livid seas beyond Ragged Coat. There was a heavy wind and the sea was jouncing against the Bull's breakwaters, which were nothing but great wooden wedges fixed to the rock, with their wedge ends to the water. There was a wooden skirt, or windshield, from the house door to the cow shed, and cod lines were strung out from the gallery round the light to keep birds from flying into it. Birds sometimes fell down at the base of the tower with broken necks, destroyed by the fascination of the light, and Mal rubbed his sore head with a rueful grin.

Joe left them. He had some work to do in the light with the curtains up, and he must do it before the sun could get high enough to sink its javelins through the lenses and sting his flesh. He had worked in there before now—winter mornings too—with smoking clothes.

"How high are those eastern islands hoisted out of water now?" old Mrs. Marks inquired with another tug at Mal.

"The length of my forearm," he estimated, surveying it.

"Then you won't get ashore today, nor yet tomorrow," she notified him. "I guess you can content yourself. There's all the works of Mr. Dickens here. Did ever you read Mr. Dickens?"

"No, I always wanted to," Mal stammered.

"Now's your chance."

"They tell me, though, there's so many characters it gets confusing."

"There's more characters ashore," the old lady said a trifle grimly. "A man will get them confused; he ought not to complain of Mr. Dickens' characters. Mr. Marks wasn't much of a book reader; he didn't take hold right at first. But as time went on he came to it."

"I bet he did," Mal said.

"We had the privilege of meeting Mr. Dickens at the Parker House in Boston. That was on our wedding journey," Mrs. Marks informed him.

"Did you so?"

"Indeed, yes. Mr. Marks was quite impressed. I guess that was the first and last man he ever saw that made a living by just putting words on paper in his own home. Mr. Marks would often quote Mark Tapley on the reason why the sea is restless."

"Why is it?"

"It's because it's got no employment for its mind, Mr. Tapley said." The old lady tittered. "If you've got a better theory, supply it. There, isn't that Mr. Marks' step outside now? He's kept me waiting long enough."

Mal and Joe Marks' wife crossed glances. The wife was a second wife—Jean's mother was dead—and the second Mrs. Joe found it harder and harder to tolerate the old lady's whims.

"There's nobody outside," she said sharply

"There was a knock at the door."

"The door buckled in the wind."

"My guess is as good as yours," old Mrs. Marks said shortly. "Be so good as to open the door."

Joe's wife snatched the door open angrily and the wind put everything in the kitchen in a whirl.

"Look for yourself," the younger woman cried.

Old Mrs. Marks nodded cheerfully. "Time enough," she said. "I dreamt last night that he had come for me. There he was, with a ring in one hand and a shackle in the other, like he had the day he lost his footing. 'Saturday night dreamt, Sunday morning told, sure to come true before a week old.'"

She stroked her nose and rubbed the leaves of the geranium plant on the window sill between her thumb and finger. St. Louis was right, Mal Cornish thought pityingly—the lightship was better than the Bull. The Galloping Horse at least swung eight hundred and forty feet away from the six-thousand-pound mudded iron mushroom to which her cable was shackled, and that made a maximum of a third of a mile in outlook. The Bull stood still. Mrs. Marks had not been off to the main since '98, the year of Sam's death, and now she was just comfortably crazy.

"I know how she feels," Joe's wife whispered to Mal Cornish. "She brought him out here and drowned him; just the same as if she shoved him off the rock, she drowned him. He was such an awkward man, they tell me, he couldn't walk across a room without knocking over chairs, and when he was ashore his horses were always stepping on his lame foot. She's got a will like iron and poor Joe won't set himself against her. She's got him here under lock and key, the way she had his father, on just the bare chance of the man's coming back for her."

"She hasn't got me here," Mal grinned.

"Don't crow too soon," Joe's wife said, and stared at him with her round eyes. He slipped through the door uncomfortably and found Jean in the cow shed. The girl was sitting on a low stool, milking the cow; and when Mal's shadow fell across the threshold, her fingers stopped their action, she pressed her cheek against the cow's flank. Then she stood up with a little gasp and let his arms go round her. The sun was blotted out of the sky now and the wind was stormier.

"I can't bear it," she sobbed. "Mal, take me with you when you go."

"I surely will," Mal said with fervor.

The cow shed gave evidence of spreading its wings on the wind; it creaked and swayed; and they ran for the house, crouching against the windshield, Mal carrying the pail of milk. His head was spinning with his good luck. Jean slipped away into her room and shut the door. Joe lay on the couch with his eyes closed tight, his arm hanging limp and his fingers rapping on the oilcloth. His mother called to him to put her white wool wrap about her shoulders. The wind was getting into the house and the water was rearing higher over the breakwaters.

"How's the glass?" old Mrs. Marks inquired.

"Still falling, granny," Mal answered.

"We'll get a washing next tide. You won't get off to the main tomorrow either."

"I'm getting good treatment here."

"You might get better."

Mal Cornish felt that mesmeric clouded eye of hers catching him up like a stray yarn to weave into the fabric of her penance. She owed a duty to the rock, and now she wouldn't even consent to die until she could be certain of leaving the light in proper hands. St. Louis had warned him of this. But had she fathomed Mal already? With that second sight of hers that could pierce a man's ribs and read his secrets, did she know that Jean had yielded? Had she heard those desperately whispered words? Mal put his nose into one of Mr. Dickens' novels and pretended to absorb himself. Hours passed; Jean didn't reappear. The old lady fell asleep in her chair, and with mid-afternoon it grew dark as rapidly as on a stage.

When Joe Marks came down from starting up the light, he said to Mal, "She's screwing up to concert pitch." But he added that the wind would have to get a

(Continued on Page 55)

Mile-a-Minute Shaves

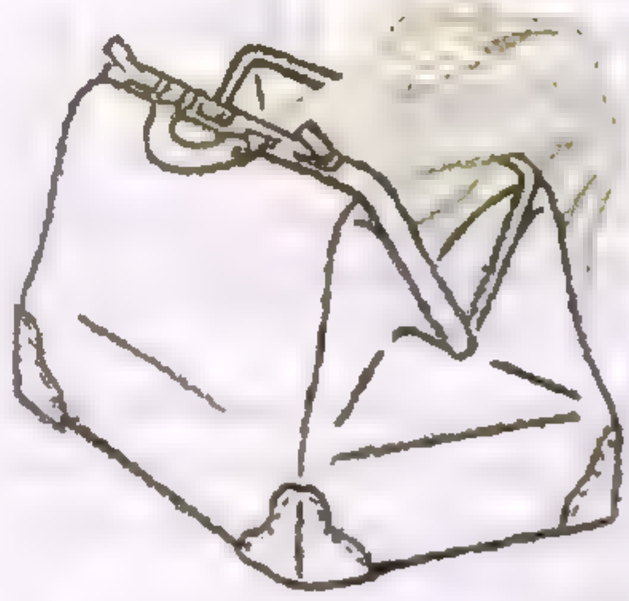
You slept better on the jerkless, swayless, quiet Timken-equipped train, and now your morning shave will be as smooth as . . . well, as smooth as a Timken-equipped train! There won't be a mark on your face where the train started, because the locomotive "picks up" so that you never know it.

That's the sign that down in the car trucks Timken Bearings have taken out 88% of the starting resistance! The ten Timken-equipped trains on the Milwaukee Road show that lubricant and fuel are saved, wear and tear prevented, maintenance costs greatly reduced, and hot boxes banished.

Timkens are *more than anti-friction bearings*. They have the full thrust capacity, the greater load-carrying area, the shock-resistance—the endless durability—for *railroad* anti-friction bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

ONLY TIMKEN BEARINGS COMBINE TIMKEN TAPERED CONSTRUCTION, TIMKEN-MADE ELECTRIC STEEL, AND TIMKEN *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*. THAT IS WHY TIMKENS COMBINE LOW ROLLING RESISTANCE WITH UTMOST WEAR RESISTANCE.



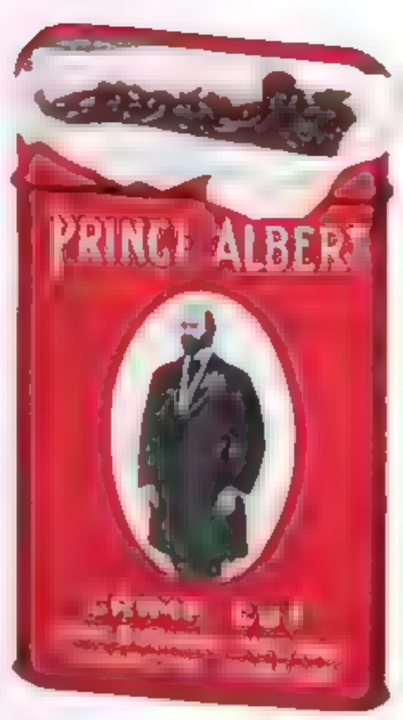
TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

It's time you got squared away

YOU younger fellows are entitled to make a few mistakes, I suppose. It all comes under the head of Experience. But I'd like to set you straight on the matter of smoking-tobacco. It's too important a thing to be put on a hit-or-miss basis.

So I say to you in all seriousness, go get some Prince Albert. Open the tidy red tin and drink in that P. A. aroma. Then fill your pipe and light up. Let that cool, comforting smoke roll over your tongue. Get that taste of the grandest tobacco that just ever was.

You'll find it mild, so that you can smoke all you want, from breakfast to bedtime. You'll find it mellow and kind and long-burning, with a rich, tasty body that even an old hand like myself can't describe. You'll know, too, why P. A. outsells the others.



Here you are—TWO full ounces of glorious smoking.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 52)

little more east in it before the Bull would take his rightful slugging.

Old Mrs. Marks woke up, snapped her jaw back into place and called "Where's the sheep?"

"With the cow, mother."

"Bring the sheep into the house."

Joe brought in the sheep, powdered with snow.

Mrs. Marks cried, "Better bring in the cow while you're about it. There's no time like the present."

Joe brought in the cow.

"Shut the east shutters," the old lady said, never stirring in her chair.

"Time ain't come for that, surely, mother," Joe protested.

"Do as I say and don't make so much talk."

Joe swung the heavy oak shutters to against the windows and slid the bolts.

"Where you stowed the lobster traps?" his mother asked him.

"In the boathouse, mother."

"The boathouse'll go. Put 'em in the oil house."

Joe looked sheepishly at Mal, and then, shoving the cow over, opened the door again.

Mal followed him out. Maniac shapes hurried across Spindle Reef; the breakwaters were splitting green rollers with their wedges, and the air over the rock was full of spume.

Joe yelled: "The Bull's getting a malleting now. One of the stringers in the slip is gone already. Torn right out of the rock. Those bolts were in good too. I poured melted brimstone in around 'em myself."

A five-ton chip of granite had gone with it, he added, with a flutter of his lashes and a slight sagging of his jaw.

"Half tide's the time we'll take our licking," he shouted.

When they came back from restowing the lobster traps Joe went into the bell tower and started up the bell machine. Every fifteen seconds came the heavy fall of the hammer on the bell's lip.

At supper Jean Marks kept her culprit eyes away from everybody, and Mr. Cornish stared at the fat green volumes of Dickens on the white pine shelf with the telephone. He was thinking that in a day or two he and Jean would be ashore, and a wave inside him boosted his heart up, building up under him as the wave had which had dashed him on the stringer ends in an effort to knock sense into him. His hand closed over Jean's under the table. The old lady could never stop them now. If she had feigned a heart attack the ruse had failed.

Suddenly the bell in the bell tower stopped ringing. Joe came back muttering that there was a hitch somewhere in the bell machine; the tripping lever failed by a hair to trip the weight mechanism. The big hammer was poised in mid-air, in fact, as if Thor's arm were paralyzed.

"Is there nothing you can do but stand and gawk?" cried old Mrs. Marks. "Stand back of it, can't you, and give it a nudge when it comes round?"

"Nudge it every fifteen seconds?"

"'Twouldn't do you any good to nudge it oftener," his mother said. "You can't do the bell's work. I stood and nudged it all one night when your father was away."

"It ain't safe, mother," Joe said. "It's too near the time, and that bell tower will catch it first."

His eye crept round to the clock. It was within half an hour of half tide; and now, without warning, the first blow was struck. Whoosh! It was like a lumbering animal on padded paws nosing the rock and absentmindedly shouldering the house.

The old lady straightened in her chair. "That was solid water that went past the window sill," she said.

"What did I tell you, mother? What did I tell you?" Joe's wife moaned, and threw her apron over her head.

"Steady! Steady over the shoals, Kate! We got a stone house here with a brick lining, don't forget."

"A gull's nest would be about as much good," the poor thing wailed.

"Cry, baby; I would if I were you," the old lady said with crisp contempt. "You losing your sand?"

In the roaring dark, the Bull was fighting his fight valorously. But there was more water for once than he could swallow. He seemed to stagger and sink bodily, and the sea hit him between the eyes with its water hammer regularly. It was like a top maul in the hands of a slaughterhouse killer. And he was obstinate. He shuddered, but he wouldn't drop. He bellowed, but he wouldn't budge. And the roving red gleam in his eye boded no good.

"Took the heft of it that time," Joe told his wife.

Nobody believed him. The sheep uttered a cry and put its chin in the grandmother's lap. Jean was reaching round the table, stacking dishes. She brushed against Mal and he felt her body tremble. She was thinking of her sin; she wanted comfort and didn't dare take it under the grandmother's blind eyes.

"No, the pitcher's gone once too often to the well," poor Kate moaned. "Haven't I said all along it would, and you wouldn't any of you listen to me? You'd rather knuckle to an old lady's whims."

"Now then—now then!" Joe said. "Somebody's got to tend the light."

Old Mrs. Marks called sharply: "Where's the ax? Have it handy, son. You may want to cut a hole in the floor to dreen her if the water comes into the house. Mr. Marks did, in the blizzard of '98. The sea went over the roof that time and knocked the chimneys off and come down the flues and put the fires out."

"That's a cheerful prospect," Mal Cornish chuckled.

Then he braced himself without quite knowing why, and a thousand languid relentless tons smote the east wall of the house. The impact was frightening; for a second he felt motion on the part of the Bull; the hammer came down on the bell once; but the bell tower was kindling. The oak shutter in the window was split and weeping on its inner surface.

"Easy does it, mother," Joe said. "It's come time to carry you up into the light."

"Don't you—don't you lay a hand on me!" old Mrs. Marks cried, outraged.

"Don't you flail about so," Joe protested. "Your heart won't stand it, mother."

"Then put me down. Mr. Marks is coming for me. Can't I hear him at the door already? Don't you dare wrastle with me! He's out tackling up the horses now."

Joe had got her only to the bottom of the light staircase when the full drop of another wave broke the shutter out. Mal Cornish threw an arm around Jean. The light was out in the lamp, and the room was all one hiss and jabber of icy water. The stone walls of the house shook for half a minute while the water went over the Bull's back. The cow screamed and the telephone rang.

"Mal, it's a judgment on us!" Jean cried with her lips against his ear.

"Don't you think it. It's like Dickens says—the sea's got no employment for its mind."

"Mal, I'm frightened."

"You hold by me. It'll take more than this Bull to scare me," Mal Cornish cried stubbornly. The telephone rang again. He got the receiver into his free hand. St. Louis' voice, cheerful, lethargic, proceeded out of the office of the sardine factory.

"Hello, Mal! How you making it?"

"All right," Mal said hoarsely. "Finer'n frog hair."

"Bull taking a licking?"

"He'll scare you to death before he'll drown you," Mal said.

They were the very words St. Louis used when talking of the Galloping Horse, and it crossed Mal's mind that he had spoken like a light keeper. A bad washing was in the nature of a weakness; it was like a reflection on the character of the charge, and the true light keeper would never confess to it. Nothing worse than a little spray.

Mal dropped the receiver, and with an arm around Jean moved her toward the staircase. Old Mrs. Marks, still in Joe's arms, cried out: "There's Mr. Marks now! I hear his trumpet! Let me go! Don't keep those horses waiting on a cold night without blankets, lathered up the way they are."

Sure enough, with the wind shrieking through the broken shutter, it might have been a blast of trumpets, a flourish of unearthly music, accompanying the sound of the yellow coach from Ragged Coat thundering across the bridge with that lumbery rattle of loose planks under wheels and hoofs; and Mal, staring, could all but see the flash of the white horses' manes and the ribbons all gathered up in Sam's iron fingers.

"Mother, don't hair yourself up this way," poor Joe cried, giving in to her a little for fear of consequences to her if he didn't. "Kate, you get an arm around her. I better bring a tablet."

"It's a long cold ride to Ragged Coat," the old lady said sternly. "You put the soapstone in the oven, did you, Joe? I'll need it for my feet. Come, bring my scarf and mittens. . . . Coming, Mr. Marks. . . . Joe, let me be. You ought to know your father by this time. He's a willful man," she cried fondly and imperiously. "He never did like shilly-shallying. He's given you a hiding for it more than once. He's got his faults, but there's none of this come-day-go-day-God-send-Sunday blood in his veins. Your father's waiting for me."

The penitent Sam Marks, it appeared, had stopped his horses somewhere on the Bull's back to make it easier for Mrs. Marks to get into the coach. But the stone house was all at once a black horror, with a cold wind whistling through all its rooms, the wood in the eastern window spaces punched out clean. The water for the moment had rolled off the rock, dropped back into the tide's gullet with a murderous gibe, a threat and a promise.

"It's coming again," Joe gasped, catching the first symptoms.

A dizzying white glow filled the black window space; the water was coming with the power of an iron roller, a ram; there was the crash of a thousand trampled-on wash boilers as the sea toppled over the breakwaters.

"It's got a sound in it like scrap iron!" Mal shouted.

"Must have a frog in its throat," Joe said, trying to quiet his mother and not daring to take her either up or down.

Something more than the crash of water was in that fury of sound; some unnamable solidification of the sea's wrath was clambering over the rocks, coming nearer with each wave, stopping, slipping back, charging on again, and finally with a silly stumble crashing through the remnants of the bell tower and lurching against the house. The weight of water that came with it forced them all a step or two up the spiral iron staircase that led into the light.

"Where's the sheep?" old Mrs. Marks cried sharply. That was more than they could tell her, but the cow's bellowing struck through the other noises. The old lady tugged at Mal's arm.

"I've got a stuffed thing for a son, it seems," she cried. "Will you be so good as to see who it is making all the disturbance? There's somebody outside, I know."

"Hold your horses, granny," Mal said. "Let the water drain out a little. . . . All right, now I'll look."

He snapped on his electric torch and made his way to the smashed window. He leveled a beam of light at the ruined bell tower. The batteries in his torch were nearly spent and the light was feeble, but there was no discounting the fact that a grisly giant shape was standing up there on two legs, leaning familiarly against the house, with an elbow on the roof, its body wreathed in kelp tails and spotted with barnacles and writhing five-fingers. Mal Cornish felt the hairs on his neck rise and sway in unison.

"He's there, is he?" the old lady shrilled. "Has he got on his dogskin coat with the

The lawn -mower season is here again

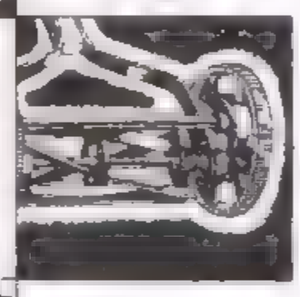
Is YOUR lawn mower a little rheumatic after its winter of idleness — stiff and noisy? Then apply Kant-Rust and watch the improvement. But don't limit your use of Kant-Rust to the lawn mower. Use it wherever a light lubricant is needed.

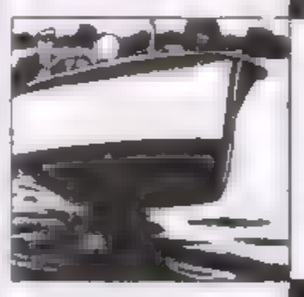
Automobile springs

Because of its penetrating qualities Kant-Rust is particularly useful for lubricating springs, shackles, tie rods, brake connections and all underbody parts of your car

Lawn mowers

A few drops of Kant-Rust applied to your lawn mower every time it is used will keep it in perfect condition and make it quieter and easier to push.



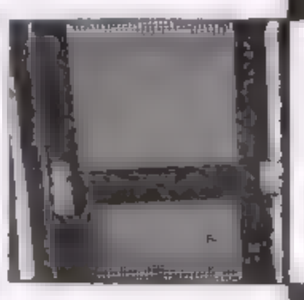


Motor boats

Kant-Rust has many uses about motor boats for lubricating moving parts and removing and preventing rust.

Electric motors

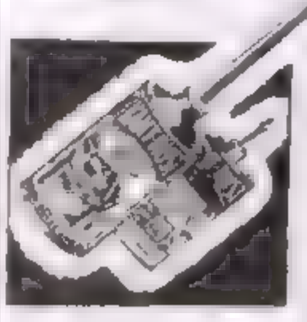
Kant-Rust is an excellent lubricant for all electric motors — fans, vacuum cleaners, washing machines and starters and generators.



Screen doors

Kant-Rust takes the squeaks out of hinges, lubricates locks, makes latches work easily and keeps door checks working correctly

Kant-Rust comes in two handy cans. The pint size with the long spout is especially convenient for use about the automobile. The 3-ounce can is made for household use



Kant-Rust is sold at garages, auto supply shops, hardware stores, etc. The pint can costs $1 with the long spout included. The 3-ounce can costs 30 cents.

KANT-RUST

KANT-RUST PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Rahway, N. J.

bone toggles?" Mal Cornish was a bell without a clapper. "Has he got a ring in his hand?" the old lady cried again. "If it's Sam he'll have a ring—an iron ring. He went away with it in his right hand."

Mal Cornish said, in spite of himself, "The ring is there, by glory!"

In fact, a corroded iron ring shone out coyly from between two lines of kelp. Old Mrs. Marks' laugh was bell-like.

"That's your legacy!" she shouted down. "Sam's brought it back to you. You see if you can't get it through the Bull's nose, Mr. Cornish. . . . You hear that, Sam? You can leave the ring. I've got a Cornish on the rock at last. It's so's I can leave if it's so's you can take me."

And suddenly the coach door was standing wide open for the old lady, and when the next sea flooded the house the shapes of white horses came with it and the yellow coach took its tyrant passenger.

The four who were not destined for the journey stared, quaking, at the roof, which was shoved a foot up off the stone walls by that last blow; but the tide was down another foot, the hammer that had been smiting the Bull failed to fall again, as if whoever had been stationed to nudge its mechanism had gone off on other business.

Three days later the mate of the lighthouse tender found St. Louis on the sardine wharf, enjoying the last day of his liberty, as he had the first, sprawled in the superintendent's office.

"You bring the old lady's body ashore today?" St. Louis asked.

"Yes, sir; and Joe Marks and his wife come with her. They got their bellyful of the Bull that time. He got a bad washing."

"I heard so."

"You can't overstate it hardly. There ain't a whole stick of furniture left in the house, and them white iron beds are just a razzle of old iron tied into true-lovers' knots. Roof shoved back like a man's hat farther off his head."

"What did that?"

"Joe told me when that blamed object hit the house he thought it might be that boiler they had tried to parbuckle up ten years back and dropped accidentally. But come to find out, it was the old Whistler—you remember?—that buoy that Sam Marks was trying to corral the morning he slipped in. Pretty well punched in in places, but still it was the same old Whistler. Must have been kinked up or wedged in down among those ledges, and it took just the suck of that washing to pull him out and shove him up on the rock. Those rings on the lugs for shackling the bridle to were still in place, and a part of the chain."

"You don't say! Where's Mal Cornish all this while?"

"Out there keeping Joe's girl company." The mate grinned. "He's keeper. Going to hold the fort till they can get a regular keeper."

"After this publicity for the Bull, try and do it!"

"Say they don't. I can size up a situation. Perch them two on a rock or on a cloud and ask them whereabouts they are and they won't know. We're taking out a preacher. Now's the time—now's the time to ease into a job like that."

St. Louis laughed. "The old lady slipped away the one time she could if she was thinking of her duty—what?"

The sun had set and the wicked gleam of the Bull's red eye flashed through the dusty window. The mate of the tender merely yawned, and the captain of the Galloping Horse, knocking out his pipe and getting up to stretch, told himself that Charles Dickens wasn't the only humorist out there.

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Continued from Page 42

topnotchers, but something had happened and people stopped talking about him. Now he was climbing back up the ladder, so Mr. Delaney informed me, surprising everyone in the fistic world. He had fought six or seven good fights in Brooklyn and had knocked his opponents bye-bye, and so Brooklyn was steamed up and the inmates were singing the praises of Johnny Goss. Mr. Karl Dunning, the slick manager, studied the situation and saw a fertile field. He decided to make a little money for himself and the Kid, and this was the secret now being told me in words of forty-five syllables if you count the s's.

The secret was as follows: Mr. Dunning had arranged a battle to take place in Brooklyn between Johnny Goss and Kid Delaney—a ten-round mêlée between the champion and the man who was coming back—and it was agreed among the arrangers that Johnny Goss would win.

Never for a moment did Mr. Dunning believe that Johnny had a child's chance of defeating Delaney, for the former was almost thirty years old, and in pugilism a man who is thirty years old is a decrepit old fossil whose brittle legs will barely carry him between his wheel chair and his crutches. The fight was cooked up to go ten rounds and the Kid was to lose the decision on points.

"You mean," I asked, not knowing much about such things, "that you are actually going to lose the fight?"

"Sure," said the Kid. "Lose it."

"And your championship?"

"Yep, lose that too." He grinned genially.

"Why?"

"Because of two reasons. There is some nice money to be made betting on Johnny Goss to win, seein' I'll be three or four to one. Then again, this fight is only the first of two. When Johnny wins, Brooklyn will go daffier than ever and probably elect him mayor. A month later I will take Johnny on again in Madison Square Garden before all the people who can get out of bed that night, and I will then knock him three miles north of Boston, Massachusetts."

"So," I said, the prospect growing clearer, "you mean to lose the championship only for a month or so?"

"I won't lose it at all. I'll just let Johnny hold it."

"When does the fight take place?"

"Next Thursday night."

"Where can I get my money down at odds of three or four to one?" I inquired, taking out a lead pencil.

The Kid commanded me to go over to Brooklyn and see a man named Elmer Boyd who ran a restaurant known as the Brooklyn Palace Chop House. Mr. Boyd was a rich man and a famous Brooklyn character who had known John L. Sullivan intimately, and now spent his time running a popular restaurant and betting large sums on sporting events.

"We can all make a piece of change out of it," said the Kid in his friendly manner. "And two months from now, when I fight Johnny again in Madison Square, we can make some more, betting on me the second fight, for that time I will hit him just once and his brother will be an only child."

"Kid," I said—for I was now calling him Kid—"you are a true friend, and this incident will enable me and Clara to get married."

"That is the only reason I am letting you in on the secret," he replied, looking romantic again, "and of course you will keep it to yourself."

"I won't tell a soul."

We shook hands and I hurried uptown on the Subway, reading a newspaper which announced that Johnny Goss, the Brooklyn favorite, was going to box Kid Delaney next Thursday night, and that if Johnny had half the intelligence of a baby rabbit he would walk into the ring carrying two loaded revolvers and a dagger.

"The Pride of Brooklyn," continued the article, "has no more chance with Kid Delaney than a toy balloon chasing a pin through Kansas City."

I arrived at the Gendron home in a state of high elation, which Clara observed immediately. We intended going over to see a Western at the Gem—probably the same one we had seen before—but I told her to sit down quietly and listen to the news.

"You seem excited," she remarked, smiling.

"And why wouldn't I be excited?" I demanded. "Something has just happened which changes the course of two lives. You know the bungalow in Vermilion Road?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, her eyes lighting up.

"It is ours."

"Oh, Ben!" she cried. "Not really?"

"We could be married tomorrow if we wanted to," I went on, enjoying her amazement. "I am a fellow that always comes through in a pinch, and when you said that day, 'How can we ever buy this lovely bungalow, Ben?' I answered, as you recall, 'I don't know, but we will,' and now the thing has been accomplished."

"Oh, Ben!" she said again, forgetting the movies, which consisted of the usual Western. The thing about a Western is that you never can tell whether you saw it before or not.

The bungalow in Vermilion Road was what drew Clara and me over to Jersey every two or three weeks, merely to look at it and be sure Mr. Wilberforce had not sold it to some other aspiring young couple for three thousand dollars cash money, the balance at 6 per cent. In fact, we had been sadly looking at this very bungalow the Sunday we met Mr. Delaney and his Clara. It was a brown stucco, with a red slate roof and a stone chimney, wide at the bottom. The doors and windows were made of leaded glass, there was a stone wall around the place and at the rear was a nifty garage, in case anyone ever had enough to buy a car.

Inside, it was a maiden's dream in blue and pink, with polished floors. Clara always cried gently when we went away, and the trouble was that Wilberforce had to have three thousand down. You could pay off the balance in ten years, but you had to hand him three thousand to move in.

That fact sank us without a trace. The sum of three thousand dollars stood between us and happiness. Clara fell into melancholy and said that we would never in this world have enough, proving her statement with long rows of figures on the kitchen table, which demonstrated what forty a week would and would not do. I now stood before her with grand news.

"We've got it," I announced happily, kissing her for luck, but she was not interested in kissing at the instant.

"How?" she demanded breathlessly. "How, Ben?"

I related the details of the coming fistic carnival over at Sailors Park in Brooklyn between Kid Delaney and Johnny Goss, with me wagering my thousand out of the savings bank and winning three thousand cash profit in about twenty minutes.

"I take the money over to Elmer Boyd of Brooklyn Palace Chop House," I stated, "let him hold it till after the fight, and then he hands me back four thousand dollars. How's that?"

Clara has a warm blue eye, but it can turn cold. It now turned.

"You mean to draw out the money from the savings account and risk it?" she asked, sitting up straight.

"Not risk it," I said earnestly. "Where is the risk? It is a sure thing, and I am letting you in on this secret, which I should not do."

"Gamble our nest egg?" she asked.

"There is no gambling to it. I can't lose. I have to win."

"Why do you?"

"Because Delaney is certain to lose. The man I bet on is bound to win."

"Why is he?"

"Clara, are you dumb? It is fixed up that way. It is a prearranged fight. The ones inside know how it is going to end, and I am inside, along with the Kid and Mr. Dunning, his manager."

Clara gazed at me steadily and shook her head. I began all over at the beginning and patiently repeated the Kid's statements about the two fights with Johnny Goss.

"Mr. Delaney likes us," I persisted. "That is why he told me. Those three thousand bucks buy the bungalow and we will have the other thousand to start furnishing. We can be married, Clara."

"No," she said firmly. "It isn't honest. I would rather not be married if I have to start life on money like that."

"You don't understand," I said impatiently. "They often do such things in prize-fight circles. It is the modern business system."

"That would not be right, Ben," said she, "and you may as well dismiss it from your mind. I wouldn't have anything to do with a bungalow obtained by such gambling."

At this I lost my temper slightly and again went over the details, but you might as well try to row up Niagara Falls in a bathtub. Clara Gendron has a mind of her own and uses it daily, and I did not win any part of the ensuing argument. When we finished squabbling, her parents had gone for a walk and it was too late to dash over and see a Western at the Gem. I took my hat and started home, bidding her a cold good night at the door.

And I did not renew the conversation during the next few days, for there is no use batting your head against a stone wall. On Tuesday morning I sat in my office at Brem & Brinstool's, thinking of the battle only two days away, and of how easy it would be to make in an hour and a half as much as I could earn in a year and a half. Suddenly I came to a decision.

There is no use arguing with women, especially about business affairs, because they are not equipped to comprehend business methods. A man ought to get out and do things, telling his women afterward what he has done, and I determined to grab that three thousand while it was lying around loose. Later on I could wiggle out, when I had to tell Clara, by stating I had invested in Southern Beet Growers or Amalgamated Tin Roofing, which immediately rose.

Once started, I moved rapidly, hurried down to my savings bank, withdrew my thousand along with nineteen dollars interest, and at five in the afternoon I was in Brooklyn, looking around for the Palace Chop House and Mr. Elmer Boyd. I found him leaning against a mahogany cash register, the picture of middle-aged respectability, a large, stomachy man with a diamond horseshoe pin. One could tell that money would be safe with him.

"My name is Ben Salter," I announced, and he shook hands, regarding me no doubt as a customer.

"How about this fight?" I asked, acting casual.

"Well, what about it?" he countered.

"Are you betting money on it?"

"I will bet on anything," he said, "but is anybody betting on this fight?"

"I am. And I have one thousand dollars right in my pants pocket."

At this statement the man took on a more serious air, as he had been smiling up to that time.

"Who do you want to bet on?" he asked.

"Johnny Goss, the Pride of Brooklyn. He will beat Kid Delaney easy."

(Continued on Page 61)

—and now a word about Smith Smart Values

SMART as are Smith Smart Shoes, is the man who buys them. Upon his feet he puts good style, kindly comfort, stout service and superb shoemaking. And he does all this at a very low cost per foot.

Low cost indeed! you will say, when you stand Smith Smart Shoes alongside their higher-priced rivals. And you will seek long and hard and often in vain before you find even a whisper of any difference which seems worth the extra cost.

Uppers cut from the heart of the hide, smooth-fitting hand-tailored linings, style and staunchness double-stitched in—Smith Smart Shoes are good as they look. Try them. You will find them old friends long before they are old shoes.

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Special Styles to Thirteen Dollars

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

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du Pont *is your assurance of painting satisfaction*

Paint buying methods are changing. Ever-increasing importance is being attached to the label on the can and to the name on the dealer's store.

ONCE paint was bought by the can. Today it is being bought by the *name* on the can. And du Pont is the name that more and more people now recognize and demand.

Dealers throughout the country are aware of this new tendency. They explain it in this way: people everywhere have had experience with the name du Pont. They know that Duco, made by du Pont, brought new and enduring beauty to the world of automobiles. They know the enduring beauty that can be achieved with Duco in home decorating. People know, in short, that any product which bears the name du Pont carries an insignia of merit—will give a full measure of satisfaction.

That is why, with every month, new thousands are seeking out the paint and hardware stores where the du Pont sign is displayed, are filling every paint requirement from the du Pont dealers' stocks, finding du Pont quality in paint, enamel, varnish or Duco. You can depend on the du Pont dealer.

• • •

Decide today what painting must be done around your home; decide to get started now. Where the job requires professional training and experience, call in a master painter and let him work out a plan of systematic paint protection. He will recommend the right du Pont paint product for the job you contemplate. Consider the master painter as the protector of your investment in your home.

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Flat Wall Paint
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Walls that say STOP to summer's heat . . . winter's cold!

SCORCHING summer heat! Icy winter cold! Are these invaders allowed to enter *your* house? Or do your walls say *stop* . . . do they *turn back* these enemies of *your* home comfort?

Your family *can* enjoy home comfort in any climate . . . at any time of year. For it is so easy, nowadays, to have walls that effectively shut out all extremes of weather.

These are no ordinary walls, that give your family this protection. For they are built with Celotex, the *only* insulation made from the long, tough fibres of cane.

Besides *insulating* against heat and cold, Celotex homes are *quiet*, for Celotex deadens sound . . . *strong*, for Celotex reinforces walls . . . *economical*, for Celotex replaces other materials and reduces fuel bills.

Already there are nearly a quarter of a million American families enjoying *new* comfort in Celotex houses. And as further proof of its insulating worth, Celotex is used in nearly all refrigerator cars and in many household refrigerators.

When buying a home, look for the Celotex sign. It is the mark of a well-built house and *your assurance* of absolute home comfort. If you are not in touch with a Celotex builder, write us. The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

(Continued from Page 56

"You must be a Brooklyn boy," said Mr. Boyd, laughing.

I said I was not, but that if I could get the proper odds, I would put up my money then and there. By this time I was slightly nervous and possibly he noticed it.

"My boy," he said in a kindly tone, "never bet any money on prize fights, for it is a bad rule. And besides that, you are all cockeyed in your ideas, because Johnny Goss is a palooka compared with Kid Delaney."

"You think so?" I asked warmly. "You want to bet?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, I want to bet and I am going to. They told me you were a big sporting man and would take bets, but you are not acting the part of a big sporting man right now, Mr. Boyd."

He yawned slowly and looked at me.

"If you are determined to throw your money away, young fellow, I may as well take it."

"At three to one?"

"Those odds suit me. Hand me your thousand"

I did so and he passed it lightly across to his cashier, a fair-haired creature.

"Make a note of it, Emma," he said. "Mr. Salter is betting on Johnny Goss to win"

"At one to three, Emma," I added. "Put that in."

I returned to New York City, called for Clara and we strolled over to the Gem, where there was a slick Western about a city man on a ranch. The trouble with those things is that you can't tell one Western from another any more than you can tell one Chinaman from another. In the dim theater I stole a look at the unsuspecting Clara.

"I have a notion," I said in a light, careless voice, "to invest a few dollars in Amalgamated Fire Brick."

"What?" asked Clara.

"Fire Brick is going rapidly up. I could clean up some quick money."

Clara said nothing but stared at the Western. Several times during the performance I found her looking at me when she should have been watching the dude on the ranch.

Soon she inquired, "What was the name of that man in Brooklyn?"

"His name is Elmer Boyd and he runs the Brooklyn Palace Chop House," I said. "However, that is all off, Clara, and I am investing in Fire Brick, which is a good, honest stock with a quick profit."

She said nothing further at the moment but devoted herself intensely to the Western, and I escorted her home at 11:15.

"Fire Brick," I said at her door, "is going to declare a dividend very soon, Clara, and a person can step in and make a clean-up."

"Good night, Ben," she said in a sad manner. "You and your investments will eventually get us into trouble."

Thursday morning I did very little real checking down at Brem & Brinstool's, being excited and nervous, as anyone would be who is wagering his first thousand, even on a sure thing. I dashed out to lunch at noon and purchased five newspapers, all of which stated that society should be protected in some way from slaughters like that which the evening would see. I merely smiled to myself over this newspaper ignorance.

In the afternoon I drew up a formal letter to Mr. Wilberforce, showing him the terms on which I would purchase the Vermilion Road bungalow, and in the evening I telephoned out to Clara's, intending to say I had an important business engagement and would see her Friday night instead. She was not at home and her old lady added that she had not come home from work, which was very exceptional, as Clara never stays downtown.

I started for Brooklyn ahead of time, intending to have my supper at the Brooklyn Palace Chop House, where I would see all the interesting and famous characters of the sporting world, and would also be near my money during its period of incubation. Up to this evening I had never seen a battle in the prize ring and the prospect thrilled me.

Going over the bridge, I bought three more regular newspapers and a tabloid, which declared that if Kid Delaney ever hit Johnny Goss on the jaw, the Goss family would be out walking for pallbearers in the morning, and again I smiled, thinking how little the so-called pugilistic experts really know about what is going on under the surface.

Stepping out of the street car at the corner, I strolled toward the Brooklyn Palace Chop House, the front of which was ablaze with lights. Celebrities were loitering about the entrance, some wearing spats and talking about what happened in Reno in 1899. As I entered the restaurant I received a nervous shock equivalent almost to temporary paralysis, for there stood Clara Gendron beside the cash register, talking in a confidential manner with Elmer Boyd. They looked up simultaneously and saw me.

"There he comes now," I heard Clara say in what seemed to be a tone of relief. Instantly I suspected something and grew cold.

"What does this mean?" I asked in a harsh voice, walking up to the both of them.

"It means," said Clara defiantly, "that I have got your thousand dollars safe in my hand bag, and the bet is called off, thanks to this generous gentleman—isn't it, Mr. Boyd?"

"It certainly is," responded the tavern keeper.

I began to boil inwardly, but preserved a cool exterior.

"You can't call off any bet with me," I said, confronting the fellow. "What do you think I am?"

"I didn't want to take your money in the first place," said Boyd, "for it was a foolish wager on your part. Now that I have heard the story of where that thousand came from, I know I won't take it. The bet is canceled, young fellow, and be glad you have a girl like Miss Gendron. She is one girl in a hundred, and I wish I had met a girl like her when I was a young squirt."

Well, what could you do? I might have created a scene then and there and called the man a welsher, but I would have been thrown out of the place by any one of the large waiters hovering near by. I decided to be as calm and bitter as possible.

"We may as well eat something," Clara remarked. "I'm a little hungry."

I followed her to a table and sat down.

"Clara," I said, "I have never been sore at you in my life, but I am pretty sore at you right now, and for two cents I would take back my ring. The idea of a woman butting into a man's affairs certainly makes me sick. You have deliberately stopped me from making three thousand dollars and maybe I will still bust off our engagement."

"No matter if you do that or not," said she, "it would be wrong to take Mr. Boyd's money, and you know it, Ben Salter. When you began talking about Fire Brick, I knew you had gambled our nest egg on a prize fight, and so I saw Mr. Boyd, who is a fine man."

"Yes, he is!" I said sneeringly. "He is mighty glad to save his three thousand. The trouble with you is that you have no courage and do not understand modern finance. I don't hold your ideas of honesty against you, for you are a woman; but if you intend to go around butting into my business deals all our life, we might as well not be married."

"Very well," Clara rejoined. "Just as you say, Ben."

We sat there gloomily, eating Hamburger steak and fried onions, and I contend that nobody can digest his food when he is as sore as I was. Three thousand dollars is a small fortune, and here was a blundering young female who had just thrown it to the birds. Every now and then I thought of a cutting thing to say, and thus the meal passed off, with Clara rather quiet, but keeping a firm hold on her hand bag. At intervals Mr. Boyd strolled over to our table and conversed pleasantly with Clara. He seemed to like her. But for me it was a miserable supper and I began to have a touch of indigestion.

While I was passing through this disagreeable incident in Brooklyn, another episode was under way in New York City, where a gentleman was having trouble with a lady. Mr. Kid Delaney and his girl were in the throes of an emotional crisis about the time Clara and I finished our soup. This Delaney crisis occurred in the apartment of his Clara, the one with the rhinestones in her heels.

It began with the Kid, in one of his friendliest moods, strolling in on his girl shortly before the dinner hour, expecting to eat with the lady as usual and then take her over to Brooklyn with him in the large automobile so that she might grace the ceremonies of the evening with her presence. Clara threw a wrench into this plan by announcing that she could not go anywhere. She would not eat with him and she would not later watch him battle.

"Why?" demanded the Kid, pushing back his cap and staring at his fiancée in pained astonishment. "You always go, Clara."

"Not tonight," stated the lady, massaging the rouge into her lips and trying on a new hat.

"You've seen me in every fight for two years."

"I know, but not this one."

She never dreamed that it was a prearranged contest and that the Kid was temporarily to shed his title. She knew nothing except that she could not attend. The champion grew rapidly indignant, and when enraged he stutters worse than ever. He was now stuttering profusely.

"Will you kindly explain?" he asked his Clara, and she ceased primping long enough to say she would.

"Because I've got another engagement," she announced, "and it is most important."

The Kid opened his eyes wide.

"With who?" he asked incredulously.

"With Mr. Gregory Renshaw," snapped his Clara. "He is going to take me to dinner and afterwards we are to meet the manager of his show, Stolen Sugar, and that is the one thing I have been waiting for. Tonight is my big night, for my career begins. I am sorry your fight happens tonight, but it can't be helped."

The Kid threw his cap under the piano and laughed mirthlessly.

"Well," he said, pretending to enjoy himself, "if that ain't rich! So you are going out with this sap of a Renshaw, a very bum actor, on the night I fight. If that ain't rich! And he's going to get you a job acting in his show so you will be an actress. Oh, my heavens, if that ain't rich!"

"Well, what's rich about it?" his Clara asked in an acid voice. "I notice you never introduced me to any managers. I notice you never lifted a finger to get me a job on the stage."

"What for?" roared the crestfallen pug. "Why would I? Don't I make enough money for us two? Anyhow, you can't act, and never will. You are no more an actress than I am. And besides, this is a big bluff."

"Is that so!"

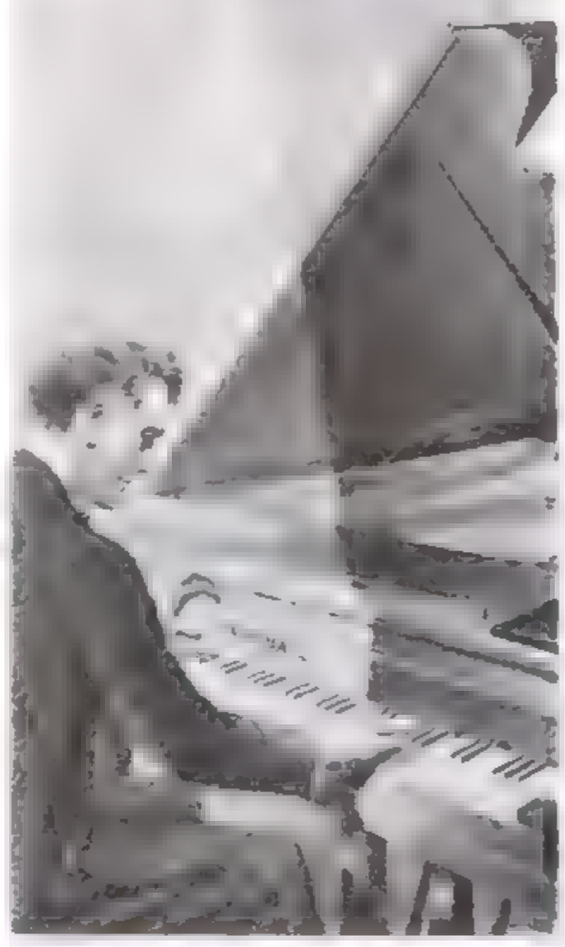
"Yeh, that's so," the Kid informed, advancing as if to sock his fiancée with his famous right to the jaw. "This Renshaw has been tryin' to grab you off all along, and it didn't fool me. The gab about you being an actress is all hooey."

During the conversation Miss Pence had been getting angrier and angrier, and when the Kid finished she was steaming. She was not in the least afraid of him, even if he was a man-killer, for, as she knew, very few man-killers are woman-killers.

"Gregory Renshaw is a perfect gentleman," she said icily, "and you are a big bum. He is trying to help me to a career, and you come around accusing him—you big stuttering oaf!"

It was now a fairly even contest, a few of the details of which will have to be left out

WHEN A MASTER PLAYS-



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on account of the young ones. The Kid was handicapped, being able to think rapidly of hard names but unable to expel them with any speed. Clara passed him readily.

"Who are you?" she cried. "A big stammering roughneck, trying to keep me from going on the stage! I hope Johnny Goss knocks your head off."

The Kid regained his cap and assumed a calm manner. He remembered suddenly that a good fighter never loses his poise in a crisis

"And I hope you have a swell time tonight," he said sarcastically—"you and your actor."

"I will," she responded; "and if I don't see any more of you, that will be all right, too. Shut the door as you leave."

"When I meet Mr. Renshaw," said the Kid in a deadly tone, "I will certainly speak to him."

"He won't understand you," said the cruel lady. "You stutter too much."

With that they parted and the Kid passed out, closing the door and partly wrecking that side of the building. His romance was blasted, and with his cap over his eyes, Mr. Delaney strode down the street, muttering maledictions and dictating a statement of what he would do the first time he ran into an actor. It was clear to him now that his Clara was aiming for the higher social levels and was ready to leave him for a life of art. Her unkind comment regarding his vocal affliction rankled within his bosom. It was not the first time. She had on other occasions referred to it.

When he reached Brooklyn, Mr. Delaney was in a frightful state of mind. This is sometimes a fine thing for a fighter just before a battle. Sometimes it isn't. It works out differently with different men.

In the meanwhile conditions were none too serene in Brooklyn, where my Clara ate her supper in virtuous silence, offering no further defense. I glowered at her and wondered if I would use the tickets in my pocket, handed to me by the Kid.

"Now that you are over here," I finally said, "and now that you have ruined all my chances of getting some real money, you might as well go to the fight and see with your own eyes what you did."

"If you wish me to," she replied, "I will be glad to go."

For the first time in our lives Clara and I drifted into the scene of a prize fight, joined a long line and sat down near the ring. I will say nothing about the preliminary bouts, for they were tame. When the Kid climbed into sight I scarcely recognized him, never having seen him stripped before. He wore a sort of fixed grin, an unnatural grin, and he looked over at Johnny Goss casually. I stared at Johnny, too, and saw that he was a husky and broad-shouldered fellow with bulging biceps and thick legs, a fighter if there ever was one.

They held a short conference in the middle of the ring, and as the bell rang I prepared to look sharp and notice how a champion threw a fight away while making believe he was doing his best

Mr. Goss danced forward, wearing a hard glare. He knew, of course, that he was going to win a prize fight, and that he was in there to smack the champion heartily for ten rounds and walk off with a Brooklyn decision amidst the plaudits of the crowd.

All I could think of was the three thousand dollars, and how women would be better off if they kept out of masculine affairs. The fight began with a brisk attack by Johnny Goss, who slapped Kid Delaney five or six times on his banged-up countenance. The Kid still wore his fixed grin and refrained from hitting back, so Mr. Goss smacked him again right zestfully and Brooklyn's hosts shrieked with joy.

The smacking on the nose or the cries of the maltreated rabble aroused the Kid from his reverie. He shook himself like a terrier and seemed to feel the need of taking a mild interest in the proceedings lest the contest look too much like a lay-down. He stepped in and poked Mr. Goss with a short left hook, not meaning anything serious by it, hoping only to make the fight appear to be a fight. Mr. Goss happened to be walking in and he met the poke head-on. It sent him reeling back and it astonished him, for he well knew there were no staggering punches on the evening's program.

Shaking his head, he stared reproachfully at the Kid and asked, "What are y-y-you t-t-t-tryin' t-t-t-t-to do? Knock m-m-m-me pht-pht-pht-out in the f-f-f-first r-r-round?"

At the finish of his inquiry he whistled, and at the sound of the whistle a sudden change came across the rugged countenance of the champion. The mild look faded. He turned ferocious.

"Who are you mockin'?" he demanded hoarsely, and having asked this pertinent question, he paused not for reply but stepped in swiftly toward Johnny Goss. The latter had no opportunity to answer, and a second later he was beyond answering, for the Kid socked him with a short jolt spang on the chin. All that Mr. Delaney had forgotten to say to his Clara traveled on the moist end of his mitt. Mr. Goss folded himself up without a sound and slumped gently to the floor, and subsequent events interested him not in the least. Dumfounded handlers carried him like a bag to his corner.

"That'll learn him to mock me!" muttered the Kid, tugging at his gloves. He walked over to his corner, still the world's champion, from whose mind certain business matters had slipped, and glanced down into the agonized face of his manager. Mr. Dunning had turned the sickly pallor of a man who has accidentally swallowed a hairbrush and his lips were moving as though he were adding up sums of money. In the opposite corner, handlers held smelling salts to the nose of the recumbent Goss, but he was still far away amidst the Arcadian bowers. I assisted Clara Gendron to her feet, holding her tenderly and realizing that she had saved us.

"Is it all over?" she asked in surprise.

"If it ain't," I said, "neither is the Great War."

"I thought you said Mr. Goss was to win."

"I did, and I am as much astonished as you are."

When we crowded by the end of the ring, the manager was conversing in a low but tense tone with his champion.

"What did you do that for?" he asked the Kid.

"Didn't you hear him mock me?"

"Mock you nothing!" said Dunning. "Johnny Goss has stammered all his life. He was born that way."

"Yeh?" said the Kid.

"Yeh, you big bum. Now where are we?"

I listened to no more, but the circumstances were clear. Seizing Clara more firmly and keeping a sharp eye upon her hand bag, I steered her through the milling herd of disappointed Brooklynites, and ten minutes later we were aboard a street car bound for home. As we sat down I took the seat near the window to protect her from the night air. A man can't be too careful about a girl's health.

"Clara," I said gratefully, "you are a bird."

"There is one thing I forgot to tell you," said she.

"What is that?"

"Mr. Wilberforce telephoned me today saying he had changed his mind and would now take a thousand down on the bungalow."

"No!"

"Honest. And when I heard that I just got on a street car and started for Brooklyn. You'll forgive me, won't you, Ben?"

I leaned over and kissed her, passengers or no passengers.

"We will close that deal in the morning," I said delightedly. "It was a narrow escape. Maybe you better let me carry the good old hand bag."

"No," she said, smiling. "I'll carry the bag."

That was four months ago, and Clara is still carrying the bag, though I may as well admit she has changed her name to Salter. The only decision I ever make these days is whether to unlatch the screen door for the iceman, or leave it latched and let him suffer.

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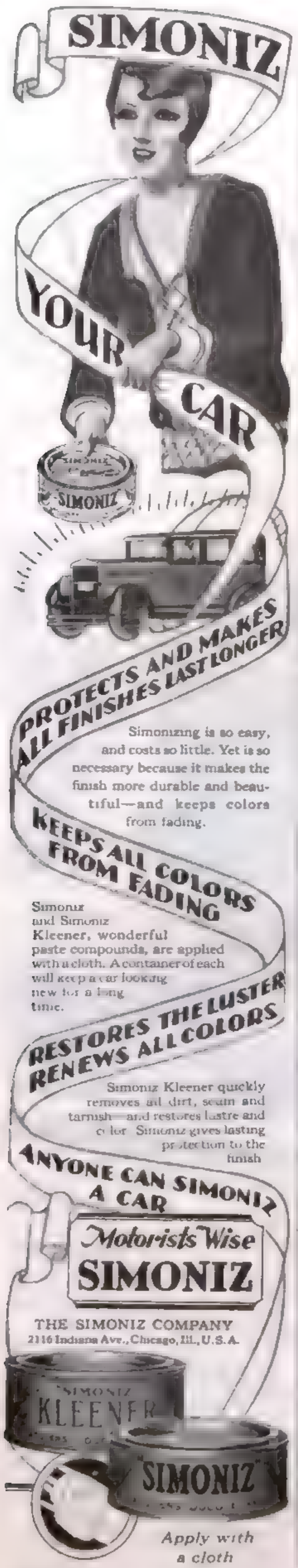
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CHARLES V AND THE HITCH HIKERS

(Continued from Page 11)

"What is 'the rest of it'?" Elise asked. "Of course I have a general idea of what you mean; I can see in a general way what you ——"

"I mean all this jazz, jazz, jazz," he said "I mean all this restlessness and artificiality; I mean all this running around and trying to get somewhere without knowing where you're trying to get."

"But we are trying to get somewhere!" Zula said. "We're hitch hiking to Florida. Do you mean we don't know where we're trying ——"

"I don't mean you at all," he said. "I mean my sister and her husband and their crowd, and most of the people I know. Just take what happened this afternoon. When I left you here I went to the barber shop and phoned the garage to send my car to me, so we could drive down the shore for tea. Well, they told me my sister had it. I suppose I could have used one of the other cars, but I preferred to drop the whole matter."

Zula raised her eyebrows slightly; a tiny line appeared between them; she was frowning.

"But I don't see how that explains what you were talking about," she said. "That doesn't make it a bit clearer."

"I hadn't quite finished," he said. "The point of it is why she took my car. Her car broke down or something, so she took my car to arrange a treasure hunt." He paused for better effect. "A treasure hunt!" he repeated.

"Yes?" both the girls said brightly.

"I've read about them," said Elise.

"Some of the guests at the hotel had one this summer," Zula said. "We didn't get to see much of it, but ——"

"You saw enough to understand what I mean," he interrupted earnestly. "All people want is speed and noise. That's why my sister took my car—it's the fastest one in the garage. People ——"

"What kind of a car have you?" Elise asked.

"It's an Isolde-Bellini," he said negligently. "I even offered to run this treasure hunt for my sister. Just to make it interesting, I told her that I'd be the treasure, but she wanted to run it herself, I guess. Well ——"

He stopped and looked at Zula, and at first his glance was casual; it was intended merely as a quick survey of his audience before telling more of his sister's refusal to let him be the treasure. But when his eyes rested and then lingered upon Zula he obviously found the sensation agreeable; he found it so agreeable that his glance became a stare, and the stare, in turn, became a close inspection. She was sitting sidewise in her chair, facing him and carelessly leaning against the table; her charming little head was bent over her orangeade, which she held in one slim hand, and the sunlight gleamed pleasantly upon her trim slippers.

Young Mr. Manning forgot to continue the theme: How stale and unprofitable was a treasureless treasure hunt. And if he was thinking of any other past thing of little worth, it also slipped from his memory. He was not occupied with the past.

"Say, you're pretty cute," he said.

"Why, Mr. Manning!" She made a parody of her surprise. "It took you a long time to find that out, didn't it, Mr. Manning?"

"No time at all. When I first ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Manning. I'm so glad you think so, Mr. Ma——"

"You know my name," he said. "I mean, I thought I told you the rest of it when ——"

"No, you said your name was Manning, when you met us down the road; that was all the name you "

"I suppose our introduction could have been more formal," he said. "Though personally I don't care for formality." He took a small leather case from his pocket and handed a card to Zula, and then he gave one to Elise. Zula looked at hers with puzzled wonder, but Elise was determinedly indifferent; she read it and put it down.

"How-do-you-do, Mr. Charles Manning," she said. "I'm very pleased to ——"

"Charles Harvey Manning, V," Zula read aloud. "What does the Vee ——"

"What kind of a car did you say you had, Mr. Manning?" Elise asked.

"An Isolde-Bellini. But I think formality is ——"

"And please tell me how many dogs you have. You told me once, but I ——"

"Twenty, I think. Now formality isn't ——"

"Vee," said Zula. "What does the Vee stand ——"

"I hate to ask you so many questions," Elise said, "but won't you tell us how many horses you have?" In spite of herself she was glowingly interested.

"Four ponies, I believe, and ——"

"Then the Vee does stand for something," Zula tried once more. "It stands for ——"

"Did you say ponies," Elise broke in—"polo ponies?"

"Yes." He was getting bored. "Four of them, and two hunters, I believe; I never ride 'em. As I was saying, formality's not such a bad thing in some ways; I don't entirely disapprove of it. You take our family, f'r instance; mother and I are the only ones that carry cards with us. But on the other hand, there's something fasc'natingly medieval about meeting you two girls on the road and walking along talking to you without bothering to be formally introduced. When I first saw you I ——"

"Why don't you ride your horses?" Elise asked eagerly; Sunday-supplement picture flashed through her mind; the élite usually rode. "Why don't you ride?"

"Tell you some other time." Pointedly he turned to Zula. "Now, when I first—no, I mean, do you know why I gave you my card?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Don't you really?" he said.

"Well," she said, "maybe."

"You are a cute trick." He seemed to expand. "You are!"

Zula looked down, stretched out a silken ankle and gently tapped his chair with the tip of her slipper.

"Thank you, Charlie," she said.

"You are!" he said again. "Say, I'm going to have dinner down here tonight. Both of you will have dinner with me, won't you?"

"I'd love to," said Elise.

Zula inclined her head; she had no need to do more, for at that moment Mr. Charles Manning, V, could not have missed her slightest gesture

"Great," he said. "And after dinner, Zula, I'm going to take you canoeing."

"That's all right with me," she said pertly. "I always have wanted to "

"Isn't it nearly time for dinner?" Elise asked. "The sun's just about to set."

He looked at his watch and they all got up. "Yes, but don't change your clothes," he said. "That takes so long. Don't ——"

"We won't," said Zula. "You forgot we're hitch hikers."

"We only have room for two dresses in our knapsacks," Elise said.

He followed them to the foot of the stairs. Elise started briskly up, but stopped on the first landing when she found that her friend had lingered behind her. Zula was standing on the bottom step, looking at Mr. Charles Manning; neither of them spoke. Finally, she put her hand on his head and gave it a saucy little shake.

"So long, Charlie," she said. "I'll see you in the funny papers."

"Don't talk that way," he returned sadly. "Just be all woman."

He watched her disappear round the corner of the landing, stood for a moment apparently in thought, and then went to the inn desk. Behind it was a middle-aged woman—evidently the proprietress—and gauntly angular, severe of mien, she unemotionally observed his approach

"'Evening, Mrs. Niman," he said. "Want dinner for three tonight. Have you got any cigarettes?"

"Dinner?" she said.

"Well, supper, then. I don't care what you call ——"

"Waitresses all gone; we close day after tomorrow. I shall have to wait on you myself "

"That's all right; it won't make any difference who —— "

"I wasn't apologizing!" she interrupted with some asperity. "I've taught every girl we ever had how to wait table."

"That's fine," he said. "Have you got any cigarettes?"

"Sold out; no use getting in new stock late as this. You'll have to go down to the square "

"But what about dinner—supper, I mean?"

"Half an hour," she said briefly. "Want steak, chicken, or ——"

"Just fix something nice." He went toward the door, halted, and turned back "Oh, Mrs. Niman," he said, "don't let those two young ladies give you any money; I'll pay for everything—room, board and ——"

"Extras?" she asked.

"Everything."

By the time Mr. Manning came forth from the village drug store with his cigarettes, the two sputtering arc lights in the square announced, in competition with the moon, that night had officially fallen. The lights also revealed the fact that the square was formed by the intersection of the two paved streets in the village, and that the importance of this intersection was marked by a drinking fountain—designed for man and beast—and a Spanish War monument perhaps eighteen feet high. And as Mr. Manning passed the monument a large limousine swerved over to the curb and stopped beside him. The chauffeur jumped out and, with a rather noticeable nicety of posture, flung open the rear door.

"Take you home, sir?"

"No, I'm not going home for dinner. You might tell 'em not to expect me up at the house. I'm—say, is that treasure hunt over yet?"

"Yes, sir." The chauffeur grinned. "They didn't hurt your car none—just got it dusty. It was being wiped off when I left to take your grandfather to the train."

"Well—what train? Has grandfather gone away again? What train did he ——"

"The New York Express. He said he thought he'd go over to Monte Carlo next week. He ——" The chauffeur coughed, scratched his ear and scuffed one foot. "Your grandfather gave me a message for you; he was very particular you should get it right away. He said ——"

"Well, I'm not particular about getting it." Mr. Manning, V, frankly expressed his opinion of Mr. Manning, III. "I don't care if I never get it "

"Yes, sir. He said he advised you to go to Turkey and start a harem, or failing that, to be ——"

"Oh, shut up and go ——"

"—— to be sure and get enough rest. Yes, sir," the chauffeur finished with a rush. "Only the word he used was 'sleep.' He said ——"

"Listen, Henry," young Mr. Manning said ominously, "don't get carried away. Stop right now."

"Yes, sir."

"You go on home and tell 'em I won't be there for dinner; then you lock my car and hide the key. And if my sister or anybody wants you for tomorrow, tell 'em to take one of the other men—you're the only one I'd let drive for me. You got that straight?"

"Yes, sir. You thinking about a trip ——"

(Continued on Page 66)

Keeping up with the Joneses

in the gay nineties and today

MR. JONES owned the wagon works. He lived in the house of seven cupolas, five scroll-saw balconies, and two parlor stoves. On his lawn were a cupid fountain and four iron deer. And there even were rumors that he was having Abel Jethro, the town carpenter, build in a bathtub of painted tin. There simply was no keeping up with the Joneses.

* * * *

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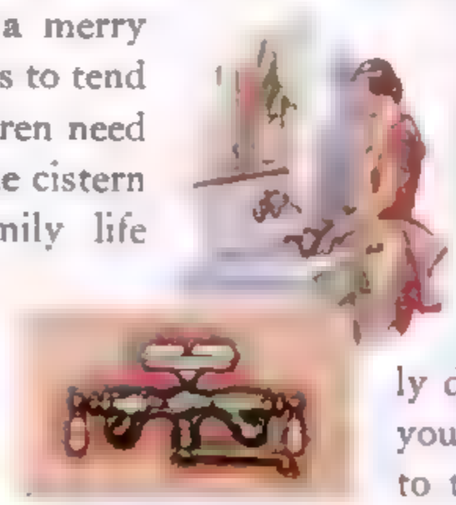
If family life flows more smoothly because mother now has a waist-high double drainboard sink in the kitchen, because father does not have to run a merry chase up and down stairs to tend a fire, because the children need not carry water from the cistern before bathing—if family life flows more sweetly, give credit to American ingenuity and to the heating and plumbing craftsmen who have so ably furthered the introduction of improved fixtures and heating devices. Keeping up with the Joneses today, at least in matters of sanitation and heating, is easy. More, it is downright saving of worry, temper, and health; and frequently saving of money.



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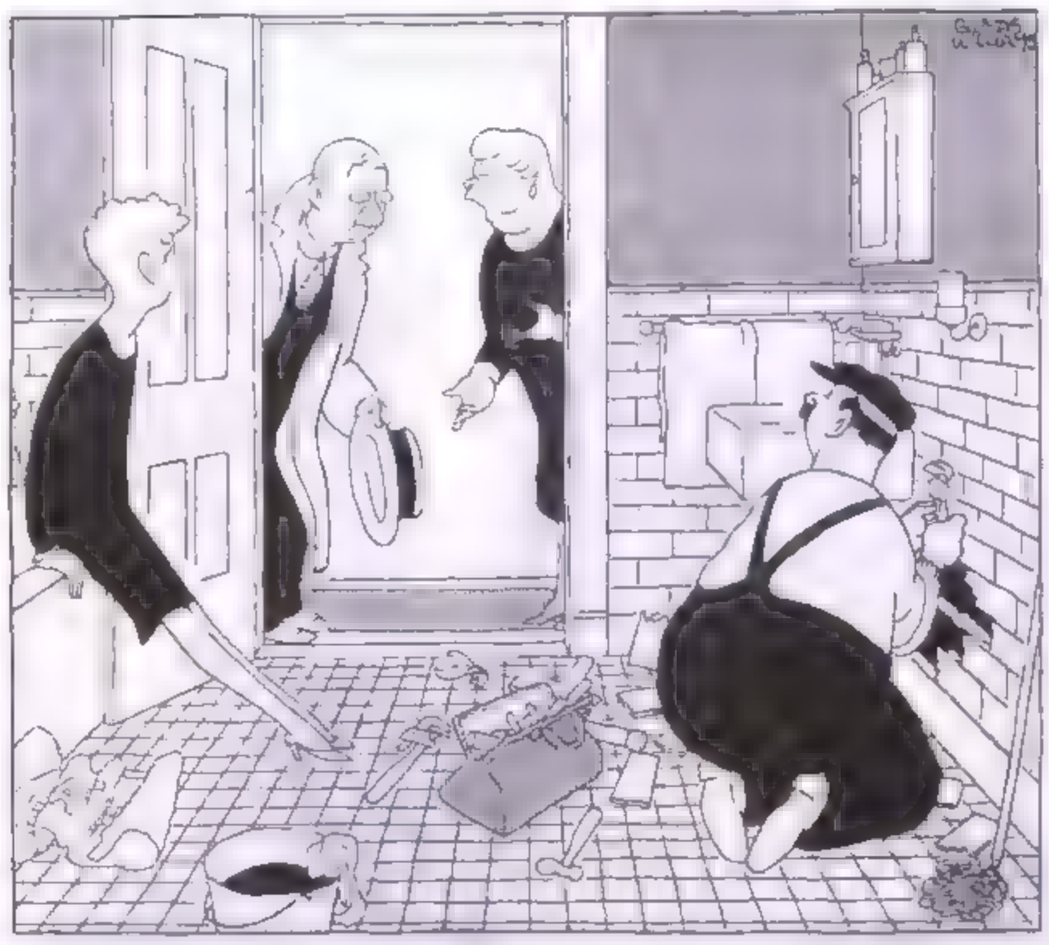
THE WALLOPS

[No. 19 of a series. No. 20 will appear June 30]



A pleasant homecoming!

"Good Lord, what are you doing? What's going on here? What's happened?" shouted George Wallop, who arrived just at the height of it.

"Another leak," sighed Clara Wallop, "and of course in a place that you can't get at without taking the whole house to pieces."

"Oh, gosh," groaned George, "I've never seen anything like the luck we have with these pipes. You'd think they were made of cardboard the way they bust."

"Mister Wallop, if ye'd take me advice ye'd be putting in brass poipes thot won't be roostin' an' lakeing and givin' ye no wadter prissure at all loike thaze chape poipes do."

"Mr. Casey is right, George," agreed Clara, "we ought to take out all these worn-out pipes that are clogged up with rust and put in some good brass ones."

"I wish we'd put in brass when we built the house," said George with a sigh. "Remember how we thought we were saving money, Clara, by putting in the cheap ones?"*

Of course, install brass pipes when you build, but replace with brass, too, if your present plumbing is going bad on you.

And all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust* and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

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Continued from Page 64

"I don't know," Mr. Manning said seriously.

The limousine purred its way along the paved street and turned off to the left, up a hill.

The young man watched it pass out of sight between gateposts of a more imposing height than the village monument, each gatepost supporting a wrought-iron lantern of proportionate splendor, and upon an upper crest of the hill the lighted windows of a house peered through the trees—a house fittingly set off by such an entrance. But Mr. Manning found no pleasure in what he saw; it might be said that his expression was one of disfavor.

Abruptly he left the square and went to the inn, where, without doubt, he looked forward to dining with someone who could be all woman.

"It feels kind of queer to sit down at a table and be waited on," said Zula, when the three were comfortably established in Mrs. Niman's dining room. "Don't you feel queer about it, Elise?"

"No, not especially. I don't feel ——"

"Why, Zula?" Mr. Manning asked. "Why do you feel queer?"

"Well, you see we're waitresses. We go hitch hiking from one place to another and take what we can get. This summer we've been ——"

"Mother wanted me to take a secretarial job, of course," Elise interrupted briskly, "but I told her I couldn't stay in one place so long. So I waited table this summer."

"You did?" he said politely.

"Yes. Now tell us what you do, if you don't play polo?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, tell us," said Zula.

"Well, I ——" He stopped to think. "Lately, I've been making it a point to walk down to the main road and back every afternoon with one of the dogs. I find I feel much better for it."

Elise waited for him to go on; it seemed improbable to her that sixteen hours a day should be consumed in this manner.

"Well," she said finally.

"Well, what?"

"What else do you do?"

"Nothing much," he replied absently. "Of course I ride now and then, or go swimming, and sometimes we take a motor trip to the mountains or play cards."

"Yes," Zula encouraged him, and upon this he brightened at once.

"And we have some pretty nice parties. One of them was a knock-out."

"What was it," Elise asked—"a dance?"

"No," he said coldly, "it was not a dance. It was a medieval costume dinner. Everybody dressed in costume."

"What did you go as?" Zula said.

"Henry the Eighth." He beamed upon her; she had struck a spark. "I know that's not quite right historically. He wasn't medieval, but I did it anyway. He's always been my favorite English king"—Mr. Manning smiled, enjoying a pleasant moment of reverie—"Henry the Eighth."

"But what happened?" Elise inquired. "What did you do?"

"We ate," he informed her. "The people that gave the party have a medieval banquet hall that was copied from some old place in England. All the servants were dressed as medieval serving men and one of them was the carving squire. He stood by a roast pig and cut off choice pieces of the jowl or the buttocks, and—well, it really was a knock-out party."

"What else happened?" Zula was breathlessly interested.

"Well, all through dinner minstrels sang and played in the gallery and they had a jester make quite a number of jokes in Anglo-Saxon. No one understood what he was talking about, but it was all in the spirit of the evening, you see. And after dinner they let in the hunting dogs and fed them on the floor of the banquet hall—we threw them bones, you know. It was really a knock-out."

"Yes," said Zula. "Yes."

"That was all," he murmured regretfully.

"That was all?" Elise looked up from her plate—she seemed puzzled. "Didn't you even have champagne?"

"No, just some red wine, a white wine and some rare old burnt brandy."

"Burnt?" she said doubtfully. "I don't see ——"

"It must have been lovely," Zula was sincere, and, her eyes shining, she leaned across the table toward him. "Now tell me who was there."

"People from around here," he said. "They came from all along the shore. There's another thing I don't like about my sister: She and all her crowd went sailing because they said they didn't know the host well enough to dress up for him. Imagine missing a knock-out party like that."

"Maybe they'd rather go sailing," Elise suggested. "Maybe they ——"

"I can't imagine it," Zula said quickly. "I don't see how anybody could bear to miss it. Do you have many parties like that?"

"No." He sighed. "All most o' these people want is just speed and noise. What they like, they like the yacht-club parties with a twelve-piece orchestra and lots of gin. Now my brother-in-law ——" He leaned back and let Mrs. Niman place his dessert before him. "I gave my brother-in-law a gold flask with his crest on it," he continued, "but he never carries it."

"Is it illegal?"

"No, it wasn't that. He ——"

"'Tis illegal!" said Mrs. Niman. . . . "Hope you've had enough to eat. This is all we got."

Patiently Mr. Manning waited for her to retire. "He says he'd rather carry a bottle and throw it away when it's empty," he said with quiet bitterness, when she had gone. "That's what he feels about a gold flask with his crest on it that I took all the trouble to give him on his birthday."

"It must be nice," said Elise; she was beginning to look uncertain. "By the way, what does your brother-in-law do?"

"Well, he rides and goes fishing a good deal. That's the better side of him, at least."

"No, I mean what work does he do?"

"Oh, he's in the real-estate business. I worked for him a couple of weeks last winter; he wanted me to help him sell an addition he was putting in somewhere."

"Did you help him?" Elise asked pointedly.

"No; you see this addition was in another state, and I found out if anyone bought a lot and died, their heirs would have to pay the inheritance tax in both states; so I told him I didn't care to go into it any more deeply."

"Why?" she asked.

"I have some ethics about business," he returned with dignity. "I shall never try to sell the public anything that I wouldn't recommend to my own family."

"That's right," said Elise; but she had become almost openly suspicious of him. "Then what did you do—run for President?"

"What did you do next?" Zula broke in, but for the first time in their acquaintance Mr. Manning paid no attention to her.

"Don't kid me," he said to Elise. "I don't like it."

"What did you do next, Charlie?" Zula repeated.

"I went to California."

"In your private car?" Elise inquired.

"Come on, Charlie." Zula hurriedly got up from the table, seized his hand and led him to the door. "It's time to go canoeing. We can't waste all this moonlight."

But on their way to the front door Mrs. Niman stopped them. "Here's your bill, Mr. Manning," she said. "Everything's on it—meals, room, tea, extras and breakfast tomorrow."

"Mail it to me," he instructed her. "I spent all my money at the barber's."

"But we can't let you pay for our room," Zula objected. "That wouldn't be right."

"Why not?" Mrs. Niman asked. "Nothing untoward has ever been said about this

Continued on Page 69

What Gift will recall this scene eventful years from now?

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U.S. ROYAL CORDS

NO BETTER TIRES MADE TODAY

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 66

house, nor ever will be! You let him pay if he has a mind to."

"Let's go, Zula," he urged. "Mail it to me."

"Suits me," said Mrs. Niman. "I'll have to charge you 10 per cent more, though, if you let it run after ——" But they were already out of hearing.

Elise had come to the dining-room door and her expression was skeptical. "Do you think he'll pay you?" she asked quietly.

"Dunno." Mrs. Niman looked at her placidly. "If he don't, his grandfather will. Same thing to me."

"Has his grandfather got any money?" Elise took a step forward. "Are these Mannings at all well off?"

"I never talk about my guests, nor to 'em either, when I can help it," Mrs. Niman said stoutly. "I bid you good evening."

. . . Outdoors, a little later, autumn moonshine came showering down upon a canoe and its two occupants; the canoe rested apparently upon quicksilver threads strung along the waters of a tidal inlet that wandered among groves of ghostly pine trees. It would not have been hard to imagine that this was a faery spot, such as is sometimes described in old tales: Pine branches whispered into the water, with limpid little sparks and flashes attending the mystic communication; there were sweet woodland spices adrift in the salt night air; the light from heaven fell, as it did upon Astolat, with its old eternal glamour.

And if the analogy of old tales were followed and it were conceded that the canoe was a shallop, then this light shone upon a rich and powerful prince, scion of a proud house, and the comely maiden by his side was a beautiful serving maid, and of peasant birth. The antique tales take it for granted that such a situation inevitably brings about a match. The prince knows his charm and the maiden awaits only an opportunity to yield her hand, though certain conventional gallant speeches must first be uttered.

"When I first saw you, Zula," said Charles Harvey Manning, V—"when I first saw you ——"

"Yes," the maiden said softly. "Yes, Charlie."

"Well, right then I knew you weren't like most of the people I know. F'r instance, there was one girl I thought I liked pretty well. I gave her a book, but she never read it. I told her at the time it was one of my favorites too. When I first saw you I knew you wouldn't be that way."

"No, Charlie," she said. "What—what was the book?"

"It was Baker's Italian Wines; it was a knock-out book."

"What—what was its name?"

"To be exact, it was L. K. Baker's book on the Wines of Tuscany; it told all about what Italian wines to serve with what courses, and how to set the table when you're entertaining royalty, and how the king is always served first. Simply knock-out. I don't believe that girl even cut the leaves."

"No? I wonder why not," said Zula.

"Just jazz, jazz, jazz," he said pityingly. "The poor thing. She didn't want to know anything but yacht-club dances and polo." He sighed and shook his head; then he smiled. "But you're not like that. You're just all woman."

"Yes," she said, and with a confiding motion she moved closer.

The construction of a canoe usually permits two people to sit side by side in intimate comfort, but being so seated, neither of them can move without the other becoming aware of it. When Zula moved, the canoe swayed slightly and Charles Harvey Manning felt a definite increase in the pressure on one side of him. His arm went quickly about her.

"That's better." She sighed contentedly. "Now tell me some more about books."

"You're a cute trick," he said. . . . "Why books?"

"Just 'cause," She slowly rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. "'Cause I like the way you talk and tell about parties and all. Please tell me some more."

"Well —— "

"Please!"

He made an effort; the intellectual triumphed over the emotional.

"Lately I've been reading the Almanach de Gotha," he said. "It's a knock-out. It's got a list of all the royal families of Europe, and you can trace their descendants in this country, as well as abroad, and it tells ——"

"But that doesn't sound like an almanac. My aunt used to have one around the house and it ——"

"This is different." He was tenderly amused by her frank lack of sophistication. "This is really a history of royalty and all that. I know you'd like it."

"I would," she said. "I've always loved to hear about kings and costume parties and roast pigs and diamond crowns and—oh, everything that I know I'll never see. And I love the way you tell me about them." She looked down and pressed her cheek to his arm.

"Charlie," she said, after a moment.

"Yes."

"Charlie, I know what the Vee after your name stands for. I knew it as soon as you told Elise about the horses and dogs. I—I just thought I'd tell you I knew, and it really doesn't make any difference." Her voice was tremulous. "I—I like you just the same, Charlie."

"You do?" he said hoarsely. "It doesn't bother you, or anything? It doesn't make you feel —— "

"No, Charlie." She smiled up at him "You're a darling dear."

"You're all woman," he said solemnly.

The little ripples gently stroked the side of the canoe; in the tops of the pines a breeze crooned softly; the moonlight was poured down more and more copiously upon a young prince and a comely serving maid.

"Tell me some more about kings and whole roast pigs," she said.

The heart of the young prince turned over in his breast—the winsome maiden had touched his vital spot.

It was long after Elise's brief conversation with Mrs. Niman when Zula came in. It was so long after this conversation that Elise had gone to the bedroom and was sitting on one of the beds in a preparatory state of undress. She idly turned the leaves of a magazine, extended one ankle, critically inspected it, glanced at her finger nails; then a sharp click on the stairway caught her attention: Zula slowly came into the room.

At first she did not seem to notice that Elise was there; she went to the mirror humming a gay tune, and looked earnestly at her reflection.

"Oh, hello, Elise," she said at last.

Elise did not speak. She maintained a reserved silence, but observing that her friend was not impressed, or even conscious of her reserve, she abandoned it.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to tell me what happened," Elise said. "I suppose you'd rather not let me in on anything."

Zula still stood in front of the mirror; she put her head on one side and, lightly resting it on her hand, smiled her approval of the dainty image in the glass.

"I suppose you haven't a word to tell me," Elise said.

"What—what did you say?"

"Did you go canoeing?" Elise became more direct.

"Oh, yes." Zula leaned forward and smoothed her eyebrows. "We took his sister's canoe—it was chained to the wharf and he had to break the lock." She laughed. "It was fun."

"He didn't have a canoe of his own?"

"No, he said he didn't like it—ordinarily."

"What else did he say?"

"Oh, lots of—well, he's going to drive us to the city."

"He is?" Elise said. "He is?"

"Um-m," Zula returned. Head thrown back and hands clasped behind it, she was experimenting with another posture. "Yes, nine o'clock tomorrow morning, he said."

"Zula, listen to me a minute." Elise spoke as grimly as she knew how. "You listen to me, Zula!"

"Yes," Zula said vaguely.

"Just how much has he taken you in? How much of all that talk do you believe?"

Zula looked down at her from the height of a roseate cloud; if she heard her friend's words, it is doubtful that she understood them. She spoke, but not in answer to the question.

"He said he had something pretty important to ask me tomorrow; he said he'd just hint at it and let me think it over until then." She sighed happily.

"Well?" Elise was biding her time.

"He told me he'd just hint at it: His grandmother left him a little place in the Berkshires, and he said he wanted to settle down on it and raise dogs and read the Almanach de Gotha to me and —— "

"So you want to be a farmer's wife and read the almanac, do you?" Elise broke out. "I tried to pump Mrs. Niman about that young man and she wouldn't say a word—she didn't need to! What do you think of a man who doesn't work and doesn't play polo and lets it out how rich he is and hasn't got even a canoe at a summer resort? And his car is some queer kind nobody ever heard of! There isn't any such car!"

"Oh, yes. One of the girls at the hotel said something about a car like that; only she didn't pronounce it ——"

"Whatever kind he said, I bet he hasn't got one. If he's got anything, it's a junker!"

"No, I think he's got a nice car. Of course it may not be a very good one," Zula said dreamily, "but if it will run at all, I'll ride in it."

"Yes, I guess you would!" Elise was increasingly indignant. "Why, he's so broke he couldn't even pay for the dinner tonight—told Mrs. Niman he'd spent all his money at the barber shop! Now listen, Zula. I want to ask you frankly what you think of a man who tries to make us believe all that talk about why he quit selling real estate, and tells us about a big party where they fed the dogs on the floor and spoke Saxon and didn't dance! There just never was a party like that one!"

"No, of course not," Zula said, not unreasonably. "I know that."

"Well, then, what would you think of a man who'd say such things?"

"I'd think," said Zula—"I'd think he was lovely. They're the kind of things I've always wanted to hear."

Elise was helpless. After a moment's silence she got up, went to her friend, and put an arm about her waist.

"Now, Zula," she said gently, "let me say just one more thing: Could you think of marrying a man who lies about everything?"

"But he doesn't lie about everything," she said. "He really —— "

"Wait a minute! Let me get at it another way. Suppose he doesn't show up tomorrow morning and —— or suppose he does show up and hasn't got any car. Will that make you see that he's broke and couldn't marry anybody? Won't that show you that this Berkshire dog farm is just talk like the rest of it?"

But Zula refused to be serious.

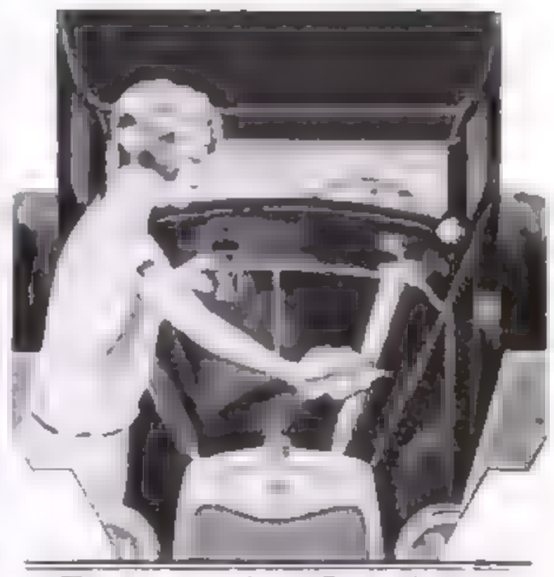
"He'll come up in a nice little car. A roadster, or a coupe maybe, and you'll have to sit in the rumble seat and we'll feed you peanuts as we go along," she said.

"But if he doesn't," said Elise—"if he doesn't, you'll let me send him off? You won't let him tell you some more about his sister taking it for a treasure hunt or something?"

"Yes, you can send him off if that happens." The happy girl smiled again at her image in the mirror. "I think I look pretty nice tonight," she said

. . . Sleep has sometimes a curious effect: people who go to bed happily certain of the future, may awake to find themselves anxious and depressed; it is as though they had

(Continued on Page 71)



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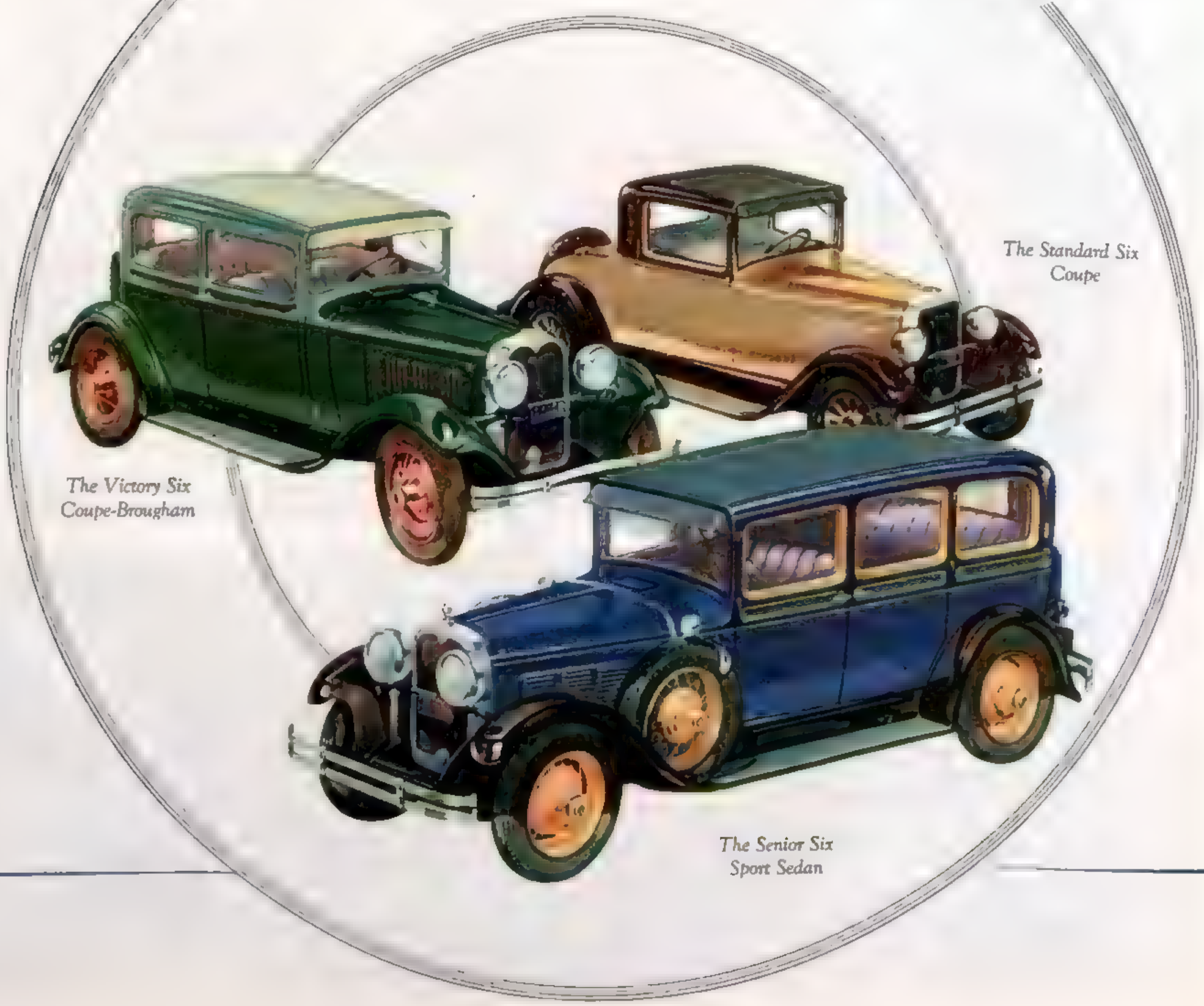

The Victory Six Coupe-Brougham

The Standard Six Coupe

The Senior Six Sport Sedan

(Continued from Page 69)

unknowingly reasoned out a distasteful conclusion while they slept. A small doubt is made small by the presence of various other thoughts, but remove the other thoughts and the doubt immediately expands to fill the vacancy. Thus it may assume undue or even vast proportions.

The condition and size of Zula's doubt the next morning is most accurately indicated by the fact that both she and Elise went down to breakfast dressed in knickers; they were ready for the road, not for a motor journey.

The meal over, they went to their room and without any conversation packed their knapsacks; when they had finished it was almost nine o'clock. From their bedroom window they could see the village street.

A sleek and handsome touring car came fleetly along that street; the top was laid back, there was a glitter of nickel and glass and a twinkle of shining hub caps as it came; it was long and solid and black, so swiftly powerful that it was easily negligent of its plutocratic importance. With a profound diapason of exhaust it passed the window and turned the corner to draw up before the main entrance of the village inn. But before it turned, the girls caught a glimpse of the young man seated beside the chauffeur. Zula sank back on the bed.

"You—you can tell him to go 'way," she said tremulously. "Elise, tell him to go 'way." Her head drooped to the pillow. "I thought he'd have some kind of a car, instead of hitching a ride off somebody's chauffeur. I thought he would!"

"I'll tell him!" Elise said decisively. "And I won't give him a chance to spring any more treasure-hunt stories! Of course I'm not going to say 'I told you so,' or anything, Zula, but ——"

"If he'd had even an old junker I'd have gone with him. If he'd had any car at all I'd have believed him about that farm. But he's just a hitch hiker, too—only he stays in one place!"

"He's worse than that."

"I thought he was a veterinary!" Zula choked. "When he talked about his horses and dogs, I thought anyway he was a veterinary and thinking of starting a nice stock farm. Oh, my!" She pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. "That's what I thought the Vee on his card stood for."

"Why, I always thought it stood for Fifth. But anyway, he's no good!"

"No. He must have wanted to fool me about that too. You—you tell him to go."

Elise departed, striding, and in the same manner returned; she seemed to have enjoyed her errand.

"I didn't give him a chance to say a word! He was waiting in the lobby—he must have scared up a little money, because he'd paid our bill. I paid him back and told him to leave. I said you'd changed your mind and never wanted to see him again."

"Hitching a ride off a chauffeur to come up here and tell me some more stories!" the tearful Zula said brokenly; then in tragic silence she lay on the bed and stared at her friend.

Elise compassionately returned this long look. "Well," she said finally, "that's over! Don't you think you'd feel better if we got started somewhere?"

"It—it doesn't make any difference to me now," Zula whimpered, but she got up and slung her knapsack upon her thin, young shoulders.

"He'd have been such a nice playmate," she said, "if he only had been a veterinary. I know I'm going to feel terrible about it for two whole days. But all right, let's go!"

They went, and then from the veranda the taciturn proprietress of the inn watched the two manful little figures trudge slowly out of sight round a bend.

But in the opposite direction there was a private beach, a strip of sandy coast reserved for the use of the owner and his family, and upon this beach, with his back against a pile of driftwood sat Charles Harvey Manning, V.

His expression was one of determined melancholy. In fact, so determinedly melancholy was he that it might have been thought he had come to this remote spot for the sole purpose of seeing how melancholy a sadly wiser man could be.

Far off, down the beach, one of his dogs ran insanely, pursuing a flock of sand birds; near at hand the restless ocean energetically cast up wave after wave; while behind, on the dunes, tall grasses rustled and swayed in ceaseless motion. He was surrounded by useless activity.

"It's jazz, jazz, jazz," he said heavily. "Nobody's all woman!"

But not overlong was he troubled by this aspect of the universe. He had arisen earlier that morning than was his custom, and he may have believed that a motor trip best begins after a hearty breakfast. The sands were warm and the sun shone pleasantly down upon him as he reclined against the driftwood. Melancholy as he was, he followed the latter part of the advice his grandfather had sent him by the chauffeur. Although for the time being he had given up the idea of marriage, he was getting plenty of rest.

FUR BRIGADE

(Continued from Page 25)

recuperated. Instead, he had grown steadily weaker, until at last he could no longer rise from his bunk except for perhaps an hour a day.

The news had come through the Indians, having traveled from tribe to tribe in its usual fashion, and the Indians prophesied that he would never leave the post; that the mark of the Great Spirit was upon him and that Big Mack's days were numbered. His daughter, Hair-that-shines, sat beside him and awaited the end. The last word that the trappers had heard of the matter had come to them some three months before while among the Crows.

Tod Breckenridge arrived the following day with a cargo of trade goods. Hunter remained with Tod throughout the day, issuing instructions as to the operation of the business. He was to trade until the stock was almost depleted, by which time there would be a tremendous quantity of fur on hand—more, even, than could be transported in the two large boats. Larger craft could not be used on the Republican, only those of very shallow draft being feasible.

A number of Pawnees had expressed a desire to visit the big village of the white men to view the great lodges in which the latter race dwelt. Hunter had agreed to permit a delegation of two score Pawnees to accompany him down river to St. Louis in the fall. This expedition could be turned to advantage. Hunter instructed Tod to construct such smaller boats of wood and buffalo hide as would be needed to transport the surplus furs. These, manned by members of the Pawnee delegation, could accompany the two trade boats on the journey to St. Louis. Hunter called Raven Bird and a number of the subchiefs and warriors of the Loups into council. He outlined his plan for the construction of boats for the accommodation of the delegation and the surplus furs:

"Big Mandan starts at once for the land of the setting sun. He will travel many sleeps. At the beginning of the Short Blue Moon my boats will start. Raven Bird and his fellow members of the delegation will accompany the boats to St. Louis, the big village of the white men. They will be well received. The white men are ready to welcome with glad hearts the friends of Big Mandan. Raven Bird and his warriors are known to them as great braves. Big Mandan may not have returned by then to the Republican, but if he is late he will make all haste across the mountains toward the rising sun and return by the headwaters of the Missouri. If he is not waiting at the mouth of the Kansas River he will join his Pawnee brothers in St. Louis. It is written."

An hour before dawn he left the village on the Republican and rode with his back to the rising sun on the first lap of his long journey to the west of the Great Divide and north beyond the Salmon and the Snake to the northern tributaries of the Columbia. He traveled hard and fast, changing from one to another of his two horses at two-hour intervals.

On the tenth night out he had covered well over four hundred miles of his journey. A few swirling flakes of snow stung his face and waked him round midnight. He paid little heed at first, believing it to be but a flurry; but within the first minute after opening his eyes the ominous quiet of the night gave him food for thought. Those who live much alone in the open and sleep upon the ground seem endowed with the perceptive faculties of the beasts. Someway Hunter knew that the storm was to be a severe one—a post-season blizzard. He must see to his horses at once lest they should drift ahead of the storm and leave him afoot.

Even as he threw off his robes, his ears caught the dull rumble and vibration of thousands and thousands of hoofs off through the night, and he knew that the vast herds of buffalo that he had observed while making camp were now under way, moving slowly but steadily, somehow aware of the coming storm.

His horses were nowhere about. They had sensed the approach of the storm and, hobbled as they were, had started drifting instinctively ahead of it. The night was velvet black, every star blotted out, and one could not see for a dozen yards in any direction across the plains. There was a sudden puff of wind, brief and fierce. As it subsided there was a thin rising note in the night, replacing the former dead quiet. A second fierce puff and a third struck the man, as if gleeful imps of battle, the scouts of the advance guard, pranced out ahead of the advancing storm battalions and jousted at the wayfarer to warn him that the shock troops followed close behind.

There was small use to look farther for his truant mounts in this increasing smother of flakes. The rising sound had become a low moan with an occasional hysterical note. By the time he had returned to his robes it had risen in volume to a sustained screech and the snow particles seemed driven with the velocity of birdshot.

With the first gray of morning he was astir. His pistols, bullet pouch and powderhorn were slung at his belt, together with an extra pair of moccasins. The inner and consequently the drier of his two buffalo robes he caught round him. The lock of the new double-barreled rifle with which he had equipped himself in St. Louis was carefully wrapped in buckskin to keep the priming dry. This done, he started out to search for his truant horses. He found himself moving in a course parallel to that traveled by a band of antelopes that drifted with the storm. From out of the white smother ahead ghostly white forms appeared and moved to meet him—a small herd of buffaloes breasting the gale, their fronts plastered with snow.

Hunter knew well the habits of all the denizens of the hills and plains. Most of them drifted with a storm. The buffalo, the hair of his fore parts the heaviest, naturally turned his most invulnerable parts to the elements, and so, alone of all prairie dwellers, almost invariably fronted a storm and drifted slowly against the wind.

Time and again Hunter encountered these snow-plastered apparitions as they

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advanced in the teeth of the storm. His horses, he knew, would drift with the storm, not against it; so his own route became a series of tacks to the right and left as he held a general down-wind course.

At the end of six hours he had failed to find so much as a horse track in the shifting snow. He would need all his energy when the blizzard had blown over. The wise mountain man never sapped his strength in fighting a storm unless for some specific purpose. Instead, he sought whatever cover might be available and holed up during its progress. Hunter adopted this method. He might be forced to cover wide circles to recover his horses when the snow had ceased driving. He might encounter Cheyennes and need every ounce of his strength to elude them.

There seemed not so much as a coulee or cut bank to afford even a measure of shelter. He shot one of a band of drifting buffaloes, slit the animal's hide from neck to rump and laid it back, scooped the snow from the down-wind side, rolled up in his own robe after changing to his dry moccasins and pulled the loose flap of hide across him. Save for eddying currents at either end of his shelter, no wind could reach him. The fury of the storm broke above him and drifted the snow on the down-wind side of the carcass. He did not suffer greatly from the cold. Prairie blizzards were no novelty in the lives of the *voyageurs* and he had little concern for his safety, his chief emotion being one of irritation at the delay occasioned by the storm.

Just at nightfall there was a lull, a let-up in the drive of the gale and a lightening of the smother of flakes. He knew it for a false lull, a mere breathing space to afford the winds opportunity to gather force. Nevertheless, he availed himself of the opportunity to take a brief look at his surroundings. Changing again to his wet moccasins and leaving his dry pair beneath the shelter of the flap of hide, he emerged from his lair. The country seemed to dip away on the west and he moved in that direction. If there was anything in the nature of a windbreak, he might find his horses there.

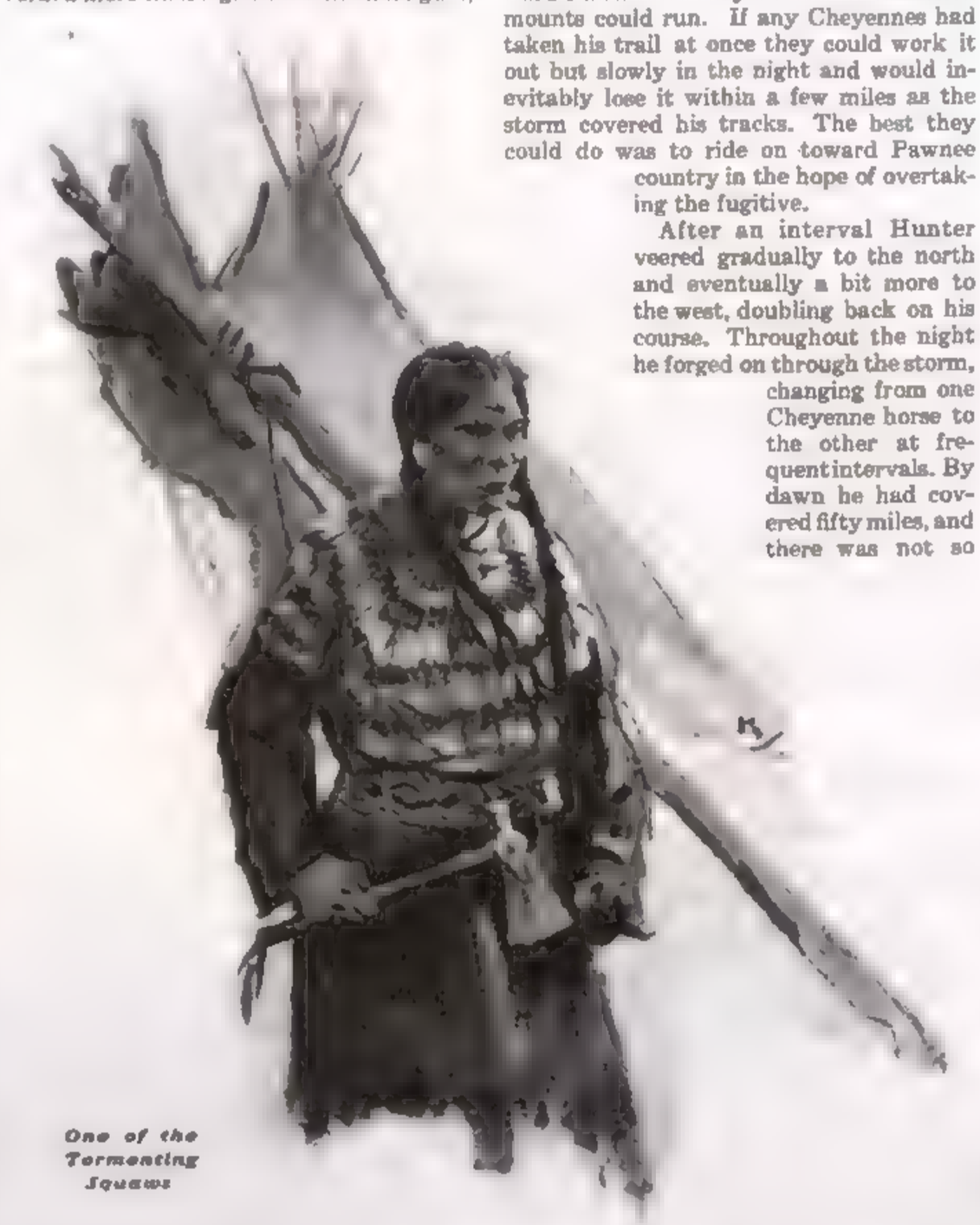
At the very edge of a dip he drew back abruptly. A shallow valley opened out below him and a lessening of the driven flakes revealed a big Indian encampment. A hundred or more lodges graced the bottoms below him.

Throughout the day he had been reposing in the open plains within a mile of a Cheyenne village. If any had heard his shot above the storm, they had attributed it to some member of the encampment. Hunter beat a hasty retreat to his shelter. The horse herd of the Indians would be either up or down the valley from the village. He had no way of determining its direction. In any event, the horses would be heavily guarded to prevent them from drifting away in the storm.

His own hobbled horses undoubtedly had joined those of the Cheyennes for company, or soon would join them. Their appearance might cause the Cheyennes to institute a search for the owner. Knowing the action of horses in a storm, the Cheyennes would search upwind, certain that the horses would have drifted down wind to their camp ahead of the blizzard. That being the case, Hunter's only course of safety was to travel down wind and put all possible distance between himself and the village. If he should wait here in his shelter until the cessation of the storm, his tracks would remain clear for all to read and he would be speedily overhauled by mounted Cheyennes. If he should leave now, his tracks would be blotted out within a very few minutes, but it meant a night's travel through the blizzard and the certain prospect of being left horseless on the plains. The wind increased in violence as night shut down.

Hunter made his decision. It would not do to be left afoot on the plains in the heart of the Cheyenne country after a snowstorm. Some party of mounted warriors would be most certain to cut his trail. He emerged from his shelter and moved toward the village. If he was to have a mount it must be from the village itself, since the horse guards on duty with the herd would be doubly alert during a storm to prevent their charges from drifting. Scores of horses would be tied to the lodges in the village.

Indian dogs barked as he entered the edge of the Cheyenne town, but that was of such common occurrence that no Indian so much as peered forth from a tepee to investigate the cause of the clamor. Hunter was dressed Indian fashion, and of the few savages abroad among the lodges, none accorded more than a glance at the tall figure,



One of the Tormenting Squaws

its buffalo robe drawn closely about it, that moved so purposefully through the village, dimly visible through the driving smother of flakes. He passed up the first tied horse for the reason that a Cheyenne buck appeared between the lodges as Hunter neared the animal.

Thirty yards beyond, two horses drooped on the down-wind side of a lodge. He approached them boldly and untied both animals, mounted one and took the lead rope of the other. Ten seconds would have put him in the clear without a soul in the village having suspected the presence of an enemy; but a squaw stepped from the lodge, saw a stranger mounted on her husband's horse and raised a shrill outcry. Hunter urged the horses into motion, riding back the way he had come, as there were fewer lodges to pass. The flaps of several tepees were thrust aside as their occupants peered curiously forth into the night to determine the cause of the disturbance. They could see but a few feet into the inky night and the swirling clouds of snow, but the squaw's inopportune appearance had rendered discovery inevitable.

Hunter, hoping to confuse the villagers, shouted in Pawnee at a savage who peered from a tepee, then lifted his voice in a war whoop as he cleared the edge of the village at a run and rode east toward Pawnee country. The few peering braves ducked back inside, seized their weapons and sallied forth, not knowing whether the Pawnees were launching an attack upon the village or just what had occurred. The result, as Hunter had hoped, was uproar and confusion. Some shouted that the Pawnees were attacking the town, others that the pony herd had been stampeded, this latter belief originating from the cries of one warrior to the effect that his horses had been stolen. None could see twenty yards through the stormy night and those in one part of the village believed the uproar at other spots indicated the source of danger. Armed warriors dashed about, seeking the center of trouble.

Meanwhile Hunter was riding east toward Pawnee country as fast as his stolen mounts could run. If any Cheyennes had taken his trail at once they could work it out but slowly in the night and would inevitably lose it within a few miles as the storm covered his tracks. The best they could do was to ride on toward Pawnee country in the hope of overtaking the fugitive.

After an interval Hunter veered gradually to the north and eventually a bit more to the west, doubling back on his course. Throughout the night he forged on through the storm, changing from one Cheyenne horse to the other at frequent intervals. By dawn he had covered fifty miles, and there was not so much as a film of smoke anywhere within sight when the sun rose over a white world to announce that the blizzard had ended.

Hunter's bull-hide shield, bearing his heraldic device of uplifted arm and knife, was unearthed by Indian dogs a few days later as a party of Cheyennes rode past the spot where he had camped on the night that his horses had deserted; and from this they knew that their daring visitor had been Big Mandan, which was in accord with what they had heard of him.

Spring was breaking and the flowers were pushing through at the foot of the snowdrifts as he rode northwest after crossing the divide between the Sweetwater and the Green. It was from three mountain men, whose trail he crossed when almost at his destination, that Hunter heard the devastating news. They were discussing it among themselves, believing that he, too, already knew of it. A party of Flatheads had visited Big Mack's post only to find that it had been sacked and burned by the Blackfeet, its occupants slaughtered to the last one. The remains in the ruins had left no doubt of that, though the bodies had been charred beyond recognition. It had occurred four or five days before.

Hunter listened as Shoshone visitors recited the details. The post was but three sleeps away and some of the Shoshones were intending to make the trip to the spot to see for themselves what the Flatheads had seen a few days before. Hunter made no comment, but rode away from the camp at sundown.

"His tongue uttered no words, but his eyes spoke," the headman of the Shoshones stated. He tapped his forehead with a forefinger. "It was madness that shone from his eyes. Do you think that he is touched by the Great Spirit?"

"Likely," one of the mountain men assented. "Anyway, thar's hell in his soul, and it was staring out through his eyes."

The Shoshones departed at dawn, but on the evening of the third day they returned, stating that other Indians had reported the presence of a band of Blackfeet in the neighborhood. Undoubtedly this was the same crew that had sacked the post, as there was little likelihood that two war parties of Blackfeet had crossed the ranges to invade Shoshone country so early in the spring. The returning Indians also reported having found two dead Blackfeet. The victims had been following a well-beaten trail and had been shot down from ambush. A tree near at hand had been freshly inscribed with an X and a series of notches.

"It was the work of Big Mandan," the headman of the Shoshone party declared. The Shoshones had a vast admiration for the prowess of Big Mandan. Also, they cordially despised all Blackfeet, and the Shoshone's next utterance, taking the shape of a prophecy, was fathered by the wish: "Big Mandan is the greatest of all warriors. Whoever is touched by Manitou becomes gifted with cunning beyond that of a human. Before Big Mandan has done with this he will have taken a Blackfoot scalp for every yellow hair that grew from the head of Hair-that-shines. That is a great many. It may even be that he will kill all the Blackfeet and free the earth of their scourge. Who can tell?"

XVII

THE first hint that Ann McKenzie had of impending trouble was when two Blackfeet warriors appeared in the open doorway and stepped into the cabin where she sat beside the bed of her father. Big Mack had grown steadily weaker and the greater part of his time was now spent in a sleep so deep and childlike as to resemble the stillness of death. His daughter knew that the end could not be far away.

She motioned the two Blackfeet to silence by placing a finger upon her lips. It was unlikely that their voices would wake her father from his deep slumber, but she did not care to risk it, preferring that he should sleep until later in the day. The two savages shook their heads in token of sympathy. It had not been unusual for Flatheads and Snake Indians to step into Big Mack's room to express condolence upon his weakness. They had liked Big Mack, the Snakes and Flatheads had, but this was the first time that Blackfeet had entered. So engrossed had she been with her father that their appearance in the doorway brought the first realization that Blackfeet had come that morning to the post to trade. She had not observed events outside the McKenzie cabin. The two warriors wore their buffalo robes, she noticed, as they stood looking down at the slumberer.

The new factor of the post had abolished the custom of insisting that Blackfeet shed their robes before entering the stockade to trade. The big English fur companies were much more constructive than the average American trader in their relations with the Indians. The American idea, from the very nature of the trade—with numerous rival concerns and a host of free traders competing in the fur traffic—was to harvest all possible fur each season regardless of consequences or the future relation with the various tribes. Each free trader conducted his business as he saw fit, and it was inevitable that in the course of such haphazard methods many instances of real or fancied ill treatment of various savage tribes at the hands of the traders should arise. The big English companies, looking upon their business as one of permanence,

(Continued on Page 77)

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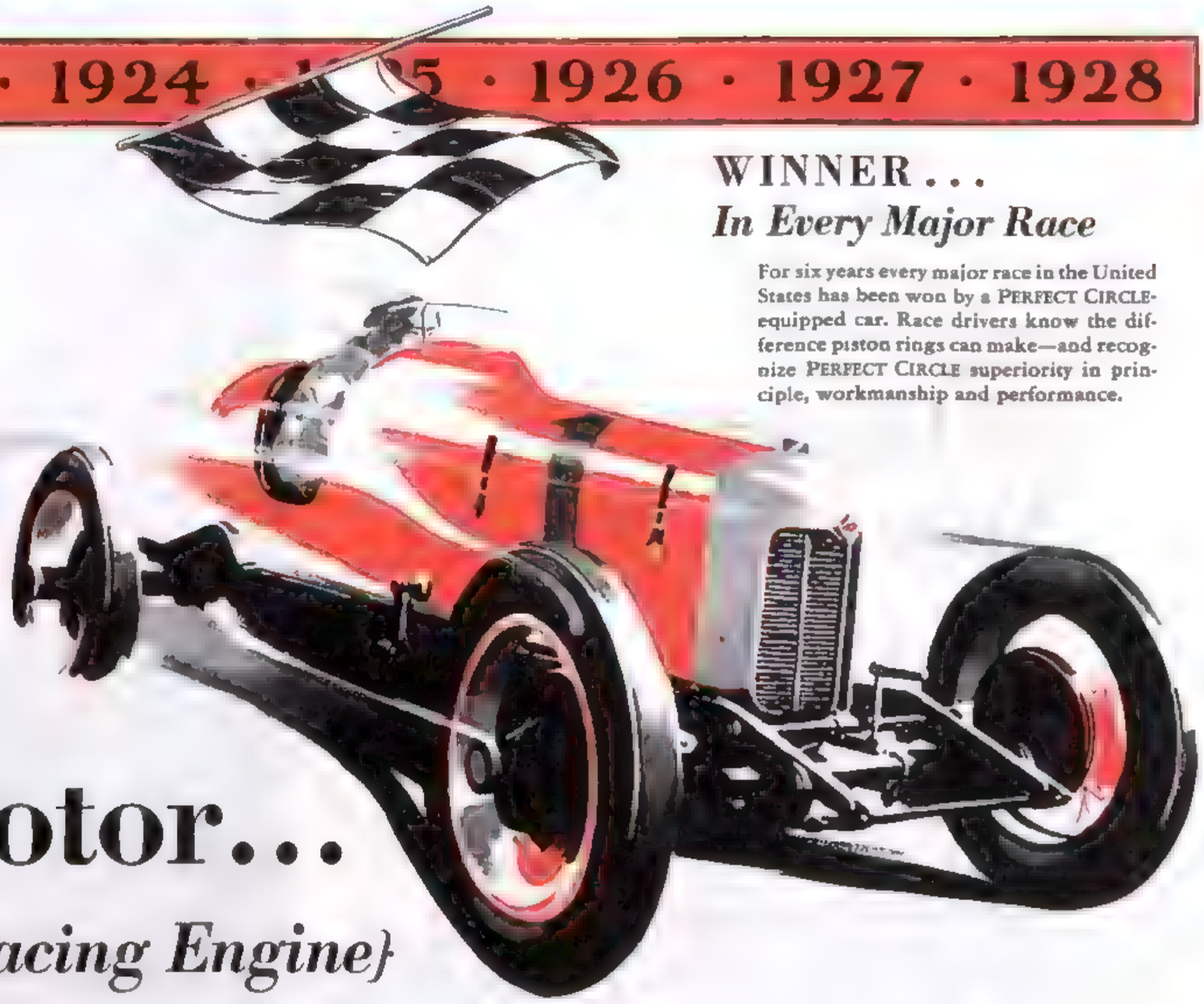

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(Continued from Page 72)

could see that the future prosperity of their concerns was dependent upon continued friendly relations with the Indians among whom they traded. They were adepts at avoiding hostilities and there was less than a tenth the clashes between their traders and Canadian tribes that there were between American traders and the Western Indians.

The new factor at Big Mack's post, true to the traditions of his company, insisted that to treat the Blackfeet with suspicion was to breed treachery. Former precautions had been abolished. Ann McKenzie had pointed out in vain the fact that Blackfeet, having remained at war with all white men from the beginning, had but little conception of the difference between English and Americans; that a white man was a white man and consequently considered an enemy regardless of governmental affiliations; that treachery was the Blackfeet's idea of clever strategy. The factor had insisted upon following the usual policy of treatment that had been the rule of his company.

It was no surprise therefore when the girl noticed that the Blackfeet wore their robes. Her thoughts were upon her sleeping father. Some day soon he would fall into a heavy slumber such as claimed him now and would fail to wake.

The blow fell without warning. There were three shots, the muffled roar indicating that they had been fired from within some one of the buildings. On the instant one of the Blackfeet drew a pistol and put a ball through the brain of the sleeping man. Big Mack did not even open his eyes and witness the seizing of his much-beloved daughter by two stalwart savages.

The girl fought desperately, but her hands were pinioned by the two powerful Blackfeet. She sank her teeth in one's forearm in an effort to loosen his hold so that she might leap to the rifle that reposed above the door on deerhorn pegs, but the savage merely freed one hand and struck her a stunning blow on the temple. All on the outside was in uproar, shots mingling with cries of the stricken and the vengeful whoops of the victors. The girl's wrists were pinioned behind her, lashed fast with rawhide thongs, and she was dragged from the cabin into the scene of carnage within the stockade. A squaw, the wife of one of the guards, was struck down by a Blackfoot warrior as she fled from her cabin. She was the last to fall, so quickly had the massacre been accomplished.

The coup had been carefully planned and perfectly executed. Some forty Blackfeet had entered the stockade, most of them strolling about casually while a few entered the main building to trade. A half dozen had squatted on their heels to converse with the two men on duty at the gates. Several had entered the various cabins after the fashion in which the two had invaded the McKenzies' premises. The three shots that had slain the factor and his two helpers within the main building had been the signal for a concerted onslaught. Savages had been strategically stationed within arm's reach of every occupant of the stockade when the signal was given. In an incredibly short space of time every soul had been slain save Big Mack's daughter, and she knew it would have been far better if she had been struck down. If possessed of a weapon and one hand free to use it she would have taken her own life instantly; but a powerful hand gripped her bound wrists from behind and she was helpless as an infant.

The Blackfeet were busily engaged in looting the post and the cabins of every article of value. Among a group that guarded the open gates of the stockade stood a tall savage who had not thrown aside his robe. Evidently he had directed the affair without taking an active part in it. The face of every warrior was painted beyond recognition even at close range, and the identity of those out by the gate naturally could not be determined at that distance. A gust of wind blew aside the robe of the savage who seemed to be in command. In that brief flash the captive saw, hanging at the man's left side, a twisted arm and the palm of a hand that faced outward. Leroux, then, had planned this deed.

As her captors propelled the girl toward the gate the man caught his robe closer about him and left the group, striding toward the ponies a hundred yards or so from the stockade. Mounting, he rode into the timber and disappeared, believing that he had not been recognized.

The captive was forced to accompany the savages until they reached a small Blackfoot village that had been erected within the past few days a mile or more from the sacked trading post. She was secured to a small tree, her hands lashed behind it. The Blackfeet were aware of the suicidal tendencies of white captives. Many a one had been known to seize knife or gun from one of his captors and put an end to his own life. Some had thrown themselves from canoes, bound as they were, and had drowned themselves. Others had made sudden rushes and dived over declivities to light headfirst upon the rocks. No longer was a white captive permitted the least freedom of movement.

Vindictive squaws tore the prisoner's clothing from her and made passes before her eyes with knives and war hatchets, missing her narrowly in their efforts to make her flinch. A half-grown child lashed her bare flesh with a willow switch until cuffed aside by a squaw. Her captors discussed her fate. Having learned something of their language, she understood the most of the conversation. Her lot would be first degradation, then prolonged agony at the stake.

Among them she now recognized many of those who had been wont to come to the post with Leroux. That they hated her savagely as the instigator of the restrictions that had been enforced prior to the advent of the new factor, she was well aware. Also word of the atrocities perpetrated by this band had come to her ears from the Flatheads and the Snakes. Her very soul shrank from the thought of the awful ordeal that awaited her. She had no hope of mercy at the hands of this crew, her only prayer being that she might not live too long under their fiendish ministrations.

Ann McKenzie came of stern pioneer stock. All her life she had faced without fear all manner of hardship and the prospect of sudden death. But no mortal lived who was so brave as to contemplate such an ordeal as that before her without knowing stark horror. So drawn with terror was her whole being that she was scarcely conscious of her exposure to the eyes of the assembled savages. All minor or acquired refinements of emotion had been obliterated by that greatest of the three basic emotions to which all flesh is heir—stark fear.

She hoped with all her heart that one of the tormenting squaws would misgauge her distance in one of the blows aimed to miss the head of the captive—that in the excitement some arm might overreach and drive a war hatchet into her brain. The squaws soon desisted from this pastime of trying to add to their captive's terror. The hours passed and no hand had dealt harm to her. Children bent upon inflicting hurt upon her helpless person were ordered away by the guarding squaws.

When night came the girl was bound hand and foot and permitted to sleep upon a robe spread on the floor of a lodge. Even then she was carefully guarded. At intervals during the next two days her hands were freed so that she might partake of food and water. Great care was exercised, however, to see that no solid article that might serve as a weapon was within her reach. She drank to quench her burning thirst, but refused all food. Each day of starvation would reduce by a fraction her powers of resistance, she hoped, so that she might not last so long when the hour of her ordeal arrived.

On the morning of the third day of her captivity a voice spoke to her in English, and Leroux stood looking down upon her.

"Cover her," he instructed a squaw, and the Indian woman threw a robe across the bound white woman.

"I have been gone for many months, Nepanamo, building a new post in the north," Leroux said. "Only last night, having returned to a Blackfoot village for some of my equipment, I heard the news. I traveled all night to reach you and it seems that I was none too soon. Today was to have been set aside as your last one for the entertainment of your captors. They hate you, as you well know, and I may not be able to dissuade them from their purpose."

"Can you induce them to kill me at once, quickly, instead of slowly at the stake? It is all I ask."

"Will you come to the new post as my wife if I save you from these fiends?" he demanded.

"No," she said.

"You know what's in store for you," he stated. "You have heard. In the hour before your torture you will become the property of a dozen Blackfeet, who will accomplish your degradation before they accomplish your death. Is it not better to belong to one white man, even though you have no love for him, and live, than to belong to a swarm of savages that you despise, and die?"

She recalled Leroux's prophecy at the time of their last meeting more than a year before. It had been to the effect that the next time her eyes should rest upon him she would consider him a welcome vision. Even then he had been planning to do this thing and gain possession of her by force if his end could be accomplished in no other way. Instantly it was clear to her why every other soul at the post had been slain on the spot while she alone had been taken alive. She had supposed that her fate would be the same that had been dealt to thousands of pioneer women who had been captured by savages east of the Mississippi in the past. Now she knew that she had not been reserved as a sacrifice to savage cruelty but as Leroux's own victim.

Big Mack's daughter was driven by no Puritan conscience that would scourge her for such hairsplitting as allying herself to a falsehood by means of equivocation no matter how laudable the purpose. This monster was a blot on the face of the earth. By his last deed he was directly responsible for the massacre of her well-beloved father and her friends at the post. If by temporizing she could gain opportunity to put an end to this fiend and rid the earth of him, then she would devote every fiber of her being to that end.

"Only by declaring that I wish to take you as my squaw will the Blackfeet be made to understand why I would save you," Leroux explained.

"It is true, what you say," she returned. "One man, and life, is to be preferred to many men—and death."

"Then you agree?" Leroux demanded.

"Not yet," she denied. "I am thinking." Relieved of the immediate pressure of terror at the prospect of being sacrificed at the stake, her mind swiftly reverted to its normal activity. Any pretense of a sudden change in her feeling of aversion for Leroux would but serve to convince him of her deceit. "I have no liking for you, as you know."

"That will change when you come to realize that I have saved you from a most terrible end," he urged.

Was it possible, she wondered, that Leroux—with the fatuousness with which all humankind trusts that the object of affection will come to reciprocate the feeling despite all obstacles imagined that her desperate loathing for him could be converted into even the semblance of toleration? Leroux was no fool. He knew well the mettle of his prisoner. He could, of course, take her by force, but only as a bound and closely guarded captive. Under such circumstances the first second of opportunity would be devoted to desperate effort to take both his life and her own. Only by winning her consent, however gained and no matter how unwillingly given,

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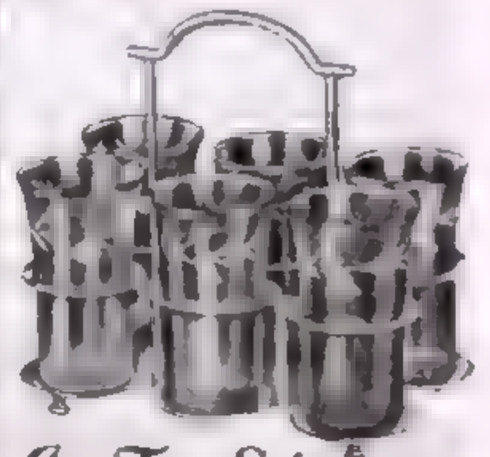

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could he hope to make his relations with her of any considerable duration. This knowledge flashed through her mind as the reason why he chose to bargain instead of command when she was already captive to him. In the final analysis he would command, but it was to his advantage to bargain.

"The thought appalls me," she said. "Yet the other alternative is worse. If I agree you must give me time. My father has just been slain. If you promise to give me two months to recover from my grief it may be that my dislike of you will grow less. If you agree not to touch me before then, I will go with you to the new post and will agree to do as you say at the end of that time if we both live."

In her heart she took oath that neither of them would be alive at the expiration of that time. Leroux had nothing to lose and everything to gain by agreeing to her proposal. As a bound captive, taken by force, she would be a fighting, dangerous proposition, and her every moment would be spent in watching her chance to end it.

"It is done," he agreed. "But meanwhile you will be guarded."

With a dozen of his followers he started out with her for the new post in the north. Not for so much as a second was she permitted to be within reach of a weapon or to walk or ride alone near the edge of a declivity over which she might throw herself. At night a watchful savage sat by her robes, alert to her slightest move. Her loathing for the monstrous Wolf-strike became an obsession as tales of his atrocities recurred to her—of women and children taken into captivity during his reign on the Upper Mississippi and dealt the fate which she had been spared.

She prayed only for the opportunity to rid the earth of his presence and to end her own existence in the same second, thus thwarting his savage henchmen. If only she might push him from the brink of a cliff and leap after him herself; if she could but grapple with him in a canoe and sink with him, her grip, she felt, would not relax even in death. But as her fertile mind devised such plans his own cunning brain conceived their possibility and not an instant of opportunity was afforded her throughout the journey.

At the end of a month of steady travel they reached the new post, and, closely guarded within the stockade by day, guarded within her cabin by night, the opportunity that she sought seemed even more remote. Leroux lived up to his agreement to take no advantage of her helplessness until the expiration of the two months, when, it was clear to her, he would insist that she make good her promise. Her hope that his vigilance would be relaxed by so much as a second seemed ill founded. If anything, his watchfulness increased

XVIII

A CANADIAN brigade, captained by Buckley, camped near the sacked trading post. Buckley's blood boiled with helpless rage at the thought of Big Mack and his daughter being buried there among the charred ruins. Had there been the slightest hope of overtaking the marauders before they could reach the heart of the Blackfoot country in and beyond the ranges to the east, the Canadian would have dropped all other business on the instant and led his brigade on the war trail.

There was indisputable evidence that the Blackfeet were guilty of this outrage. An encampment numbering perhaps fifteen lodges of those miscreants had been removed from the timber a mile or so from the post at about the time of the massacre, which Buckley estimated as having occurred about two weeks before, and the trail of the marauders led east into the great ranges. They were now safe in the heart of their own country. Any brigade that followed that trail to the end would be pounced upon by thousands of Blackfeet warriors, and Buckley had fewer than fifty men.

While heartsick and raging at the massacre, Buckley attached no special significance to it, accepting it merely as fresh evidence that the Blackfeet would keep the peace with no whites, regardless of nationality. The post had been an isolated one, which seemed sufficient reason for its having been the object of the attack at a time when no Canadian brigades were in the vicinity. There seemed no sound reason for believing that this particular post had been singled out from any deeper motive than the bare fact that it had been an easy one to attack.

The Canadians gave the remains of the victims, charred beyond all identification, a Christian burial. Buckley formed the brigade in two ranks and gave the order for a final salute. As the forty-odd guns roared as one, a tall figure emerged from the edge of the timber and strode toward the brigade. The lone traveler was at first mistaken for a savage. A pistol butt protruded from the top of one legging, a scalping knife and war hatchet were thrust through his belt and he carried the latest make of double-barreled rifle. A cluster of fresh scalps hung at his belt. Buckley recognized the man as he drew near.

"It is Breckenridge—Big Mandan," he said.

Breckenridge nodded to Buckley as he surveyed the scene, grasping the significance of that fresh mound of earth and the firing of the recent volley. A small English flag, no larger than a pocket handkerchief, such a one as was distributed among the Indians by the Canadian *voyageurs*, marked the grave. Hunter drew forth an even smaller edition of the American flag, attached it to a willow and planted it beside the other. Thus, in that obscure grave, did the victims repose beneath the two flags that for half a century past had floated above opposing forces but were destined henceforth to be significant of brotherhood wherever in the world they should be unfurled.

"You have done what I was on my way to do," Hunter said to Buckley.

"And you," said the Canadian, eying the fresh scalps, "have done what we were too late to do."

"I was too late myself," said Hunter. "When I heard of it, it seemed certain that the Blackfeet, fearing reprisals by some Canadian brigade, would retreat to their own country: so instead of coming here, I struck straight north, hoping to be ahead of them. I found the trail, two days old, but managed, by following it for five days, to cut off a few laggards who had dropped behind. It would be useless for you to take up the trail. They have crossed the mountains."

"That is what I knew," Buckley said.

Hunter had little more to say, eating the evening meal with the Canadian brigade and preparing to camp overnight with Buckley's men. He took a seat beside him at the fire after the meal.

"I believe that Leroux was at the bottom of this massacre," he declared. "He is with the Blackfeet and used to bring a small party here to trade. He hated Big Mack and everyone at the post."

"I doubt that he had anything to do with it," Buckley said. "I will tell you why. It was in my mind to tell you in any event. One of my Indians belongs to one of the numerous small tribes of the Flathead salmon eaters that dwell far to the north of here along the tributaries of the Upper Columbia and the Fraser River. He has been with the brigades on and off for years. While on a visit to his people and their relative tribes he heard that a new post was being opened in their country in the interests of the company. The name of the white man in charge of operations he could not recall; but it was not Leroux. He swears, however, that the man is none other than Leroux, whom he had once seen with my brigade. If he is right, then Leroux could not be down here among the Blackfeet. And if you recall, there has been no

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

word of him being among them for some six or eight months. If that is true, then what my Indian says may check out."

Hunter nodded. "But I've heard it said that the company blacklisted him," he said. "It was your own report that he was denounced as Wolf-strike the night he killed McAndrews—that and the fact that Big Mack kicked him out of this very post—that caused the company to blacklist him. How, then, could he go back into the employ? Even though under another name, he would be known."

"Leroux's operations were all far to the east, near Lake Winnipeg. His only trip west of the great ranges was the one with my brigade. Only the men of my brigade knew him. My men have affiliated with the tribes on the Salmon and the Snake, taking wives among them, as the company has always encouraged them to do. Naturally these same men of mine are sent always among the tribes with which they have friendly relations that far south, never among strange tribes to the north. That is the company way. Those far northern Flatheads are the poorest of all brigaders. They are of small use for anything save salmon catching. It is mere chance that probably the only one of them with a brigade should chance to have been with mine, the one which Leroux accompanied to the Black Fork of the Green. None other of my men would have gone so far north. It was sheer chance that he was recognized. No doubt he approached some Western official of the company to whom he was unknown, giving another name and offering to open a post in that isolated region. You see?"

"But eventually he would be recognized," Hunter objected.

"There is that chance, certainly," Buckley conceded. "But very few white men would be apt to go there. Even so, he is running fewer chances of being recognized there as against the certainty of being recognized on the American side. All you *voyageurs* come up the Missouri and spread widely. The Canadian fur business is one of more permanence. The employes of the company shift about far less, being kept in the region where they have affiliated with the local Indians. You Americans travel everywhere. On this side he had but one chance to survive—by living indefinitely among the Blackfeet. He would accept the lesser chance."

"Probably," Hunter agreed. His heart was dead within him as he thought of the golden-haired woman whose charred body, vibrant with life so short a time before, now reposed with the others beneath that fresh mound. He could not shake the matter from his thoughts for a single second and his words were almost automatic: "Yes, he might do that."

"I had intended to go there myself on my return north in the fall," Buckley said, "and, if it proved to be Leroux, to shoot him down myself and report the matter to the company. You could go now. Why don't you?"

That sort of activity, he thought, might serve at least as a partial outlet for the rage and grief bottled in the breast of the man before him and showing only in his eyes.

"I will," Hunter agreed. "If it is Leroux he will have Blackfeet with him. I shall take their scalps as well as his."

"Be careful on that score," Buckley cautioned. "The company keeps peace with its Indians. Friendly relations with all tribes, not war, is the keynote of its policy—and a good one. The company loses no consignments of trade goods or returning cargoes of fur through hostilities with the natives, as you Americans do. This is the first British post that has been attacked in many a moon—and that was done by American Indians. It would be one thing to kill the monster Leroux; quite another for an American to go far into Canadian territory and slay Indians that are in company employ, regardless of the tribe to which they belong. You might find yourself outlawed if you should go in for that. I'm advising you to confine your campaign to Leroux and to let the Indians in his employ alone."

Hunter nodded agreement. He knew that Buckley contributed this wise counsel in the friendliest spirit, but he was in no mood to care particularly. He had no plans beyond his determination to hunt Blackfeet as another might hunt the beaver. He was not yet able by so much as a fraction to adjust himself to his recent loss and to contemplate the future. Since hearing the news of the massacre he had practically forgotten the existence of the post in the Pawnee country. The doors of fortune, opened so invitingly to him, had no further allure. What would a fortune benefit him now without Hair-that-shines to share it with him?

He still believed that in some way Leroux had instigated this massacre through his hatred for Big Mack. And where Leroux was to be found, there also would be found a little band of Blackfeet. Hunter would journey to that new post to determine if what the Indian said were true. If so he would kill Leroux and such Blackfeet as were with him. Then he would return through the edge of the Blackfoot country, avoiding large parties and cutting off stragglers and little groups. Beyond that he made no plans.

"If it is Leroux," he said to Buckley, "rest assured that I shall kill him."

He could not sleep so near that fresh mound beneath which reposed all that was left of the woman he had cherished above all else on earth. He sat throughout the night, staring into the dying embers of the fire, and the superstitious ones among the men of the brigade shuddered at what they saw in his eyes.

At dawn Hunter started north, following the directions given him by Buckley's Indian. It was not long before he discovered that a small band of Indians had preceded him by some two weeks. At first he thought that the trail was that of Snakes or Flatheads; then, from bits of discarded equipment, he knew it for the trail of a dozen or so prowling Blackfeet. He followed naturally the line of least resistance, choosing the lowest passes at the heads of the valleys as unerringly as a wild thing. And that common faculty rendered his way easier, for the game, converging at difficult spots, had left well-worn game trails for him to follow.

It was not until the fourth day that he attached any significance to the trail of the little party of Blackfeet. But on that day he encountered it again on a game trail that traversed a lofty saddle, and it occurred to him that the party also had been following the line of least resistance, as he had himself, and that it held persistently to the route that had been described to him by Buckley's Indian as the most feasible.

Was it possible, he wondered, that this was the trail of some of the miscreants who had engaged in the massacre? Had they been dispatched for the purpose by Leroux and were they now returning to him to report? The trail was about two weeks old and he had first seen it within a dozen miles of the looted post. Prior to that he had paid but little heed to it. Now he followed it for a distance.

Round noon he came to a spot where the party had made an overnight stop. He gave the vicinity a searching examination. And suddenly, quite by accident, he made a discovery that chilled his blood, then sent it boiling hotly through his veins. Rising from a minute inspection of the ground where one of the savages seemed to have slept, what felt like a cobweb suspended from a low-hanging limb swung against his face. He lifted a hand to brush it off, still stooping to avoid the branch, then stared at the thing in his hand. It was a long golden hair almost a yard in length. An inspection of the branch revealed two others snarled among the twigs. Undoubtedly the scalp of Hair-that-shines had been suspended from that branch on the night the miscreants had camped here. They were on their way to the archfiend with evidence to prove that they had carried out his

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EDWARD J. STEICHEN

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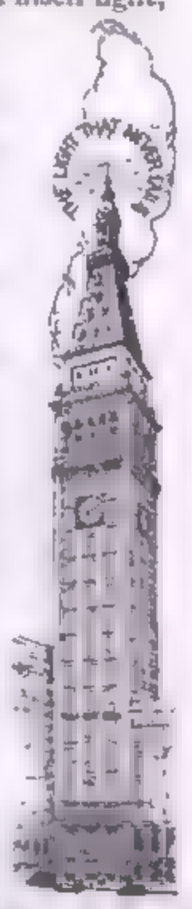

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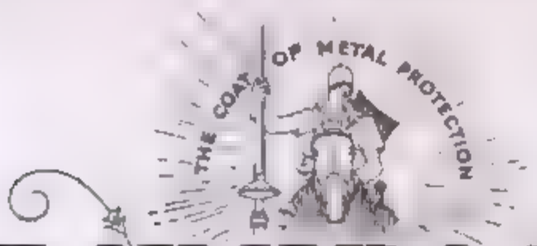

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"IT LEAFS"

orders. He could find little else round the spot, the signs having been almost obliterated during the two weeks that had passed.

His rage and grief knew no bounds. He came now to a country of many streams on each of which some tribe or another of the salmon eaters, grouped generally as Flatheads, were engaged in harvesting the first spring run of salmon. The big runs would not come up the streams from the Pacific until later. He could not speak any of the numerous dialects of the salmon-eating peoples of these parts, but had no difficulty in following the route mapped out for him by Buckley's Indian.

He turned off to the east up a stream whose course was obstructed by a falls beyond which the salmon could not ascend. The valley that led back into the mountains, being salmonless, was not the site of any permanent village of the salmon eaters. It was just such a retreat as Leroux might seek. His Indians could trap the higher mountain valleys. The company, knowing it to be his range, would send no brigade there to trap the same country. It was too efficiently managed to engage in such duplication of effort. And heading up the course of this valley, Hunter found again, for the first time in ten days, the trail of that miscreant band. Any lingering trace of doubt was washed from his mind. He turned his horses out to shift for themselves, knowing they would take the back track, cached his saddle and extra equipment and proceeded on foot. One day above the falls, he sighted the new post.

It was located in a spot where it was most difficult to approach it unseen, situated on the shore of a lake a mile across. On the land side it was flanked for half a mile by open grassy meadow in which the horses of its occupants were grazing. Hunter kept within the timber on the edge of the valley until he reached the lake. From behind the trees that flanked that shore of it, he surveyed the post on its meadow side. The small stockade, not more than fifty yards in extent, had been built of light poles, since among the salmon eaters of the north there was little spirit of hostility and the occupants of the post were most unlikely to be forced to withstand a siege. There were but two small dirt-roofed log cabins within the inclosure. Evidently the Indians lived in tepees, the tips of several, smoke curling lazily from their smoke venta, appearing above the walls of the stockade. The gate on the lake side opened and a figure advanced to the shore to procure water in a skin or birch-bark pail.

Far up the timbered slope of the valley, removed from all game trails and probable routes of travel, Hunter prepared his lair—a brush-and-bark wikiup in which he could roll up in his single buffalo robe and have a measure of shelter from the elements.

With the coming of night he descended and skirted the lake, keeping well back from it so that his moccasins might leave no tracks on the sod of the meadow. There was little likelihood that there would be night guards on the gates in this friendly country. Nevertheless, he approached the stockade with the stealth of a night-prowling cat, keeping to the down-wind side lest his scent should be carried to the noses of any possible Indian dogs that might reside there. The party whose trail he had seen from time to time during his journey had been unaccompanied by dogs. He hoped that those of the outfit who had remained here instead of joining the raid, if there were any such, should prove to be likewise without dogs.

The last thing that would occur to Leroux was that his men had been followed to this distant spot. It was now some five weeks since the massacre. Hunter had traveled fast and had been three weeks on the trail. The marauders had started some two weeks before him, but could not have reached this spot very many days in advance of him. The spacing of their night camps had revealed the fact that they had not made long, forced marches between camps.

Hunter had no particular plan. His bottled rage demanded action. He thought some of swinging himself over the stockade, striking down the first man he encountered in the night, shooting down the next three with his pistol and the double-barreled rifle, then fading again into the night before the other occupants realized what it was all about. Later, he would conduct a one-man siege, shooting down all who ventured forth from the stockade.

He breathed easier as he reached the log fence without a dog's having barked. As he peered between two of the uprights he could make out the vague shapes of several tepees and the two cabins. The fires were all within the tepees, none being kindled in the open. Hunter heard voices conversing in Blackfoot. Presently the door of one of the cabins opened, revealing a dim light within. The man outlined in the doorway spoke in English. The voice was Leroux's. Hunter's spine prickled, as if the long-dormant cells of hairs that once grew along the spines of his ancestors now sought to bristle into a fighting roach.

Then, quite without warning, his whole being was flooded with a wild mixture of conflicting emotions. A voice, the words themselves being indistinct, reached his ear in answer to the man. The tones were the same throaty, slightly husky notes to which he had listened round the fires on the shores of the distant Missouri and again in the brush wikiups outside the stockade of Big Mack's fort. No other voice could so affect him. Yet he had for so long believed her to be dead that his mind could not instantly grasp the fact that she still lived, could not so quickly readjust itself to this amazing comprehension.

A wave of great thankfulness surged through him, accompanied by a vicious current of rage that she should be held captive by Leroux. So shaken was he that, crafty warrior though he was, he had grasped the top of the stockade in the first act of throwing himself over it and going to her at once, striking Leroux down where he stood. Such an incautious move would have been fatal, but he was almost committed to the deed by his emotions before reason could reassert itself.

The one thing that held him back was the fact that her voice reached his ears again, and he stood motionless, straining to catch her words. This he failed to do, but in that instant reason crept through the seething furnace of his emotions and stayed his hand. He could not defeat all who were inside that stockade and escape with her. His former plan, to strike down all that he could and escape to strike again another day, was now untenable.

Swiftly now, since his discovery would mean a hundredfold more than it would have meant one minute past, he moved silently from the stockade and returned to his secret wikiup in the depths of the forested slopes. Throughout the night he sat there, staring sightlessly out into the black shadows of the forest as he mapped out his campaign. One after another he discarded half-formed plans. At last he knew what he must do.

There were no less than a dozen Blackfeet in that stockade—possibly more. He could not enter it until some night when there were but four men present. Then he could strike down the first, account for the remaining ones with three quick shots from his pistol and the double-barreled gun and have the field to himself. A greater chance than that he must not permit himself to take. Meanwhile none who should leave that stockade to wander any distance would ever return to it again.

From that moment on, the occupants of the stockade, without being in the least aware of it, were marked for death. From within the edge of the forest keen eyes were trained constantly upon those log walls to observe any among the dwellers who might venture forth to hunt upon the mountain trails.

On the first day two Blackfeet crossed the lake by canoe and struck out through the forest to hunt for deer. That night a silent figure haunted the walls of the stockade to determine if the failure of these two hunters

(Continued on Page 84)

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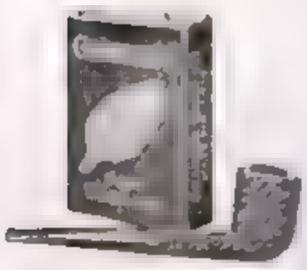

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(Continued from Page 82)

to return had given rise to more than casual conjecture.

"Deer are moving up into the higher hills. No doubt they have followed," an Indian observed to his fellows. "They will return in a day or two."

Satisfied, the shadow moved away from the stockade. Two days thereafter three Blackfeet mounted their ponies and started down country, each leading an extra horse. It was certain that they were headed down to the country below the falls to procure three packs of fresh and dried salmon from the fishing Indians. This was most fortunate. They would not be expected to return for several days. When they were far down the valley, well beyond any distance from which the sound of a gunshot might reach the ears of those in the post, a figure, well back among the trees, was running on a parallel course. It was destined that the three Blackfeet should never reach the salmon fisheries of the lower country, so naturally they would not return.

At night the timber wolves lifted their voices in savage refrain as if in rejoicing over some fresh kill. And from his brush wikiup in the depths of the forest, listening to the devils' chorus, a hunter far more deadly than these midnight serenaders stole forth at dawn on hunting business of his own. For every soul that emerged from that stockade the mountain trails were fraught with deadly peril. But none suspected that certain death lurked in those peaceful ranges until their own second struck, and then it was too late.

XIX

IT WAS known, of course, that the foundation of the Breckenridge fortune had been laid in the Indian trade; but, as in the case of so many other fortunes that had been founded in fur, many of the intimate details were lacking.

Prospectors, soldiers and farmers, cattlemen, gamblers, business men and land seekers poured into the still-new West. There were many curious legends among the Western tribes, and it was given to some of the westward-moving pioneers to hear fragments of ancient tales. Gold seekers, penetrating the lofty mountain ranges of the region that had become known as British Columbia, found the natives of the locality loath to venture into a certain remote valley. It was not good to go there, they insisted.

Pressed for their reasons for this superstition, an ancient Indian explained: More than half a century before, a dozen very bad Indians, led by a ferocious white man known as Wolf-strike, had come to that valley and constructed a post for one of the big trading companies. But the Great Spirit had marked these men for their iniquities. Some secret menace, relentless as death itself, had haunted the hills and stalked the ill-fated ones.

At first all the men were in the stockade. Then some left to hunt and were never seen again. Every man who left the stockade disappeared in some mysterious fashion, never to return. At last but four men were left and they stayed within the stockade. But the stalking death had entered, it would seem. An Indian from the lower fisheries, straying there, had found the four men dead, three of them from gunshots, the infamous Wolf-strike with a knife in his throat. It was said that this stalking menace left no tracks, its trail as invisible as the trail of the trout in the streams and the birds in the air. Others had claimed that it was no stalking death sent by Manitou at all, but instead believed it to be the deadly work of Big Mandan.

"And who," a white prospector inquired, "was this Big Mandan?"

The old native shrugged. Big Mandan, he declared, was Big Mandan; which was to the point, if not enlightening.

Settlers on the Upper Missouri heard from the Indians that way back during the youth of the oldest among them a white man and a white woman had journeyed across the Great Divide to the headwaters of the Missouri, coming from the direction of the setting sun, and had traveled down the length of that stream by canoe. Inquiry elicited the information that the man could have been no other than Big Mandan, the woman Hair-that-shines.

Members of a wagon train that was camped on a creek that flowed to the Columbia found evidence that log buildings and a stockade had been partially burned on that spot many years before. On the face of a sand-rock bluff a mile away certain strange marks were observed. The likeness of an uplifted arm, the hand gripping a knife, had been carved in the rock. There was an X; and from the point of the knife, as if to represent drops of blood, were carved a considerable number of deep nicks. Inquiry was made of local Snake Indians.

"It is said among my people," a native stated, "that it was the work of Big Mandan in his war against the Blackfeet. The nicks are not drops of blood. They are the number of coos he had counted upon his foes at the time of signing."

Some of the oldest residents of St. Louis recalled the arrival of a flotilla of boats containing a fortune in furs, commanded by a few white men and accompanied by forty Pawnee warriors, not one of whom had ever before set eyes on a white man's town; and there had been a wedding, attended by scores of *voyageurs* and the forty Pawnee bucks in full regalia.

Blue-coated cavalry campaigning against the few remaining hostiles of the plains, and Texas cattlemen moving northward across the prairies in search of new range for their cows, found evidence of a former great Indian encampment on the Republican. Also, there was evidence that log structures of some sort, long since destroyed, had stood in the center of the great Indian village. Numerous persons made inquiry as to the nature of that log house.

A great many years before, the Indians informed them, a great white chief named Big Mandan had come to live among the Pawnees. He had taken to wife a beautiful yellow-haired woman—Hair-that-shines. The log house had been their home. The Great Spirit had blessed them with several children and they had resided among the Pawnees for some years. But eventually they had departed toward the land of the rising sun, returning to the country of the white men.

Some who heard fragments of such tales were accorded brief visions of a day long past. They could picture a lone white man surrounded by thousands of swarthy faces, his voice booming forth as he harangued a horde of savages at the council fires; of raiders sweeping across the prairies with a flying cloud of stolen horses; of mighty battles unrecorded and of many another scene of the vanished past.

But there was none to piece together these fragments, or even seriously to connect them. It seemed beyond all reason to credit the man who led Pawnee braves to the Staked Plains and Pecos country to steal horses from the Comanches and Mescalero Apaches with being the same one who had appointed himself the stalking death and left his knife in the throat of the monstrous Wolf-strike among the mountain gorges of British Columbia. It seemed unlikely that the character who was reputed to have led the Mandans in successful forays against the Burnt-thighs and the Assiniboins had also led the Loup Pawnees against the Rees; still more unlikely that the man who had vanquished the mighty Kicking Horse in combat with scalping knives before the eyes of ten thousand assembled savages had declared a single-handed war of his own against the Blackfeet, and so on.

Those who gave the matter any thought believed that Big Mandan and his famous bride, Hair-that-shines, were but two more of the legendary characters prevalent among so many Western tribes. But, as has been said, the Breckenridge fortune was founded in the Indian trade at a very early date. It is written.

(THE END)

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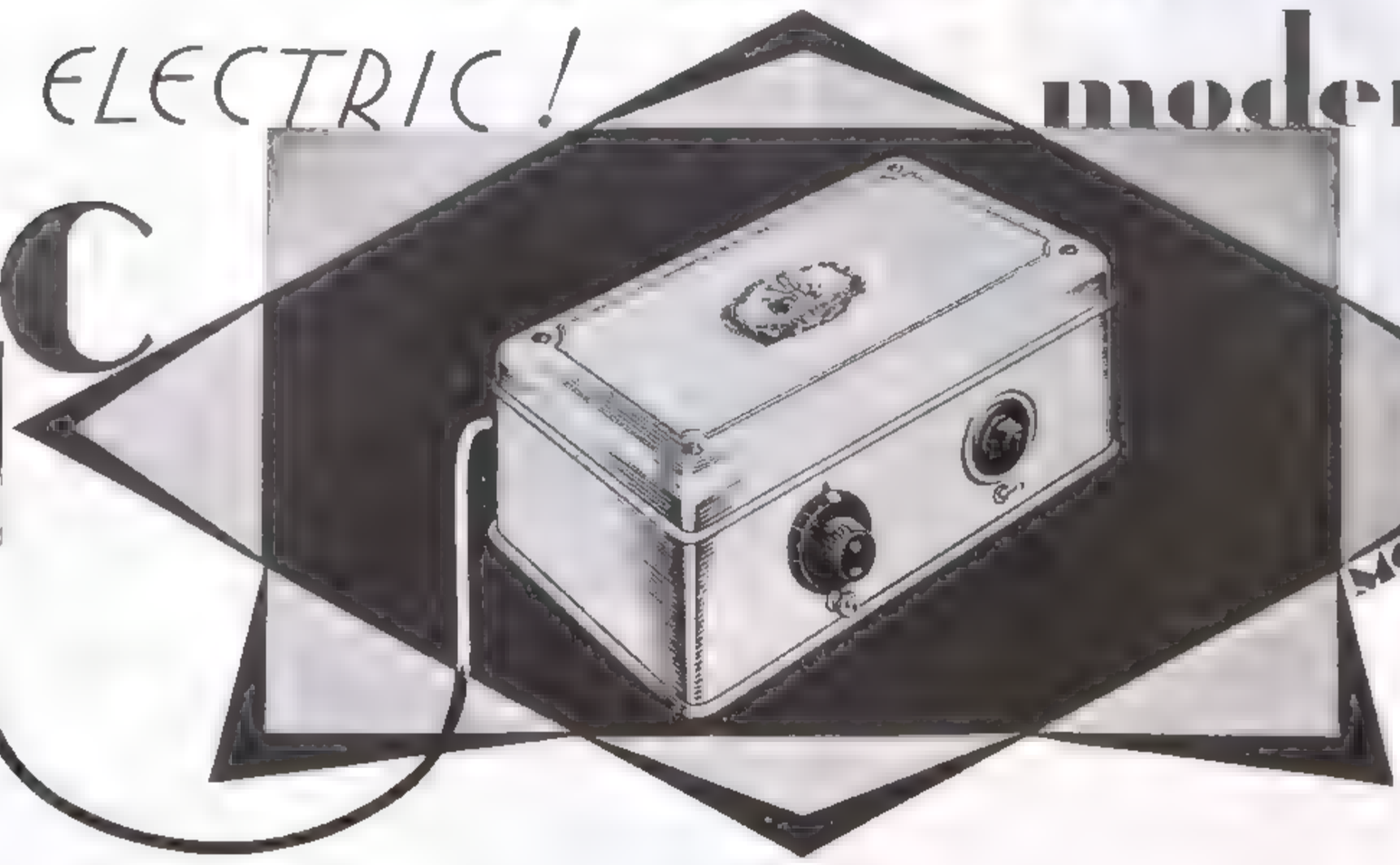

MODEL 37

Six tube Four screen Dual self-contained A. C. set. For use with 110-115 volt, 60 cycle, Alternating Current. Uses six A. C. amplifying tubes, and one rectifying tube

$88

without tubes

Same set, for 25 cycle, A. C., $98

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ONLY four months ago the compact, self-contained Atwater Kent A. C. set was introduced. *Only four months ago!* And already more than 200,000 families are enjoying this simpler and better radio—making a total of more than 1,600,000 Atwater Kent receivers in American homes.

A record! But more than a sales record. A record of satisfaction—of jubilant owners who write us:

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Radio *can* be so good. Let the Atwater Kent A. C. set tell you with its own clear voice. Radio's most thrilling summer is just ahead. The Atwater Kent A. C. set will give you the last tingling pulsation of every one of those thrills.

Get yours now and be ready for the political conventions with the set that's *always* ready. This is going to be a radio campaign. Travel to Kansas City and Houston at the speed of light and at a cost of only a fraction of a cent an hour. Sit up on the platform with the orators. Get down among the delegates and hear the voting. Listen to the bands, the singing. Have at your side a man who knows what's going on every minute and will tell you what it means.

Hear the candidates nominated—and hear them later as they knock at your door to make their plea—by radio. Take in the Tunney-Heeney fight, too. Sit at the ringside with Graham McNamee.

Let the experience of more than 200,000 owners guide you to this simple, modern, beautiful, reliable, wholly satisfying set. Why not see, right away—in time for *tonight's* fine program—just *how* good and inexpensive an electric receiver can be? The nearest Atwater Kent dealer will be glad to help you.

Model 38, without tubes, $125

An extra powerful A. C. set of particular value where distance getting or maximum daylight reception is essential or an inside antenna is necessary. Beautiful tone quality. Universal selectivity. Uses seven A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube

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Radio's truest voice. All parts protected against moisture. Comes in a variety of beautiful color combinations

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What to do for . . .

SPRING FEVER

"Spring fever" sounds rather amusing, till it costs you your job, or makes you fail in final examinations, or something equally serious.

Take the case of the young chap, for instance, who was very nearly fired by his boss for lack of ambition. He'd started off well in the fall, showed great promise, and then around spring just slumped. Hadn't the energy to get out and meet people, lost interest in the job, almost fell asleep over his desk.

The boss called him up on the carpet. "Just spring fever, eh? Well, that's something no good business man can afford to have every year. I cured my young son of it when he was in school. Not with sulphur and molasses. With Nujol. Suppose you try the same thing for a while. I'd like to give you one more chance to make good."

It was surprising how with regular Nujol treatment his lassitude disappeared, his brain cleared up, his old energy and ambition returned. Today he is the boss' right hand man. Responsible for bringing in more business this past spring than any other man in the shop. Sitting pretty for promotion.

* * *

THAT tired feeling isn't just imagination or laziness, by any means. We all of us really do need something to tone up the system in the springtime, after we've been indoors and inactive all winter.

But the home-made dark brown spring tonics of bygone days are all out of style. The modern recipe reads something like this:

"Take a daily dose of sunshine and fresh air, mixed with brisk outdoor exercise. Follow with plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruits and a generous amount of pure water, both internally and externally."

These are all Nature's own ways of keeping you fit. But even Nature needs help at times. That's where Nujol comes in. It accomplishes what even diet and exercise often cannot do alone. It fits right into this modern commonsense health regime. For Nujol is a pure *natural* substance. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). Its effect on the system is not drastic or abnormal. It helps the body to function just the way Nature itself intended.

Just try his plan for the next three months and see if you don't feel better than you ever suspected you could.

The secret is that Nujol helps the system to function as Nature meant it to, even under sedentary conditions. It not only prevents the excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal. It is these poisons that sap the energy, drag us down, give us what we jokingly call "spring fever."

You may think that you don't need a tonic, that you're feeling 100% fit. But just try Nujol regularly for the next three months. And see if you don't feel better than you ever suspected you could. No harm in trying, is there? For Nujol can't possibly upset or hurt you. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs.

* * *

Follow this up-to-date prescription for spring fever. Fresh air. Exercise. Green vegetables. Water. And a daily ration of Nujol. Buy a bottle today, at any good drugstore. Be sure you get the genuine.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

(Continued from Page 12)

of United States senators acting with a few—a very few—politicians and not by the three-o'clock boys at all—the yarn has excellent foundation. The three-o'clock boys had their meeting all right, but it was not a meeting for the purpose of telling. It was a meeting for the purpose of being told.

I happened to be in the vicinity of that room that night at the time the meeting was in progress, having been apprised by a man who attended it that it might be a good plan for a person who was seeking the news of the convention to stick around thereabouts. Not many knew about the meeting at the time of it. As I came along to the anteroom I saw a man sitting alone, waiting. That man was Gen. Leonard Wood, the candidate for the nomination who had the most votes in the convention. I have been going to national conventions for a long time, and have seen and written the wreck of many a man's hopes and ambitions, but I never saw a more depressing political sight than that. Here was a fine big upstanding American of character and caliber waiting the outcome of the deliberations of a handful of men who had grabbed the control of the Republican Party and were getting away with it because nobody stopped them. I knew Wood could not get the nomination. So did he probably. But there he sat.

A Dignified Retreat

Also, we had an excellent story about the three-o'clock boys at the end of the Democratic convention in New York in 1924. There was a grand convention. Everybody in it and nearly everybody attending it went lunatic the minute it opened, and a lot of them seem not to have returned to sanity yet. Fifteen minutes after all the Democrats were in town, proponents of McAdoo started a fire, and immediately the supporters of Smith began throwing gasoline on it. It blazed fiercely for more than a week. Then it began to seep into such political intelligences as were within thirty degrees of normal that if there was to be any salvage of the Democratic Party whatsoever, some effort should be made to put out the fire.

Whereupon the three-o'clock boys went into action, and with the result, of course, that John W. Davis was chosen as fire extinguisher; and in the process, as it turned out, not only extinguished the fire but extinguished himself also. There was a nice little bunch of stories about the strategic and other steps taken before the poison-oak garland was hung around the neck of Mr. Davis, all interesting and eminently worth reading. Exciting a lot of them were, with details of fervid oratory, vast crimination and recrimination, and all this and that in the three spheres of national politics, which are the high, the middle and the low.

Would you believe it, though, that the real story of the origin of the Davis compromise, the real beginning of it that culminated in the work that brought the nomination of Davis about, has no mystery, no strategy, no three A.M. stuff in it at all? Wouldn't that slay you? And there were only two men concerned. Preposterous; but then the truth about politics always is preposterous. It is so commonplace compared to the fiction about politics and the fiction about politicians. The politics of a country can rise no higher than its source, which is the politicians, and there isn't a politician in this country—speaking in terms of real politics and not of this self-seeking, patronage-demanding, logrolling stuff that passes for politics here—who is bigger than a Singer midget.

This is what started the effective Davis movement, the movement that led that personable and eminent citizen to the edge of the cliff and pushed him over: There had been plenty of talk about Davis during the progress of the McAdoo-Smith imbroglio, but it was scattered and inconclusive talk and had no terminal facilities. However, along about the eightieth or the eighty-fifth ballot, when Smith and McAdoo were still clawing at each other, two mornings before the convention nominated Davis, the most powerful single individual in the convention was awakened by a man who came into his bedroom and sat down on the side of his bed, as was his privilege, being an old and intimate friend. It was about eight o'clock.

"What's the idea?" asked the awakened politician.

"When are you going to quit this foolishness?" asked the intruder, countering with a question very pertinent at the moment.

"I don't know when we're going to quit it. How can we quit it? Got any notions about that? Tell me how to quit it and I'll quit in a second."

"Nominate Davis."

"Davis? Why, he's a big corporation lawyer. He's ——"

"Forget that. He's the only solution you have. He's a dignified and a decent way out of this terrible mess."

"But ——"

"But nothing! You've been butting around here for more than a week, disgusting the country and making enormous fools of yourselves, your party and the whole works. Quit it now and get down to brass tacks. Smith cannot be nominated, can he?"

"No."

"Nor McAdoo?"

"No."

"Well, you've got to nominate somebody. And the sooner you get the idea into your heads that the only possible, practical and acceptable solution you have is Davis, the better off you will be. I tell you the only dignified and decent way out is with Davis."

The man in bed turned that proposition over in his mind for a time. "I guess you're right," he finally said, "and I'll do what I can, but it will take a couple of days to pull it off."

Two days later—or, rather, at the night session of the second following day—Davis was nominated on the one hundred and third ballot, and the man who made that nomination possible was the man who had been awakened by his friend two mornings earlier with the suggestion that he get busy along those lines. He was not entirely responsible, of course, for many things had to be done and many men brought into line, but he started and captained the final Davis drive.

With Hard-Boiled Tactics

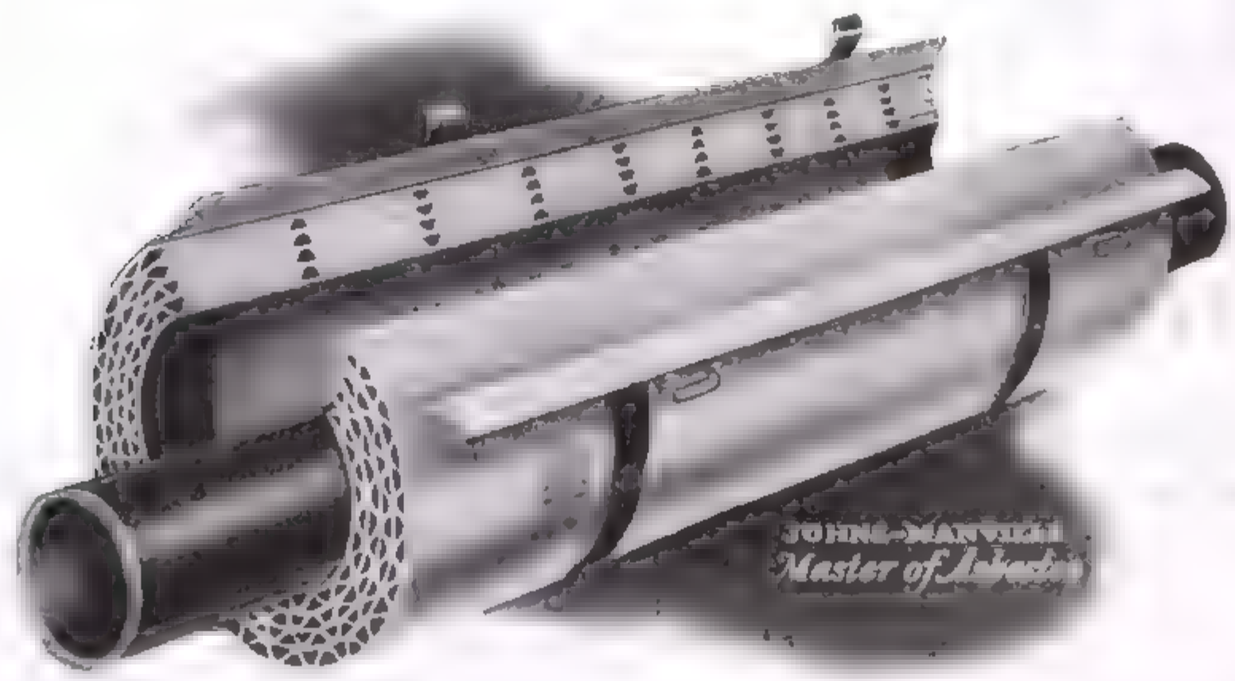
The purpose of these few historical remarks is to show that notwithstanding all the flossy stories we read and hear about the three-o'clock boys and their influence on conventions, the real frame-ups are made by politicians who do not go to the three-o'clock séances, save occasionally to tell the sitters around the big table what is what. Of course there is no chance for either politicians or three-o'clockers except when conventions are open to various candidates, as this one coming will be.

To go back to the beginning of the century, everything was set for McKinley at Philadelphia in 1900, and also Roosevelt had no contestant in 1904. There was a combination called the Allies against Taft in 1908, but Roosevelt was behind Taft and that influence was too powerful for all the rest combined. In 1912 it was different, for then Roosevelt was out for himself, but Roosevelt was not defeated in the regular Republican convention and Taft nominated by any captains of finance and publicists and what not. Taft was nominated over Roosevelt by hard-boiled politicians with hard-boiled tactics. However, it was

(Continued on Page 88)

Can Your House be kept Warm at Reasonable Cost?

Improved Asbestocel is an insulating covering for heater pipes. Dead air cells, enclosed in asbestos by a patented construction, reduce fuel costs



YOU naturally must consider the location, the general appearance and many other points before you decide to buy a house.

Among those of first importance—yet often overlooked—is this question—can the house be kept warm at a reasonable cost?

The boiler may be of the newest design. The steam or hot water pipes may be properly placed. Yet you cannot heat the house without wasting fuel, unless the pipes are insulated with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

When you build your house you will, of course, see that the heater pipes are insulated. But when you buy a house the Improved Asbestocel may have been left out. That will mean many dollars loss, through fuel wasted, many hours of discomfort due to improperly heated rooms.

A pipe alone is not really a passageway for heat. The metal radiates the heat into the cellar, the walls or other useless places. Without insulated pipes you may sometimes keep a house warm, but you will pay for it and pay a stiff price in coal that is as much thrown away as if you tossed it into the ash pile direct from the bin.

With Improved Asbestocel applied the pipes become a confined highway for heat. Held in by asbestos fibres and air cells the heat flows without waste to the radiators—it is just the same whether you use hot water or steam. Asbestocel means more heat from less fuel. Something white wrapped around a pipe does not necessarily mean Improved Asbestocel. Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of asbestos, makes this insulation. It is scientifically designed. It is made of real asbestos. It insures the maximum of heat saving. Insist upon Improved Asbestocel.

The Red Band Identifies It

Before insulation is applied, look for the red band in the inner surface of the end of each section. That shows it is Asbestocel. No other product has the same arrangement of air cells separated by Asbestos.

A heat pipe without Improved Asbestocel is like a porous water pipe. It is one continuous leak. If buying or renting, be sure also that the boiler itself has a proper application of asbestos cement.

Johns-Manville
Improved Asbestocel

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Roofs that never fail . . . From Asbestos rock Johns-Manville fashions sturdy shingles, colorful, everlasting and fireproof. These shingles are the logical roofing for every home. As a new roof they make the first roofing cost the only cost. For repairing you re-roof for the last time if you use Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. The colors of these shingles never fade; rain, sun and fire will not harm them. They give a cottage greater charm, or add to the distinction of a large house.

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Send me your free booklet, "More Heat from Less Fuel."
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Keep Your Money

——till you're convinced. We offer a free 10-day test of this amazing shaving cream to prove our case. You risk nothing

Gentlemen: When we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at our expense

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 10-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

For you cannot shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed unless the product is outstandingly *right* itself.

Once won, men have boosted it

Eighty-five per cent of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it. And these boosters have spread our fame in every city and town. Today we make the fastest selling shaving cream in the world.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other preparations were lacking. 1000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 experiments, we found our present formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for 65 years in soap making, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience — to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time, 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 41 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1501, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

(Continued from Page 86)

wasted effort, for Roosevelt ran as a Progressive and that finished the both of them.

Everything was slated and fixed for Hughes in the 1916 convention, but not all the details were settled when the delegates began arriving. So they turned Dr. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, loose as a compromiser and consoler, in which lines he had no peer, and the convention had an appearance of openness until Doctor Crane had done his work. Then they put over Hughes in jig time, and the politicians did that too. The 1920 convention has been referred to, and the 1924 convention was a set-up for Coolidge.

Three-o'clockers are not wanting among the Democrats, but they have been cramped as to style at most conventions since Bryan's renomination was unescapable in 1900. A contingent of real three-o'clockers got into operation in 1904, but not at the convention—before it. They had things all sewed up for Parker long before the Democrats got to St. Louis. There was no escape from Bryan in 1908 either, and Wilson beat them out at Baltimore in 1912 after a smashing fight led by Bryan against the three-o'clock element and turning largely on Wilson's acceptance of the progressive Bryan idea for temporary chairman and Champ Clark's straddling of it. Wilson was renominated in 1916 with nobody against him, and James M. Cox came out of the 1920 convention, when the Democrats had no chance, anyhow, as did Davis, in the manner related herewith, come out from the 1924 convention, when the Democrats did not have one-tenth of the chance they had when Cox ran.

Mark Hanna rather revamped and refined the idea of purely political control of conventions in 1896, and it has grown from that time to this, until now the idea that the delegates shall have anything to say, *per se*, as to nominations is as archaic as a horse and buggy. In 1888, when the Republican Party got into a tangle in its convention, there was a party conference after five fruitless ballots, and Benjamin Harrison was selected as the nominee. Harrison was renominated in 1892, despite an ill-judged and unfortunate effort by Blaine to get the nomination. Cutting out 1900, 1904 and 1924, the Republicans have had the conventions of 1908, 1912, 1916 and 1920 when there has been a semblance of a free field. In realty, the 1920 convention is the only one of the lot where there actually was a free field at the start, because there was no way to overcome Roosevelt's demand for Taft in 1908, no way to prevent the Roosevelt-Taft row in 1912 and nothing to it but Hughes in 1916.

Time-Tested Tricks

Thus 1920 is the only convention comparable to any great extent to the coming convention this year, and the preliminary point of all this prologue is that, notwithstanding the oft-repeated tale of the earnest and mostly wealthy men who met in that hotel in Chicago at three o'clock in the morning and decided to nominate Harding, those earnest and far from impecunious citizens merely ratified what had been done a bit earlier by a bunch of real politicians—mostly senators.

The real point is that this very lot of politicians, save a few who have died, reenforced by others of their exact kidney are preparing to do the same thing over again this year. Indeed, they are prepared so far as they can discount the future, for their preparations began in August, 1927, when President Coolidge, whom they had to renominate—and gosh, how they dreaded it—announced that he does not intend to run this year. They have no new stuff to offer, but the old tricks have worked very well for years and they think they can use them once more.

This coming Republican convention will not be a declaration of a popular choice if they can prevent it and unless that popular choice is too overwhelming to ignore. It will be the declaration of the choice of some Republican senators, some Republican politicians closely allied to those senators, and a few of the big financial leaders of the country. There will not be more than a dozen in the combination.

It must not be thought that the politicians who hold the reins ignore the three-o'clockers. Far be it from that. They let them drive with the ends, and if the going is smooth give them even greater latitude. You see, the men who run things have an acute appreciation of the exact value of the men who are allowed to think they have a masterful voice in presidential affairs, and that value is entirely monetary. How crude it would be to dam up the source of supply! Usually it works out thus: The fiduciary lads tell what they want and what they must have in the way of a presidential candidate, and the dominant politicians listen respectfully, promise vaguely and, if possible, collect a little something on account. They keep things hopeful until convention time.

The Closing Argument

Thus the monetary end is kept from doing anything disagreeable, and when convention time comes the politicians do the best they can. If they are able to meet in full measure the specifications of their producing friends, that is a perfect situation and lush days are ahead for the campaign managers. If they cannot meet all those specifications and are—because of convention conditions, and so on—compelled to go outside the list or lose control, or are unable to withstand public demand, they go with the tide, and afterward they point out to the producers expectant that they will be very foolish to shut down on supplies, because politics is always politics, the candidate is a party man and they are the party leaders. *Ergo* the producers will be completely without the circle unless they continue in pleasant and contributory relations with their old-time friends.

After all, the man who is nominated for President is the presidential nominee, and there is one chance in two, at the closest calculation, that he will be President. If their man is beaten the probabilities are that the man dear to the hearts of the dough dispensers would be beaten also, so they would gain nothing; but if the man selected by the politicians wins, where do the scheduled campaign chesters get off unless they fill the campaign chest? It is a logical argument, and a potent. The slated contributors come across. They have to. If they do not, they are out. If they do, there is a chance they may be more or less in.

This political money business is the greatest snag a democracy hits in its President making. The ideal situation would be a moneyless one, a campaign without expenditures, wherein on election day some forty million or so citizens would march in an orderly manner to the polls and express their political and presidential preferences. That would be Utopian. Likewise, it is impossible.

Laying aside all improper phases of money using in elections—and money is not used improperly so much as is supposed, partly because money is not in hand for such use—the legitimate expenses of a presidential campaign are enormous, and that is not the fault of the politicians or the candidates and is the precise fault of the people.

Suppose a national convention met, as this Republican one is to meet on June twelfth, at Kansas City, with no other preliminary announcement than the one made after the meeting of the national committee in the previous December that the convention would be held on that date, with nothing more said about it until it did meet. Suppose that convention went ahead and nominated a candidate for President, and then the campaign committee did nothing in the way of publicity or organization or getting out the vote or advertisement or urge, and the candidates went about their

(Continued on Page 90)

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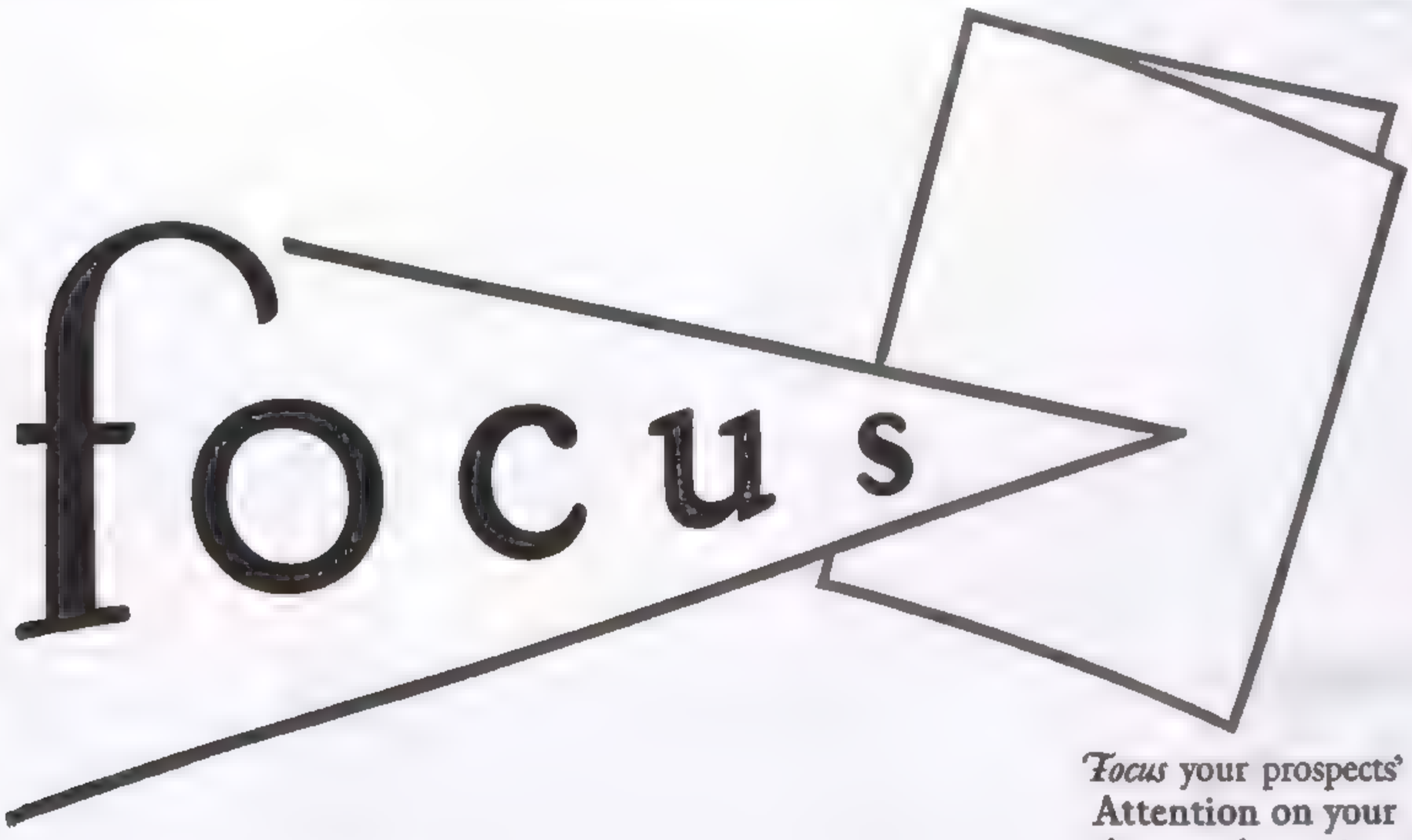

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Pull out the patented Find-ex packet and your auto licenses, cards, tickets, etc., instantly come into view, all neatly filed in removable transparent envelopes

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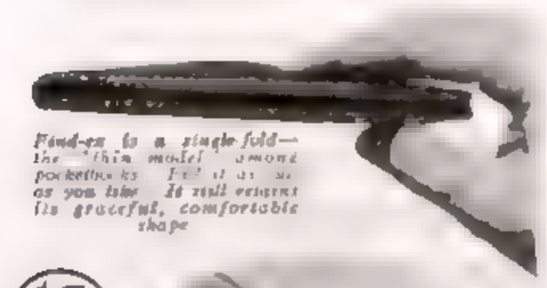
a million busy men have been waiting for it

Now comes the first real improvement over the old-fashioned pocketbook since money was invented. *FIND-EX* has a patented self-indexing file for all your auto licenses, cards, tickets, passes, memoranda, stamps and photographs. It keeps them clean, visible, removable and easy to get at. The bill-fold compartment has a separate section for the new small-sized currency, soon to be issued.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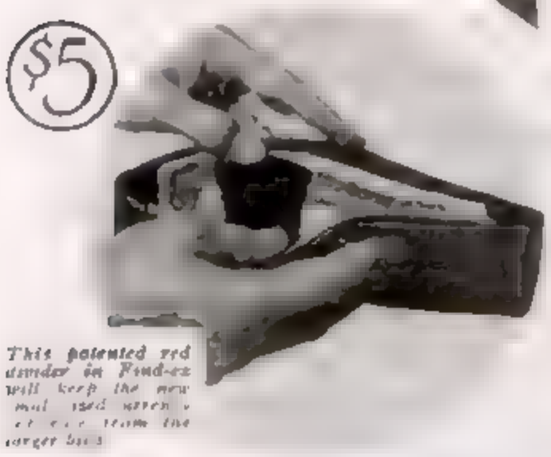

This patented red divider in Find-ex will keep the new mail used currency of ex-es from the larger bills

Only *FIND-EX* has these features. It is made in six varieties of genuine, long-wearing leathers, plain, embossed or with laced edges. You can make a selection at your stationery, men's clothing, drug, department, leather-goods or jewelry store, at $5. We will stamp your name in 22-karat gold on the inside, free of charge.

For a useful and beautiful gift choose a matched set—*FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy in handsome gift box, $7. Key Kaddy to match any *FIND-EX*, $3, in a gift box.

Write for free booklet No. 1, on the history and romance of leathers used in Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

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(Continued from Page 88)

ordinary occasions. Suppose this continued until election day. How much of the vote, the normal vote of the country, would be cast? Not 10 per cent.

As it is, with months of publicity before the conventions, with enormous ballyhoo at the conventions, with constant and tumultuous tom-tomming during the course of the campaign, with every sort of interest inciter and publicity device, and with constant prodding of the qualified electors to take enough interest in their country to vote on election day, only about half the qualified vote is cast at any presidential election—and it takes the expenditure of millions to get out that many.

Naturally, as politicians are politicians and politics is politics, the tendency to spend money in political ways is strong if political money is in hand to spend; but if the people did not require this tremendous prodding to get them to take even the most casual interest in their vital political affairs, the money end of a campaign would regulate itself to a considerable extent. Primarily, money is needed in campaigns for the purpose of advertisement. The fact that there is a campaign on must be jammed into the consciousness of the voters—jammed!

No mild methods will do. They must literally be clubbed into voting. If it were not necessary to raise money for this purpose, if this excuse were absent, then so much money would not be raised, and could not be, because even the most predacious plutocrat would hesitate to contribute to a campaign fund that, not having the alibi of advertisement and getting out the vote, would of course be solicited for less innocent purposes.

The fact that our political campaigns, and especially our presidential campaigns, cost so much money and furnish so much excuse for the collection and distribution of funds is the fault of the people and not of the politicians.

This does not mean that the politicians have not used, do not use and will not use political money for illegitimate purposes, if they can get it to use, and trade influence for it and all this and that; but it is a basic proposition that you cannot buy votes unless there is somebody willing to sell votes; and if people will not vote for patriotic reasons, under the stress of a nation-wide publicity urge, and will vote for monetary considerations, it is not at all strange, human nature being what it is and the end and aim of all politics being success at the polls, that our political campaigns, conventions and politics in general are so often tainted with every sort of miserable fraud from the assurance to big business of a tender political, governmental and legislative regard for its requirements to the paying of two dollars for a floater's, a crook's or a citizen's vote.

And do not think that the people who sell their votes all live in the cities, either. Talk to some country chairman about that, if you are interested.

Lean Days for the Politicians

None of this is set down in extenuation, but all by way of explanation; and thus we come again to the situation in the Republican Party, taking that first, because the Republicans have their convention first. At the time of writing, things were just beginning to get lively, what with crucial primaries coming, the preconvention campaign getting into its final stride and the ruling politicians of the Republican brand in a devil of a mess over what confronts them.

Unless there shall be some untoward occurrences, such as the sad and untimely death of Senator Willis, of Ohio, the probabilities are that the two leading candidates for the nomination at Kansas City will be Hoover and Lowden, and that fact is giving the politicians who want to run that convention, and the three-o'clock boys who want the politicians to run it for them, severe headaches, general depression, acute pains in the lumbar regions, a distressing rising and falling in the pits of their stomachs and a sad and melancholy mental outlook. They are doing their best, but they are much downcast.

However, they will be observed in action in the old, familiar and often useful manners—unless, to be sure, some candidate like Hoover commits the appalling and indefensible political crime of showing up in Kansas City with practically enough, or enough, delegates to nominate—a few more than a majority, say, contrary to their wishes, desires and hopes.

In that case they will become Hoover men instantly, letting bygones be bygones and allowing the three-o'clock contingent to bury its own dead.

A Neat But Not Gaudy Device

We shall have a considerable smattering of uninstructed delegates, obtained by these politicians and their friends by one ruse or another, but principally with the hope held out that President Coolidge probably will consent to run at the last moment, and they want the uninstructed patriots to be in such position that they can swing instantly in behind that renunciation of his original renunciation. We shall have a few favorite sons. The death of Senator Willis reduced the number of favorite sons, but the vacancy was soon filled. At or about the time the Ohio senator died we learned that West Virginia was to have a favorite son in the person of Brother Goff, a reliable regular Republican who announced that while he, personally, would do nothing in his own behalf, he was ready to be the favorite son of West Virginia in case his fellow citizens and Republicans desired to select him as such.

It is also probable that there will be a few contesting delegations. The contesting delegation is a sweet-scented little device to turn tricks with in a national convention, neat, not gaudy, and capable of excellent development and distribution. Simple. All that is needed is a bunch of amenable patriots who have a grievance, or can fix a grievance up, because the regular delegation was elected and they were left at home. They can allege fraud or a long dry spell or the Mississippi floods or the boll weevil or the bull market in Wall Street, or make any suitable allegation, and the national committee, wherein the politicians either abide or have pet abiders, will give kindly hearing to their tale of the horrible political outrages perpetrated upon them and mayhap seat them, or give them half a vote, thereby decreasing the strength of the candidate not in favor in their high circles. It has been done.

It has been apparent from the beginning that many of the politicians who run things in the Republican Party and in the United States have looked aghast at the spectacle of Herbert Hoover being nominated at Kansas City by their own convention—the convention they planned to run and railroad for some other. As aghasters, they have been entirely unable to conceal their dismay.

Likewise the thought of Lowden getting anywhere at all has much annoyed them. It is all so disturbing. Here is Hoover, for example, coming with a big bunch of delegates when it must be apparent to all good Republicans that some of their leading politicians do not want Hoover; that practically nobody seems to want him save the rank and file of the Republican Party. Here is Lowden in the same case in his degree.

This situation is deplorable, and they have been deploring it for months, and fixing up their machinery to combat it. Unfortunately they have been unable to fix up anything new. They haven't been able to think of a thing to do except to get as many uninstructed delegates as they can, to start out a few favorite sons, and, it may be, do a little sleight of hand with the contesting-delegation trick, if they have the nerve to introduce so old and frayed and bogus a dodge as that in this day and age.

We must give them this: They are reasonably well out in the open. Everybody who knows anything at all of national politics knows where they stand. Also they have a certain sense of affairs and are not closing all the doors publicly. They are leaving a few entrances for themselves in case they are beaten. They won't bolt, whatever happens.

When they talk among themselves they say "We must stop Hoover or Lowden." That is fair enough, if by stopping any candidate they do not favor they mean to produce for the inspection and favor of the people some better man than Hoover or Lowden, some stronger man, some more popular man, some bigger timber for President. But they do not mean that. They do not produce any man, to say nothing of a better man. What they are trying to do is to do their stopping by means of the time-worn political tricks of uninstructed delegations, favorite sons, possible contests and all that sort of bogus stuff. What they want, of course, is a chance to figure and deal at Kansas City, to control, to put in their own man, regardless of what the rank and file of the Republican Party want or think or have said.

They are not very sure of themselves. They do not know whether they can get away with their game or not. Something will depend on what happens between the time of writing this article and the convention. Something will depend on the quality and character of the man they will endeavor to use as a compromise. A lot will depend on the steadfastness of their anti-Hoover and anti-Lowden delegates and the managers thereof. But there will be nothing to it if the Republicans of the country make it plain they not only know the sort of hugger-mugger that is going on but will not stand for it. These politicians now trying to get themselves into control at Kansas City will run for cover instantly.

Where Responsibility Lies

All that is necessary for the rank and file of the Republican Party to secure the nomination at Kansas City of the man they want for President is for those Republicans to make it known that any candidate put over by means of uninstructed-delegation manipulation, favorite-son mumbo jumbo or contesting-delegation trickery will not be supported at the polls. All that is required is to watch proceedings at Kansas City, and watch them in view of what has been set down here and elsewhere, for this plan of the politicians who are trying to name the presidential candidate for the benefit of themselves and their friends, with the party a remote third consideration and the country away in the background, is no secret. It has been exposed often enough, and the very machinery of it exposes it.

If they begin along these lines, protest. If the protest is strong enough the politicians will quit instantly. The outcome of the Kansas City convention rests entirely with the members of the party, if those members are interested enough to say so. If they want Hoover, they can get Hoover. If they want Lowden, they can get Lowden. It is up to them. But if they do not watch and do not protest if protest is needed, they will get the man the politicians want. Just who this man will be is not apparent yet, but he will not be Hoover and he will not be Lowden.

As for Governor Al Smith, of New York, he is faced with somewhat the same situation in the Democratic Party. There are plenty of Democrats who want to stop Smith. How they intend to stop him is not known to the writer—nor, by the way, to the stoppers, either.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE REAL COMFORT MAKES

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Two-Door Sedan f. o. b. Lansing $925 Excise Tax and Spare Tire Extra

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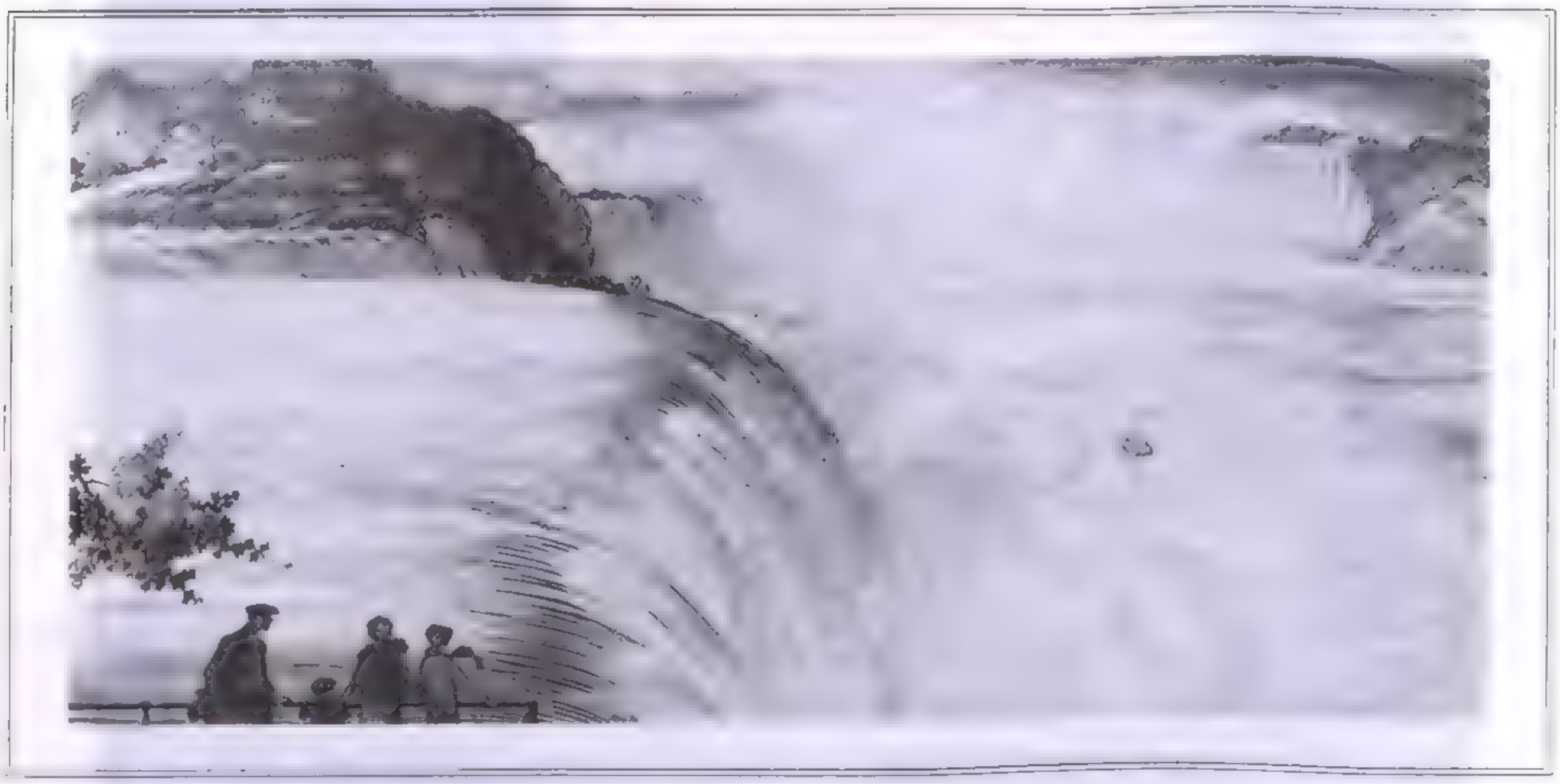

and tour the famous Empire State

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Rove through *all* of western and central New York. Here are the beautiful Finger Lakes. Here the Six Nations of the Iroquois had their Long House. Here the tomahawk flashed. Here Leatherstocking and the Last of the Mohicans trod softly the avenging trails.

Here is Chautauqua—"the most American thing in America," Roosevelt called it—where 15,000 people attend a summer school with more than 200 courses. Here is the Erie Canal. Follow its worn old towpath and see the modern steel barges, treasure-laden from the Great Lakes. And here is the final resting place of Mark Twain.

Go into the wilderness and follow Thoreau's advice: "Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee everywhere at home." Go into the cities, too, and see the industries that make New York the Empire State in commerce. See the dairies and vineyards and orchards. The roads are good, the people friendly, the inns clean and inexpensive. New York invites you.

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GASOLINE **SOCONY** MOTOR OIL

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THE TAKEN CHILD

(Continued from Page 5)

observer. In March the meridian of the sun would not be overhead, but to the south.

In reality it was almost two o'clock when he began munching at his biscuit, and while he was still eating, the truck ran into a deep mud hole and bogged itself to the hubs. The driver did his best by backing and filling to churn his way out, but finally gave it up and went off in search of help. A farmer with a team returned with him and for an hour they strove in vain to haul out the truck.

"I guess there's nothing for it, bud," said the farmer, evidently an elderly man, "but we got to shift that load by hand, and that will be extra."

The teamster grunted and spat. "Perhaps you're right, but it's hell when I'm so near through to Decatur."

"You going to Decatur?"

"Ye-ah." He paused and added sarcastically, "I thought I was."

Presently Harry could feel and hear him start to untie the rope. Once it was off, he would probably climb on the load to roll back the tarpaulin. If he did he must inevitably discover he carried a passenger, and unless he had a very short memory he would recognize the telltale uniform. Harry began to consider climbing out from between the bales and sliding to the ground on whichever side happened to be free of the driver and farmer at the same time. The mud would break his fall, and with only a fair amount of luck he could get away into the fields unseen. But the truckman had stopped working and presently there came the sound of the striking of a match.

"You said something about extra," he remarked between puffs from his pipe.

"Yep, I did. I'm losing out as it is. I can't stand here talking and get my field plowed at the same time."

"How much?"

"How much what?"

"How much extra?"

"I reckon about another three dollars."

"Say, are you from Georgia?"

"No. Why?"

"I thought I heard a crackling sound like a cracker making a small noise. I'll give you four dollars in all, or nothing."

"Five."

"Your hearing's bad. I said four."

"Five."

The truckman took up his work on the rope again. "All right; you can take your jack-rabbit mules away whenever you're ready. I'll shift this load alone if it takes me all night."

The tarpaulin began to flutter and Harry crawled cautiously out to the top level of the load. He knew where the truckman was standing, but he wished the farmer would speak or move so he could place him too. He was just about to take the chance that the man must be watching the driver when the sound of an approaching wagon made him hesitate.

"Howdy?" said the voice of a newcomer.

"Howdy yourself?" grumbled the truckman.

"Stuck?"

"Oh, no, not at all. This is just a mud-pie party and we're waiting for the ladies. . . . Can your mules pull?"

"Nothin' else but, boss."

"Three dollars if you can haul me out alone, five if it takes the two of you."

The bargain was struck at last, and with the aid of the two teams the truck got on its way again. Harry had long since returned to his refuge. He knelt there thinking of the thrills he had had and how near he had come to spoiling it all. But he had learned where he was going; he was on his way to Decatur, and Decatur was many a mile from Birmingham. . . . He was sure he would be able to tell when they entered the town and the truck would certainly be forced to stop at some crossing. When that happened he would slip down and away.

Having arranged his plans to his satisfaction, he fell sound asleep and awoke in such a bedlam as he had never before heard in his life. Shrill shrieks like the screams of lusty babies, squealing little whinnies and the yap-yapping of many small dogs drilled through his ears into his head like so many shooting needles. Sheer wonder frightened him as no danger could have done; he thought he had gone crazy, and forgetting all the wise decisions he had made, he tore at the canvas and clawed his way madly toward the edge of the load. The next thing he knew he was tumbling headlong down the side of the wagon, but a bale of hay, protruding more than the one above it, struck his shoulder a glancing blow and threw him out into the billowing tarpaulin. It caught him, held him for an instant and then let him slip gently to the ground.

He sprang to his feet, prepared to run for his life, and stood spellbound. Though free from the tarpaulin, he was still under canvas. All around him were cages mounted on wheels, and never had he seen so many dogs or ponies or monkeys at one time. Yes, monkeys! He could scarcely believe his eyes, and yet they opened still wider as it dawned on him that some of the ponies were smaller than any sheep. As for the dogs, they looked common enough, all but two shaved French poodles, which he did not think were dogs at all but took for some other breed of horse.

When he realized that he was the only human being in this animal madhouse, it seemed for a moment that he must still be in the grip of a nightmare, but his ample stock of common sense came to his rescue. He reasoned everything out as calmly as he could in the midst of such a piercing racket. By the grace of the repenting gods, he had penetrated with one giant stride into the core of his heart's desire. If this wasn't the holy of holies of a circus it was something very much like it.

As for the absence of every caretaker as well as of the truckman, that was easily explained. It was almost dusk and undoubtedly suppertime, as his own stomach could testify. The driver, having gone without food throughout an arduous day, would certainly not pause to unload his truck while his fellows were eating. Harry wanted food badly himself, but was old enough to know that it could not always be had for the asking. What he needed was work, or at least the appearance of work.

He moved slowly around the truck and his eyes fell on a cluster of pails, hung by their wire handles on a long wooden hook strapped to one of the side poles of the tent. He looked at the pails for a long while, then he climbed on a box, took down two of them and walked out through a high square opening. Led by his nose as well as by the sight of a short smokestack protruding through a broad fly cloth, he set a course which would lead him not directly to the crowded mess tent but close by it. Outwardly he appeared calm, but everything inside him—heart, lungs and gizzard—was trembling with vibrations so rapid and minute as to be invisible to the naked eye. It was all he could do to keep from leaping into the air when he heard one of the men call out to another, "Say, Captain Bill, where did you get the new punk?"

"Punk? I haven't any punk; I'm sick and tired of punks." His eyes fell on Harry. "Hey, you boy, where you going with them pails?"

"Looking for water," answered Harry, without pausing.

"That ain't the way to water. Hey, you! You come here!"

Harry stopped and seemed to hesitate; then he turned and walked slowly toward the mess. But before he quite reached it he paused for one long look down a midway of garish side shows and for another longer one down a lane of stalls glittering with the mysteries euphoniously termed the concessions, but commonly known as gambling joints, or still more technically as the gaff stores. He was fascinated but puzzled. This was no circus, after all.

The man who had been addressed as Captain Bill rose to his feet and bellowed, "Say, boy, did you hear me or didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, sir, I heard you, all right," said Harry quietly.

He hurried under the shelter of the fly, dropped the pails in a corner and slipped to a vacant seat on one of the benches. The place seemed full of eyes, all staring at him as they had never stared at a five-legged cow or a two-headed calf or the dog boy or the electric woman or any other of the freaks that that company was wont to blazon to the public as among the miracle wonders of the earth. Under the circumstances it was easy for him to attract the attention of one of the sweating waiters.

"I'm working here now," said Harry pleasantly. "What about my supper?"

The ominous silence which ensued was so ponderous and prolonged that to Harry it assumed all the qualities of some rumbling, terrifying sound. Why didn't somebody move or say something? He felt the corners of his lips begin to twitch spasmodically, as if they were getting ready to cry. That would never do. He must hang on to his smile whatever happened; but try as he might, he felt it fading, slipping. It was too strong and too heavy for him; it was dragging down his mouth and him with it. He would surely drown. His shoulders slumped and he lurched to one side.

"Jimmy, you grease-slinging loafer," bawled the florid man known as Cap, "didn't you hear my punk ask for his supper?"

The words were loaded with magic. They released the spellbound Jimmy, who leaped toward the galley, catching up a large plate and cutlery as he went. They brought Harry erect again, snatching him back from the quicksands of unconsciousness. They even revived his smile and cleared his eyes so he could see that the man called Cap was returning from purple to his natural brick red and preparing to resume his seat.

"Say, mister," asked Harry, as if he and the man were alone, "what's a punk?"

"You are," said Captain Bill as the food arrived.

II

IF THE men gathered in the mess tent had found cause to stare at Harry on account of his cheeky advent alone, what can be said of their general reaction upon seeing him eat? They wielded ready forks themselves and were accustomed to heavy food heavily handled, but with them there was a reasonable proportion between the size of the loaf and the bread basket toward which it traveled. In the present case that proportion was plainly lacking. It was inconceivable that anyone so small could stow away so much without bursting. They watched now to see him burst, but apparently the restricted region of his stomach did not even swell. The cook himself came around from behind his oil stoves to get a nearer view.

"You bought something, Cap," he said cheerfully. "He'll eat you out of the show. Py golly, he drinks widout swallowing and swallows widout stopping to eat!"

"Don't you worry about us, Dutch," said Captain Bill in a surprisingly mild tone, and turned to Harry. "Big eaters is big workers. Ain't that so, son?"

"You bet," said Harry, flung away the cook's nickname for future use. "I'm not afraid of work."

"What can you do?"

"I can milk a cow or harness a team and I can do a little carpentering."

"You're a carpenter, eh?" said Cap admiringly.

"Well, not a very good carpenter, maybe. But if anybody didn't know anything about carpentering I guess I could teach them a lot."

Captain Bill hitched his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and regarded the cook blandly.

"I ask you, Dutch, was that a fool answer?"

"Maybe not, maybe yass; but the more brains a poy got, the most ways he can think of not to work."

There was a general laugh in which the Captain joined, but not Harry. He glanced around defiantly.

"I guess if somebody gave me something to do I'd show them whether I could do it."

"I guess perhaps you would, son," said Cap soothingly. "Where do you come from?"

Harry waved his hand vaguely toward the north. "A long way off."

"Do your folks know you're out?"

"I haven't any folks," said Harry. His eyes filled suddenly with moisture and his cheeks turned red. "My father and mother are dead, so are all my sisters."

"You don't look as if you was lying," said the Captain gravely.

"I guess I don't," said Harry. He spoke angrily, not because he was angry but to keep himself from crying. "I guess perhaps it's because I'm telling the truth."

"What's your name?"

"Harry."

"Harry what?"

"Harry."

"Oh, all right; keep your secrets. How did you get into the grounds? Did you pay your way?"

"No, sir."

"Climb the fence?"

"No, sir."

"Rush the gate? Come on now, nobody's going to beat you up—how did you get by?"

"I just slipped in without anybody seeing me."

Cap took out a small notebook and made a mark in it. "That's one on the Governor. Now let me tell you what you got to do if you want to be my punk for more than a minute. You got to carry water twice a day for ten dogs, five ponies, a dozen monks, three teams and a mule. Between times you got to run errands for anybody bigger than you are."

"Is that all?" asked Harry, his face brightening.

"There's just one thing more. You got to ride the bucking mule."

"Ride the bucking mule!" gasped Harry, the joy suddenly dying out of his eyes. His face turned very serious. "I can do all the other things, Cap, but I'm not so sure about the bucking mule."

"Well, don't hurry yourself. You got all of five minutes to think it over. Nobody can force you to take a job if you don't want it."

Harry looked appealingly from one to another of the circle that had gathered around him. He tried hard to smile, but it was a lonely business, for nobody smiled back. They were all solemn, these men, as if they shared his own belief that he was face to face with a momentous decision. He fixed his eyes finally on Captain Bill.

"Perhaps I could do it, Cap, if you was to show me how."

A gale of laughter shook the tent and again Captain Bill was quick to appreciate the joke at his own expense.

"I'll sure learn you, son, even if I don't show you. Are you through eating, or would you like a few pies or something?"

Harry looked around instinctively for the pies, realized that the offer was ironical and promptly colored with shame for the way he had been eating.

"I guess I've eaten enough," he said.

"I guess you have," Cap agreed. "You've eat so much that your board is all the pay you'll get unless I decide to buy you off."

"That's all right with me," said Harry hurriedly; "but I don't always eat like I ate tonight."

(Continued on Page 96)

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YEAR
The greatest name in Rubber

(Continued from Page 93)

"You'd better not," said Cap, rising. "Come along now. I got a running bet with the Governor and you can help me collect it—a quarter every time I pick up a dead beat. You don't have to tell him any more'n you told me."

Soon Harry was being introduced most informally to Governor Moran, a tall, sad-eyed personage with round shoulders and drooping mustaches. He did not look like the favorite son of any state and many weeks were to pass before Harry was to realize that the title did not derive from a political source but from the office of proprietor of the show.

"Here you are, Governor," said Cap cheerfully; "here's a young man walks into your show free as air because he couldn't find nobody around to take his money."

"Is that true, bud?" asked the tall man, unsmilingly, in a sonorous voice.

"I slipped in without anybody seeing me, like I told the Captain," said Harry, frowning in his effort to remember the formula which had saved him from disclosing the exact method of his entry.

"Let's get this straight," said the Governor. "You watched till the man in the booth wasn't looking and then you just sneaked in?"

"I didn't watch," said Harry, still frowning. "I couldn't see anybody when I came in."

The two men, with the boy between them, went toward the main entrance to the show and Harry saw at once that the truck could not have come in that way. The gate was wide enough, but across its top, just high enough to miss the heads of the crowds, was stretched a huge banner with big white letters on a scarlet background announcing Grady Moran's United Shows.

He could not worry much about the matter in hand, because there were so many other things to claim his attention, ranging from the towering Ferris wheel and the ornate merry-go-round to the low rolling scups of the Ocean Wave. The freak, plantation, snake and hoochie-coochie shows he merely glimpsed, but he stared long at the big gold carved wagon front which featured the dog and pony show at the head of the showmen's midway.

The Governor approached the ticket booth. "Jake, give us a look at your stubs," he ordered.

The man inside seemed both surprised and hurt. "Why, there ain't none yet, Governor. You're in a hurry, aren't you?"

"I'm never in more of a hurry than the crowd," said the Governor, gripping Harry's shoulder and swinging him around. "Look at this young man. Was there any reason why you should pass him?"

"I didn't pass him," said Jake. "I never saw him before."

"That's just the trouble," said the Governor. "You never see anything, and since you didn't notice him sauntering by, you better hand me a quarter out of your own money."

Jake, with many low mutterings, passed out the coin demanded, which the Governor handed to Captain Bill, who in turn gave it to Harry.

"Put that away," he said, "and never spend it till you're hungrier than you were today. Promise?"

"Sure," said Harry, thrusting the quarter to the bottom of his trousers pocket and packing his soiled handkerchief down on top of it. "Thank you very much."

A young man who had been apparently loafing near the entrance suddenly sprang to life. "Tip coming!" he cried, and started down the show midway, spreading his warning.

"Hear that, son?" said Cap, turning sharply on his heel. "The first of the crowd is on the way. Come along."

As they started, the opener of the cooch show shouted "Bally! Bally!" The flageolets and bass drum on the platform beside him began to play, and presently a couple of girls in tawdry tights appeared opposite the band, their feet and hips already wriggling while their eyes shot glances from right to left in search of the first arrivals at the evening session.

Paying no attention to the boy tagging at his heels, Cap hurried along to the end of the midway. Upon his arrival at the gold carved wagon front a mechanical organ, run by nothing less than a gasoline engine, blared forth the news that the dog and pony show was ready for business. He did not enter past the ticket wicket, but walked around to the back of the tent, raised a flap and disappeared.

Harry tried to follow him, only to be caught around the waist by a powerful arm which automatically hurled him backward. He tripped on a rope and turned a complete somersault; then he scrambled to his feet and stood for a moment thinking things out. He approached the flap cautiously.

"Hey, you!" he called. "I'm the punk to this show and you'd better leave me alone."

The flap opened and a hairy man in his shirt sleeves shot a stream of tobacco juice past Harry's legs.

"Well, why in heck didn't you say so instead of trying to rush me that way? Come in, punk."

Harry found himself behind the scenes, in the midst of yapping dogs, stolid little ponies, a swarm of chattering monkeys and one somnolent mule. For a time all seemed confusion, but at the clang of a bell order came out of chaos. Cap appeared in a cutaway coat, top hat, white breeches and shining patent-leather boots. He looked so altogether grand that for a moment he seemed a total stranger. But even when about to go on for his act he was not too hurried to remember his newest employe.

"Listen, son! You go out in front, take any seat you like and watch the show, but when I call for volunteers to ride the bucking mule, you start 'em going, see? You stand up and say you want to have a go at him. Jimmy will take you around front and pass you in."

"All right, Cap," said Harry a little tremulously. When he had been instructed to see the show for nothing a surge of elation had swept through him, but now he felt even smaller than he was as he followed Jimmy—the same Jimmy who had waited on him in the mess tent—around to the entrance.

In another minute Jimmy had left him and he found himself alone among a crowd of strangers. He took a seat in the third row, left vacant because it was directly behind a pole, and awaited the fateful moment. But he was too young not to forget himself and impending disaster when the show started. By craning his neck first to one side then to the other he could see quite well. First came the five little ponies alone. They were jet-black and wore white calf martingales and surcingles. They marched, formed columns and went once around the ring, each with his forefeet on the croup of the one in front. Then they raced with dogs on their backs, and after that with monkeys dressed up as jockeys. When the ponies went out, the dogs and monks came back for a show of their own, and only when that was over was the mule led into the arena.

Harry had been so entranced that his trouble had completely slipped his mind. Now his hands grew moist and he could feel the color receding from his cheeks. He leaned far to one side, studied the mule critically, and was somewhat relieved to see that it appeared to be as somnolent as ever, but his reassurance was destined to be short-lived.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Captain Bill laconically, "you see before you what appears to be one of the tamest mules in captivity, but the management offers a dollar a minute for five minutes to anybody that can ride her. Any volunteers?" He paused and searched the benches. "Come on now, some of you huskies, show your girls what you can do. Nobody? Is there nobody here who dares to ride this mule?"

Harry was already on his feet, but he was hidden by the pole. The man next to him caught hold of his jacket to pull him down, but instead of accepting the kindly hint, Harry stepped in front of him, swallowed hard and called out rather shakily, "Please, sir, I'd like to ride that mule."

"Well, well!" said Captain Bill in apparent amazement. "They put up nerve in small packages around here. Step down, buddy, where the folks can see you."

Harry obeyed. First, snickers and then a roar of laughter went up all around him. A moment before, he had been cold with fear, but the jeers of the crowd did something to his blood. It plunged hot through his veins and he began to see red. He'd show them! He climbed over the low barrier and ran at the mule as if he was going to scale a wall.

Through the drumming in his temples he heard Cap whisper "Go back, you little fool!" But he pretended not to hear.

There were three helpers standing around. One of them gave him a leg up and no sooner was he seated than the mule soared into the air. The helpers rushed in to push her this way and that, as if to head her away from the barrier, and every time they touched her she soared again. At the first jump Harry landed on her shoulders, at the second on her neck and at the third he was braced against the roots of her ears. She tossed her head and threw him head over heels into the sawdust.

When he recovered from the jolt it was to see two or three applicants clamoring for a chance to vindicate their honor. He climbed back to his seat and his squeals of excited laughter during the ensuing frolic testified to the fact that he was now fully enjoying himself for the first time. Then he recognized Jimmy, his waiter and guide, as the next in line, looking peculiarly stupid. His turn arrived, and amid much banter he insisted on being mounted facing the mule's tail. He wrapped his legs about her neck, lay flat on his stomach, stretched his arms as far around her barrel as he could reach. She bucked all around the ring, twice landing half across the barrier, but Jimmy held on for the full five minutes.

"Young man," said Cap, as he handed him a five-dollar bill, "I don't know who you are or where you come from, but I'm willing to bet here and now that your hidden brains will carry you far. As you hanged onto this bucking mule, so will you ride the winning hoss of fortune."

Half an hour later the lights were out in the big tent. The monkeys had been caged, and the ponies, the dogs and the mule had been watered and bedded down for the night. Jimmy showed Harry an empty cage where he could sleep, gave him a sheaf of straw for a pillow and a worn horse blanket to keep him warm.

"There you are, punk. That's the best I can do for you."

"It's fine," said Harry, rolling himself in the blanket. "Say, Jimmy, wasn't it funny when Cap didn't know you?"

"Didn't know me!" gasped Jimmy.

"Why, he said he didn't know who you were or where you come from."

"No more he does," said Jimmy, "because I've never told him."

"What are you going to do with the five dollars?"

"Say, punk, don't be so soft. I handed the five back to Cap and he give me two bits for riding the mule, and after tonight I won't get that, because you'll have to ride her for nothing."

"But I'll never be able to stay on."

"Sure you can stay on. All you got to do is to wrap your legs around her neck and take a good grip on her ribs before you stick her with the horseshoe nail. If you feel yourself slipping, you just stop sticking her and she stops bucking, see?"

"Is that true, Jimmy?" said Harry sleepily. "But it can't be, because I didn't stick her with a horseshoe nail, nor anything else, and look what she did to me!"

"What do you think those guys were doing when they pushed her around? They were sticking her, weren't they?"

Cap was standing near by, talking to the truckman who had brought the hay.

He turned to call out, "Fixed that punk up, Jimmy?"

"Sure," answered Jimmy as he departed; "he's all right. He'll fall dead in a minute, but he'll come to in the morning."

"Some kid, Sam," murmured Cap to the driver.

"Yep, he's a nipper," agreed the truckman, "but watch out he don't go south some day with your best dog."

At the sound of that voice Harry was snatched back from semiconsciousness. He had just been closing his eyes on the most gorgeous day of his life, but now he was wide awake and quivering to a premonition of disaster.

"What are you giving me?" asked Cap. "Ever seen him before?"

"No; but I seen a lot just like him where I bought the alfalfa."

"You mean you fetched him along?"

"Not me. Don't try to pin anything like that on me, Cap. He must have burrowed under the tarpaulin, and I seen where he made a nice bed for himself between two bales of the hay, but I didn't know nothing about it at the time. He's from the county home down near Birmingham."

"An orphan joint, ain't it?"

"Ye-ah. Something like that."

There was a pause during which Harry was torn between an impulse to break into sobs and the desire to listen to the bitter end; then Cap's voice continued:

"Guess I'll have to blow him to another suit of clothes tomorrow. We don't want a bunch of county schoolmarms putting their brand on a maverick like him. Guess I can buy him more learning in a four-month winter than they could give him in a year of Sundays. Just forget all you know, Sam."

"Sure," said Sam. "I ain't told nobody but you, and what you ain't told, you don't have to tell."

Harry's head sank back against the sheaf of straw with a feeling in it of sublime lightness, as if it were floating away on a sea of happiness from his tired body. This surely was the day of all days. How wonderful to be free, to sleep on boards instead of in a bed, to take orders from men instead of from women, to work only because you had to eat! Most miraculous of all, how wonderful to have found a friend who could understand without words the things a fellow couldn't tell! Just as he was deciding he could never go to sleep with so many things to think about he slid off the deep end into oblivion.

III

THE show had made up at Decatur and hardly shook itself down into decent running order before the time arrived for the jump across the Chattahoochee to Macon in Georgia. It stayed there for the rest of March and then moved to Augusta. Harry carried water until his shoulders became numb and his arms felt as though they had dropped off. But that was only for two or three days, while they were still in Alabama. Within a week the watering became so easy for him that he wondered why he had ever found it hard; also, he could get through with it far more quickly and found himself with plenty of time on his hands for other duties and a few pleasures.

He acted as errand boy and in lieu of a telephone for half the camp, got himself in the good graces of Dutch and Jimmy, as well as of the tops of most of the shows, and even became personally known to the Governor. The concession midway remained for a long time *terra incognita*, for he had sensed the nervous mistrust of the showmen for the dark division known as the grifters—the proprietors of controlled devices for fleecing the yokel public.

"Stay away from that gang, son," Cap had said. "First thing you know they'll be wanting to take you on for a booster."

"Say, Jimmy," asked Harry soon after, "what's a booster?"

"A booster's the guy that gets a simp to bet."

"But what's a simp?"

"A simp's a chump, a town Alec, an easy mark. Any customer is a simp. I'll tell you

Continued on Page 100

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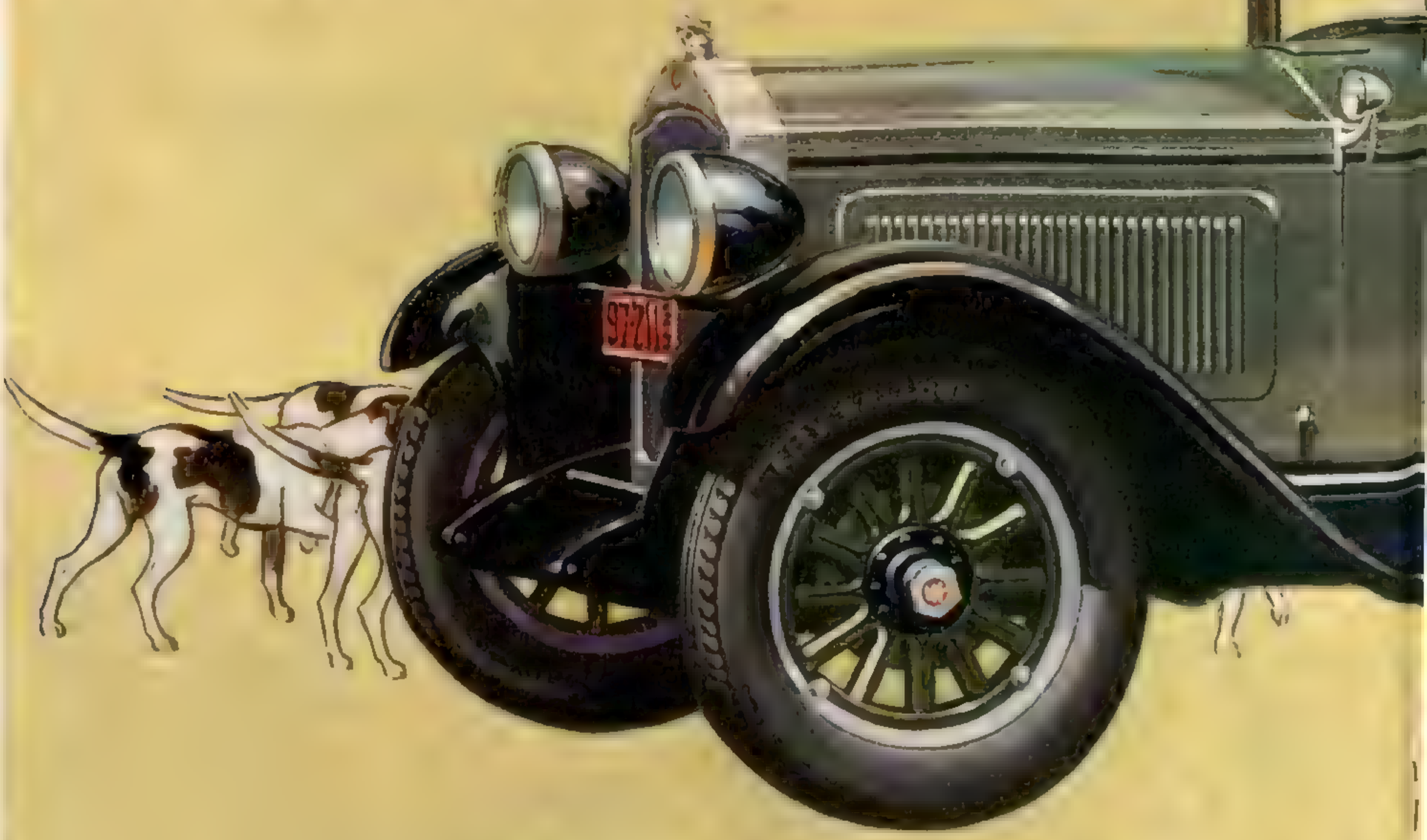

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how it is, Harry. The concessions ain't shows exactly; they're joints. We got to have 'em, because they pay seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week into the show. The gaff stores ——"

"What's a gaff store?"

"I'm telling you. A gaff store is a squeeze, or a pinch. Any joint that runs a fixed wheel like the creeper is a gaff store."

"The creeper?"

"Sure, the lottery spindle. They can stop it whenever they like. Well, the gaff stores hand over one-third of their gross to the show on top of what they pay, so you can see we got to have them along. The showman really carries the joint man, because it's the shows that hands out all the passes."

"But giving prizes isn't gambling, is it?"

"Don't you let them prizes fool you. They run 'em while the town is on fire, but if the fixer is any good, around about Wednesday night you'll find it's nothing but money that passes only one way over the counter. Now I suppose you want to know what is a fixer."

"I don't think I do tonight, Jimmy. I've learned a lot more'n I can remember already." He frowned. "But I must say I haven't seen a single town on fire yet."

Jimmy threw back his head and laughed. "Gee, Harry, you don't belong inside a show. The town is hot or on fire until the fixer gets at the police and squares them to let the joints work. After that anything goes and murder is the limit. Didn't you see that town chump raising a row last night?"

"I heard a man shouting he had been skinned out of his money."

"Sure! That was a squawk, or some would call it a beef. The law come along and asked what was the matter, didn't he? Then the law gets the chump to admit that him and the squeeze was both gambling, so they had ought both go to jail. Then the fixer steps in and says does the chump really want to go to jail and have his name in the papers? Generally that stops 'em and he fixes him for nothing, but sometimes if the chump holds out strong enough he buys him off with one-third of the money he lost. The joints never lose, kid. You stick that in your pipe and smoke it."

The mass of information handed Harry on that occasion was enough to unsettle an older brain, but as the weeks went by he found himself learning things by absorption, which proved a far more satisfactory method. The police were never the police, but the law. The cook house was a grease joint, the soft-drink stand a juice joint, and the painted and powdered women who worked in the cooch show were never known as girls, but as broads. Silver was hard money, bills were soft and pennies were so far beneath contempt as to be nonexistent.

The two fraternities, made up one of showmen and one of concessionaires, or grifters, were like Siamese twins who hated each other but could not be cut apart except at the price of death. He belonged in the show division and the line of promotion was erratic, uncertain and questionable in its final rewards. From a punk he might develop into any one of a dozen kinds of ticket seller, generically known as grinders.

A grinder who developed genius might evolve into an opener, one of those wits with the staying powers of a bellows and the voice of a foghorn who in spreading the fame of their wares have established themselves for all time in the annals of the hinterland as a national character type. They scorn and ignore that embryonic word "ballyhoo," which may or may not have derived from their warning cry of "Bally!" Which in turn may or may not have descended from "ballet."

An opener would naturally have a share in the show and ultimately might attain to side-show proprietorship, a stepping-stone to the ownership of more shows. If success still dogged him, he would then be on the road to the pinnacle of ambition, the title of governor, given only to the proprietor of a big combine such as the bulky mechanism which had appropriated Harry as the humblest of its cogs. But only the most gifted of the grinders could hope to become openers, and if their ability happened to be along executive lines, they might more easily end up as train master or lot superintendent.

The train master had to be a fighter and a diplomat combined. He was always in trouble with yard officials in the endless battle for water and lights, and on his shoulders rested by far the greatest responsibility of the entire working force. If he failed, everything failed. The lot superintendent was a man of power, the sinister individual who assigned locations, groveled before the proprietor alone, and trod ruthlessly on all other toes.

Far more involved was the hierarchy of the grifter division, made up of men who traveled in solitude and walked in darkness from choice. They combined only in the employment of a fixer. On the ability of this all-important individual hung the issue of whether the week was to be a killing or a bloomer—a success or a failure.

It was up to the fixer to get the police and get them quick. The fixer who whined over the town being so hot it was on fire and told them they had to wait was on the way to looking for another job. What they wanted was the smooth-working genius who never later than Wednesday night passed along the concessions midway giving out the joyful news, "All fixed to work strong, boys."

Then and only then did the booster come into his own. The booster received five dollars a day while on the job, though to the eyes of a credulous public he seemed to get much more. He was the stool, the treacherous bellwether of the unwary. Some gaff stores employed only one or two; others as many more as business justified, sometimes even procuring the services of some familiar local figure, who led his fellow townsmen into the deadfall as heartlessly as a trained steer his mates to the slaughter. Striking across the concessions midway late one night, Harry paused to watch the creeper, which happened to be working strong.

"Here you are, gents, don't let her cool off. One dollar gets five, two gets ten and three pulls down fifteen. Pick your number—any number at all—and we'll do the rest!"

Harry saw a man he had heretofore known only as a teamster edge up to the counter and plank down a dollar on Number 13. The spindle whirled and stopped at 13. The teamster took his winnings, looked around with a sheepish smile and started to move away.

"What can you do with three dollars?" shouted the grifter. "Shoot her again and get fifteen! Pick your number or get your young friend there to do it for you."

"He ain't my friend," said the teamster, apparently seeing a young man standing beside him for the first time. "What about it, mister? Would you pick me a number?"

"Why not try 13 again?" suggested the young man shyly.

The teamster followed his advice and won. He was so overjoyed that he insisted on buying a ticket for the obliging bystander, who lost, but in the process got rid of his shyness and stayed with the game until he was cleaned. And so it happened again and again, other figures familiar to Harry appearing and disappearing in the rôle of stools. Not once in a hundred times did the victims beef, squawk or even hang around to see what happened to their successors. Their funds wiped out, their bashfulness almost invariably returned fourfold and they could not fade out of the picture fast enough.

At various times some of the stools, the teamster among them, were well over a hundred dollars to the good; but Harry had been wised by Jimmy. Somewhere in the background every joint had a booster handler—a man who shared in the profits of the squeeze and had a mind like an adding machine. He had to keep track of every bet made by one of his underlings, deduct it from his winnings and collect the rest. It was up to him to see that no booster went south with his pockets full of alien cash; five dollars was his pay, and five was all he got.

The near view of the grifter mill in full swing gave Harry an odd sensation in his stomach. He walked away feeling sorry for the village simps and town chumps who had come to the carnival to have a good time and were stripped of all their money in a pinch game. He looked down more than ever on all gaff-store men as nothing better than the crooks they were, and then suddenly he remembered the bucking mule. Almost every night now he rode her successfully for the full five minutes and received a five-dollar bill which he handed back to Cap behind the wings.

"Young man," Cap would say with never a variation before the changing audience, "I don't know who you are or where you come from, but I'm willing to bet here and now that your hidden brains will carry you far. As you hanged onto this bucking mule, so will you ride the winning hoss of fortune."

Well, anyway, Cap didn't squeeze money out of those fellows who tried to show off riding the mule; he only made them give a performance for nothing. None of the showmen did any grifting. The electric lady could give you a sure-enough shock, the impersonator really had a lady's voice and manners, and the woman cut off at the neck always winked to show she was a fake.

The freaks in the pit shows, when you saw them, didn't look half so startling as they sounded, but they were all real -poor deformed animals with an extra shrunken limb or head, or an abnormal boy with some inhuman growth. As for the merry-go-round—which he now knew only as the jinny—the simp-hister Ferris wheel, and the scups with the passengers all pulling on ropes to give themselves the sensation of a never-seen ocean wave—they were all frank and aboveboard, selling amusement at its face value.

But the part he came to love best was the traveling, the hustle and bustle of moving the whole huge show from one base to another. From this great undertaking, so hopeless of accomplishment in anticipation but so frequently carried to a successful conclusion, the public was completely shut out. No sooner was the work of striking the tents after the last Saturday night performance begun than he felt a new dignity and a subtle increase in his own importance. Now everybody, grifter as well as showman, spit on his hands and worked, sweated, cursed, despaired and invariably triumphed.

As for himself, he ran his legs off until they were numb from the knees down; but once the dog and pony show was successfully transported to the siding and made secure on its flat car, he knew nothing but ecstasy until the railway run was over. The show owned a train of its own. It was a fifteen-car outfit made up of ten flats carrying thirty wagons, two baggage cars, two sleepers and one day coach. The railroad supplied the engine, a caboose and a crew of three, who were on hand only during the actual journey.

The train thus became a world to itself, with more wonders and avenues of amusement than a boy could hope ever to exhaust. Harry made freinds with each crew as it came along and roamed from the engineer's cab to the caboose. He slept where night caught him, sometimes among the ponies or with the dogs, but he drew the line at the monkey cage; sometimes with the brakemen, often in the day coach; and once, as a special treat, in an empty upper bunk in one of the sleepers. To his surprise, this most luxurious of all his beds was the only one to draw comment from Captain Bill.

"Well, sissy punk, I hear you been gorging yourself on sheets and blankets and feather pillows. Be careful you don't bruise your hands now, nor get no dirt on your clothes, and perhaps by and by I'll buy you a ribbon for your hair."

Harry was too amazed to reply. He slunk off like a whipped dog and avoided the

(Continued on Page 104)

FOR over a quarter-century, F. A. Seiberling has been an acknowledged leader in the tire industry.

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Follow Through!

An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling

IN industry, as in your golf game, it's "follow-through" that counts.

To make a sale and consider that the end, is to swing a club with no interest in the direction of the ball.

And that way lies failure in industry —as in golf.

But also, as in golf, follow-through alone is not enough.

It won't make a poor shot good—it won't make a poor product good.

The tag on the left, attached now to Seiberling All-Tread Tires for passenger car use, tells the story of a new kind of follow-through in tire selling—and tire buying.

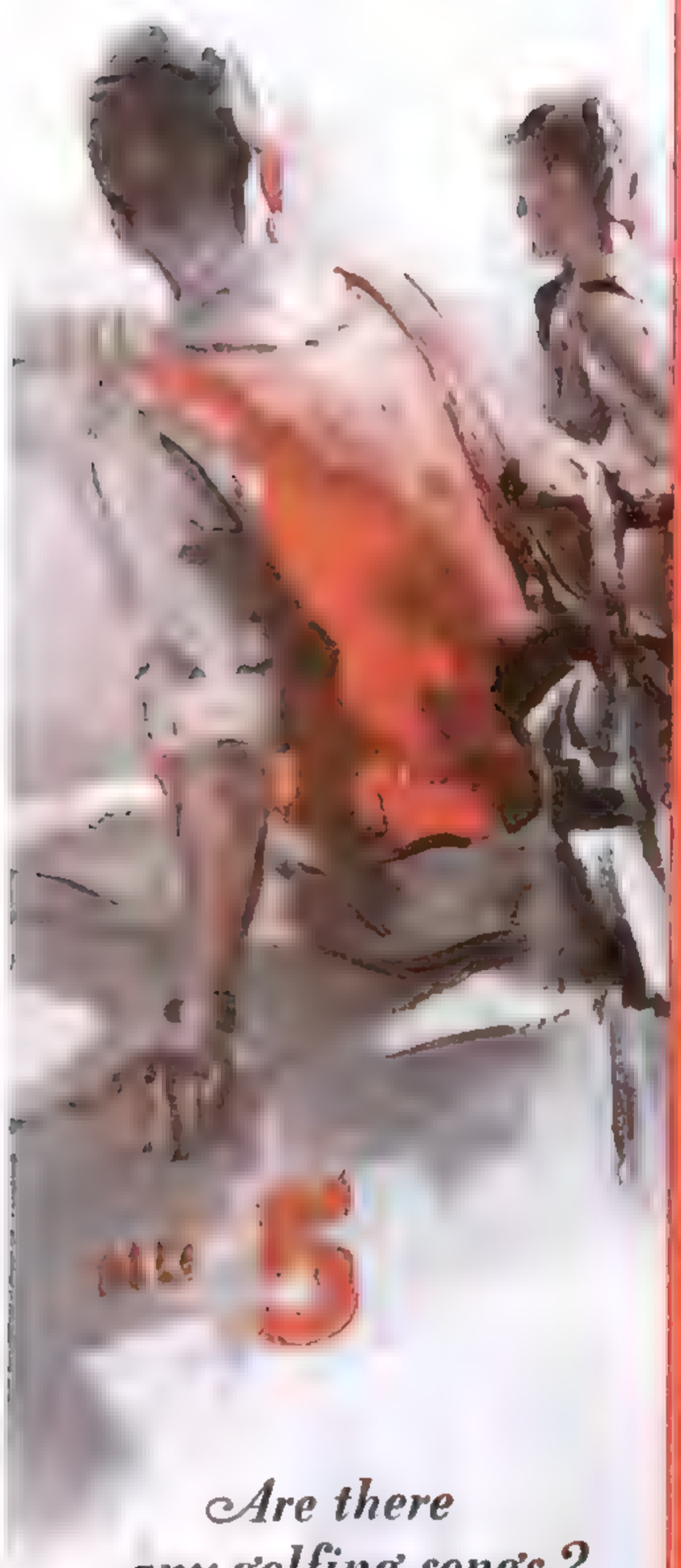
ANY ONE OF OUR DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES, WHEN HE SELLS YOU A SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD, PLACES AT YOUR DISPOSAL THE SERVICE OF FIVE THOUSAND OTHER SEIBERLING DEALERS, EACH READY TO PROTECT YOU FOR ONE FULL YEAR AGAINST ANY FURTHER TIRE EXPENSE DUE TO ACCIDENT TO THAT TIRE.

A "follow-through" that will help your score and ours; an assumption of responsibility which only quality could justify.

F. A. Seiberling

While there is no sensation quite like the "feel" of a clean, straight drive down the fairway, there's a lot of comfort in having what it takes to get out of the rough.

Whether you're driving a golf ball—or driving a car.



Twelve Months in "Par"

For the long straight drive on the highways there are no better tires than Seiberling All-Treads.

And their side-bars add what it takes to get out of the rough.

Seiberling All-Treads embody the knowledge and skill acquired by F. A. Seiberling in designing and making over fifty million tires.

Today they are sold under a tire protection policy which provides that for one whole year from the date of its purchase EACH SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD TIRE IN USE ON A PASSENGER CAR IS PROTECTED AGAINST FURTHER EXPENSE DUE TO ANY ACCIDENT OR ROAD HAZARD—PROTECTED BY SEIBERLING DEALERS ANYWHERE. It guarantees you twelve months in "par".

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Are there any golfing songs?

Has golf, that ancient and honorable game, been immortalized in song—has a piper skirled its rhythm in its native land?

Listen in, next Tuesday at eight-thirty, on any one of thirty stations of the famous Red Chain, for The Seiberling Singers, their orchestra, and James Melton, Seiberling's Own Tenor, who is achieving added fame through his Columbia phonograph records.

Non-golfers will enjoy The Seiberling Singers too, for they have developed a new technique of radio broadcasting.

Your hair responds

to the very first treatment!

Vigorous, tingling with life—clear down to the roots!

That's the *feel* of your hair after this treatment—the *very first time you use it:*

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Used every morning, Pinaud's makes your hair *look* live, vigorous, too. Because it ends those two reasons for thinning, dry, dead-looking hair: dandruff, poor scalp circulation.

You'll enjoy the quick, tingling glow the Pinaud treatment brings—and you'll be amazed at how quickly it makes your hair thick, sturdy, strong-growing.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

(Continued from Page 100)

sleepers from that day on. Furthermore, he worked as never before; and when his regular tasks were done, invented others to keep himself busy. Never again would he give Cap a chance to call him a sissy. There might not be much to do on the train, but there were plenty of chances at every stop. They jumped from Augusta to Charlotte, North Carolina, from there to Durham and then to Danville in Virginia. May found them in Richmond.

By that time even a small boy could sense that there was trouble of some kind brewing between Captain Bill and Governor Moran. According to the custom of the road, the proprietor received half the gross receipts of all the shows and in return furnished transportation, haulage, light and water. The lessee owned one or more shows in his own right and had nothing further to pay than his help. All that was fixed routine, too established to run foul of misunderstandings, but there were other chances for friction in plenty.

The nature of the trouble between the men is hard to define except by the ancient saying that two with big noses cannot eat off the same plate. In his sly way, the Captain loved to criticize the running of the show as evidenced by the one-sided standing bet into which he had succeeded in trapping the Governor. Moran was too proud to call it off, but every time he paid over a quarter, he stored up within himself a dollar's worth of rage. He had another grievance—Cap had never smoked or taken a drink in his life, while he himself was a lonely, silent tippler of the worst kind. The result was fantastic. Both men were victims—one to his stormy moods, the other to his inexhaustible good nature. The more Cap smiled, the more did the Governor hate him; the more the Governor drank, the more did Cap despise him.

Things came to a crisis at the opening of the June run at Baltimore. By rights it should be a three weeks' stand, and Cap, no less than all his confreres, was hoping to make up for the bad luck they had had at Washington and Richmond owing to almost constant rains. What was his amazement when the sour lot superintendent assigned him the poorest location on the ground. He could not believe his ears, as it was a matter of almost general consent that a good dog and pony show should have the place of honor at the head of the midway.

"Say, is this your notion of being funny?" he demanded.

"I haven't time to be funny," said the lot superintendent dyspeptically. "Take it or leave it is the rule of this outfit, and you ought to get somebody to write it down for you so you could learn it by heart."

"What have I ever done to you?" asked Cap, still incredulous. "Who's good enough to get my old stand anyway?"

"The cooch is plenty good enough."

"What? You're going to put them broads where they can look down on my dogs? You're crazy! You'd better change your mind before I go to the Governor and get you fired."

"Me—fired! Now it's you that's trying to be funny. Go and beef to the Old Man whenever you're ready."

Three minutes later Cap was face to face with Moran. "Say, Governor your lot superintendent, Mr. What's-his-name, has gone cuckoo. I don't ask you to give him the G. B. except for your own good, but I do want you should tell him pronto that the dog and pony show heads the midway as usual."

"Has he given you a different location?" questioned the Governor sonorously.

"It's so different it stinks," said Cap feelingly. "What about it? Do you tell him to hand back my old stand?"

"I could hardly do that," intoned the Governor. "I have every confidence in Mr. Jones, and if he thinks some other show would do better for us than yours at the head of the midway, he's probably right."

Instantly Captain Bill's whole manner changed. "So you're where the smell comes from, are you?" he said in an unusually quiet tone. "You can take it back, you skulking blacksnake, or I'll pull my freight out of your show tomorrow morning."

"Hard words," boomed the Governor softly, "but hard words break no bones. You don't owe me nothing and I don't owe you, so I couldn't stop you even if I wanted to."

Captain Bill turned away in a daze. He had expected a row sometime in the vague future, but his incorrigible good nature had blinded him to the rapid approach of the storm. The suddenness of the blast found him wholly unprepared and shook him as no blow had done in many a hard-fought year. He had no heart to give a performance that evening even if he had not caught Moran's hint that since they were all square they had better stay square. Besides, his animals were still in their traveling cages and it would scarcely have paid to take them out.

He went back to the station, studied out a routing in the Billboard that would take him through the pumpkin meetings, as opposed to the state fairs, rented a baggage car and bought tickets as far as the first stop. The outlay thinned his wallet considerably and he returned to the fair grounds with a heavy heart. Jimmy was on hand, having finished his duties at the mess, as were Harry and the helpers, all anxious to know what was in the wind.

"Well, boys," said Cap with a fine show of cheerfulness, "I've made up my mind to go independent and play the pumpkin meetings. Anybody that stays with me has got to gamble. I think there's more money in it the way things are this year, and if I'm right you'll all get a raise; but if I'm wrong you'll whistle for your pay. Speak up now, and begin from the bottom. What do you say, punk? Do you stay with me or go back where you come from?"

"Quit your kidding, Cap," was Harry's only answer.

Two of the helpers decided to chance their luck, but the third was an expert booster and could not bring himself to give up a frequent five dollars a night by separating himself from the grifter midway. Jimmy, being imbued with the spirit of adventure, volunteered to take his place. The four men, with Harry helping with the litter, managed to transfer all the kit, including the heavy cages and Cap's one wagon, into the baggage car. They made themselves as comfortable as possible in the crowded quarters, and Cap, having genuinely regained his spirits, regaled them in the light of a lantern with many a story of the road. But in the end his thoughts turned back to the break with Moran.

"It's a funny thing, boys, about drink," he observed. "Never touching it myself, and always standing off and looking on, I've learned a lot. I can look up to the educated drinker, the gent that knows his wines and vintages the way some folks knows hosses and their pedigrees, because he's always got something to him worth having, and generally it's guts, breeding and manners. He's never mean in what he thinks or does. I can likewise stand for the happy-go-lucky drinker that stays with the boys and takes everything as it comes along from beer to hard liquor and back again. He's never mean, neither. But when you run up against a guy that has only one tipple, and drinks it by himself, you can bet your last hard you've stepped on a poison snake. Your single-barreled drinker is always ornery, but if his special fancy happens to be green corn whisky, like it is with Moran, he breeds meanness like a dead dog breeds worms."

"He sure gave you a dirty deal, Cap," murmured Jimmy sympathetically.

"If we'd been doing a fair amount of business," continued the Captain, "perhaps it wouldn't never have happened, because a man with his pockets full of money can't help himself from dripping sweet. Then again, perhaps it would, because I was getting tired of looking at his black mug, and if I'd been flush I might have jumped the show long ago.

"Anyway, here we are, and if only the rain will let up and give us a chance, we'll fatten ourselves on pumpkins all summer and roll into Syracuse in our own car."

With that shining dream in mind, the little company settled itself more snugly into the straw and one after another fell asleep, all but Captain Bill. He stayed awake for a long time, worrying a little about himself, but above all, wondering if he had done right to separate Harry so far from schooling of sorts and a sure roof over his head.

Dead Stream Pond, Maine

(TO BE CONTINUED)

They all look alike—
to those who don't know

But there is a tremendous *health difference* in this modern, highly scientific toilet

"How much is this one?" you say.

"Thirty-five dollars," answers your plumber.

"And this one?"

"Eighty-five dollars," he replies.

"But I don't understand!" you exclaim. "The higher-priced one is larger and better looking, but otherwise they both seem about the same. Why should I ——?"

* * *

At this point let us take up the conversation for your plumber, and say frankly some things he might hesitate to discuss.

The health center of your home

The bathroom should be the very source of that inward as well as outward cleanliness demanded by today's hygienic standards.

But too often it is not.

Too often it contains an old-time toilet or one bought recently with more frugality than understanding, which may be an actual cause of illness.

Consider these facts:

The ordinary water closet has a small bowl and a small seat with a small opening. The resultant discomfort encourages haste, irregularity and incomplete elimination—well recognized causes of constipation.

A small seat is easily—and frequently—unsanitary. Dry bowl surfaces beneath the seat opening, usual in inferior closets, are continually polluted and very difficult to clean. Rough, cracked and porous bowl surfaces furnish breeding ground for extremely dangerous bacteria. A continuous odor about the toilet is a sure indication of such a condition. Inadequate flushing means inadequate disposal of highly poisonous waste.

Ordinary seat—small opening

These are the results of low-cost construction and cheap fittings.

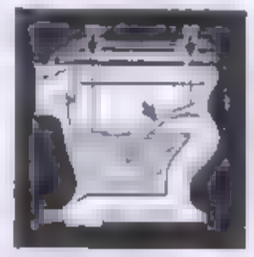
Thousands have adopted this modern sanitation

Today thousands of people, who have informed themselves about these things, have installed Maddock's Improved Madera, which is the last word in scientific sanitary construction.

Improved Madera seat—large opening

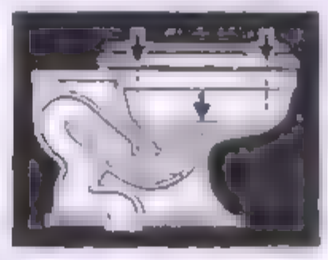
The Improved Madera is amply proportioned. Its large seat and long seat opening are highly comfortable to body and mind.

The bowl is very large, and water covers the entire area beneath the seat opening. There are no dry surfaces to be soiled.



Cross section of ordinary toilet. Note small water area and large dry surface under seat opening

The trapway is unusually large. The flushing action is siphonic, complete and positive by means of powerful twin jets. Even the modern sanitary pads are disposed of according to directions by the Improved Madera.



Cross section of Improved Madera toilet. Note large water area and absence of dry surface under seat opening

Yet this powerful flushing action is so quiet that it is not audible beyond the bathroom door.

The bowl and tank of the Improved Madera are made of Durock, the hardest, densest, most beautiful vitreous china, exclusively a Maddock product. The surface of Durock is dazzling, transparent glass, fused under terrific heat into the very structure of the exquisite snowy-white underbody. This surface cannot be scratched. It will never crack nor roughen. It is absolutely impenetrable and will absorb nothing. Even iodine will not stain it. The Improved Madera can always be wiped perfectly clean, merely with a damp cloth.

An actual economy

With all its great superiorities, the price of the Improved Madera is but $85. It costs no more to install than the cheapest closet you can buy. The whole first cost is thus little more than that of the inferior product.

The Improved Madera comes completely equipped with the finest fittings made. Unlike the cheap closet, it needs no after-service or repairs.

So the final cost of the Improved Madera is actually less!

The gleaming-white Improved Madera is at once an expression of faultless taste and beauty, an embodiment of true hygienic ideals and a source of real economy.

Leading Master Plumbers in your neighborhood can show you the Improved Madera. If you cannot find it at once, write us and we shall be glad to direct you.

THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS COMPANY
Durock Bathroom Equipment
Trenton, New Jersey

MADDOCK

SINCE 1859 NO NAME HAS STOOD FOR HIGHER QUALITY

New! *The Buffer heel and toe to bear the brunt of wear*

Buffer (remember it) is the name of the new heel that won't scuff through and the toe that will never see a darning needle.

Buffer is the exclusive feature of the smart new Wilson Brothers socks that offer more and finer silk at their prices.

Buffer is the latest achievement of Wilson Brothers Style Committee whose prime endeavor is practicality and value in haberdashery, authentically correct. Buffer has won most of the good dealers in the country as quickly as it will win you.

50¢ Silk and Rayon

75¢ and $1.00 Pure Silk

Fifteen colors to accord with the latest mandate for man's attire—the ensemble as sponsored by Wilson Brothers Style Committee

WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO LONDON PARIS

Shirts • Neckwear • Hosiery • Scarfs • Handkerchiefs • Underwear
Nightwear • Belts • Suspenders • Garters • Novelties

THIS KING BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 34)

visiting monarchs. Afterward there was usually an official dinner. I remember the official welcome to the King of Italy, because I was allowed to wear a long-tailed coat for the first time.

One of the saddest official occasions in which I participated was the funeral of King Edward. It was there that I met Theodore Roosevelt, who represented America. That was probably the most imposing funeral the world has ever known. Eight kings and emperors marched in the procession, which stretched for miles across London. There were the Kaiser, the present King of England, the Kings of Norway, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Bulgaria and Greece. First came the Kaiser, then the kings according to throne age, my father first.

The propeller shaft of our yacht broke in two as we plowed through the Adriatic on our way to England for that funeral and we were stuck for thirty-nine hours, drifting helplessly in a swell. We had no wireless, but every signal of distress was flying, and though twenty ships passed, not one stopped to vindicate the much-lauded chivalry of the seas. Finally an officer and two of our sailors got into a rowboat with sails and set out for Valona. They started with a good breeze, but had to row seven miles when the wind died down. They telegraphed for help and an Austrian man-of-war, a tug and four Italian torpedo boats appeared to escort us to Brindisi. We reached London in time, after all.

Royal Residents

The horse assigned to my father to ride in the procession had not been exercised enough or else contracted a cramp, for it turned in circles all the way from Westminster Abbey to the station, where everybody boarded the train for Windsor. The journey took an hour and a half, and although my father was accustomed to riding and rode well, he was sick and dizzy by the time it was over. The Turkish representative's horse tried whirling, too, and the rider dismounted and walked the whole way.

I stayed at Sandringham with my aunt after the funeral and visited there several times in later years. I also used often to join Aunt Alix on board the Victoria and Albert and go with her for fortnight visits to her daughter, Queen Maud of Norway. Then we would sail on to Copenhagen. There Aunt Alix and my Aunt Minny—Empress Marie of Russia—owned a villa called Hvidöre, which means White Ear. The sisters had bought and arranged it all themselves and took great pride in it. It had a garden which sloped down to the sea and the empress used to walk along the shore picking up pieces of amber. The stuff became a genuine hobby with her. Soon she had many *bonbonnières* full of it. It grew to be a sort of legend in her family and one day a mischievous relative, to play a joke on her, bought a big piece and gave it to a footman to break up and strew along the shore.

For two days Aunt Minny was in raptures. She could talk of nothing but the strange way in which amber was being washed up by the sea. Then she got a little suspicious, because the pieces looked more jagged than usual and because there were so many more of them than there had ever been before. At last the footman owned up to his part of the trick and got a wigging. So did the mischievous member of the family.

Not too bad a wigging, though. Aunt Alix and Aunt Minny were much too kind to be harsh for long with anybody. At Hvidöre they kept on an old manservant who had been in the family from the time of their father. Rather than hurt his feelings, they let him serve at table, and his hand shook so that if you wanted your vegetables you often had to chase them about on the floor.

Besides the many royal visitors who came to Greece, there were two who lived there for a while. The first was the Empress Elizabeth, wife of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. She built a house in Corfu which, after her death, was bought by Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.

Empress Elizabeth wished to study Greek. Also she wished to rest, she said, but Greek is a difficult language and she couldn't have rested much while learning to speak it fluently. At any rate she wore out her teachers, Count Mercati and Mr. Christomanos. Every day she walked miles with one or the other, speaking Greek all the way, and even when it was time for her hair to be brushed, one of them came in to read to her.

The empress had lovely brown hair which was famous all over the world. The strands came down to the ground and were worn in two plaits about her head. The brushing was a daily ceremony. Once the captain of a Russian gunboat reported that he had seen a boat coming into the Greek harbor with a woman on deck having her great mass of hair brushed, and my father, to whom the tale was told, said, "That could only be the Empress of Austria."

Sure enough, later that day a servant announced that a lady had come to call who refused to give her name, and when my father and mother went down to the reception hall they found that the visitor was Empress Elizabeth. She insisted upon a strict incognito in the neighborhood, though all the people soon knew her.

She had a horror of being photographed or even being looked at, and when she met anybody on one of her long walks she would unfurl the fan she always carried and hide her face with it.

Her villa was an eyesore. She gave the architect carte blanche, and the simple cottage she meant to have, turned out to be an ornate palace of frescoes, statues and bronzes. The atrocity cost the Austrian Government twelve million crowns. It was named the Achilleion and was situated on a hill twelve miles from Corfu, overlooking the mountains and sea. After the empress' death the Achilleion was vacant until the Kaiser bought it.

The Kaiser usually came to Corfu in the spring, and father, mother and all of us went there to greet him. There generally was an official reception and dinner at our Corfu palace. Sometimes the visiting monarch would ask us to board his yacht for a big German tea in return. His greatest hobby in those days was archæology. One day a man plowing in a field not far from my father's place, Mon Repos, struck something hard, and it turned out to be the head of a lion. Then they dug farther down and found an enormous temple and a frieze with gorgeous fighting lions. The Kaiser hurried at once to the spot, and used to go there every morning and afternoon afterward to watch the digging, with members of his suite, who had to stand about for hours on end and pretend an interest in archæology too.

An Impromptu Entertainment

One day at the excavations, when the Kaiser was sitting down for a change, one of the legs of his chair sank in the soft earth and the All Highest went over backward, heels straight up in the air. Our whole family happened to be there that day, for we often came to watch the excavating, and there were a lot of other bystanders. Nobody laughed except my fifteen-year-old niece—now Princess Helen of Rumania—who, to her mother's horror, frankly chortled. The rest of us contented ourselves with vanishing behind convenient trees to gurgle at our leisure.

The Kaiser took it very well. As his courtiers picked him up he said, "What a pity there was nobody here to photograph me!"

We used to drive a good deal in Corfu on mountain roads bordered by sheer precipices. They were fearsome to look at, and if you were timid not particularly pleasant to drive over. My mother never did, because it made her giddy, and so she sympathized with an A. D. C. of the Kaiser's, and, indeed, became fast friends with the man, all because she was told that once he screamed so loud when going around a steep curve that His Imperial Majesty, three cars ahead, heard the cry.

The Kaiser called his existence at Corfu the simple life, but it seemed elaborate to us, for he brought generals and equerries galore and the meals were ceremonious functions. However, he dressed outing style, and since he was cut off from cares of state, undoubtedly found the excursions restful.

We were so much wilder than the German ruler's sons, and so much more carelessly dressed, that we never got on very well with them. Even if we weren't so well dressed, we felt sure that we got more amusement out of life than they did. I'm afraid the Kaiser always suspected that Greeks were not so clean as they might be, for every Easter he gave the children Easter eggs made of soap.

The Imperial Train

Unfortunately for them, they imagined the gifts were sweets and bit into the eggs. At which point, what mighty wails would go up! The monarch's parting gifts to grown-ups among the peasants were toothbrushes and combs, which unluckily were all lost by the next visit. So the imperial cleansing campaign had to begin all over again.

From the time I was a baby a trip to Russia with my mother was my idea of the great adventure. First of all there was the journey, partly by land and partly by water, with the magnificent imperial train to meet us at Sebastopol and carry us in slow and stately fashion the remainder of the way.

To me this train was nothing less than a fairy coach. It was remarkably easy riding, for the Russian roads were all built broad gauge, and the engine fairly crawled along, under government orders, so that you never felt a jar. I believe that the nonspeeding orders resulted from an accident that had happened to Emperor Alexander III a few years before.

The exterior of the train was dark blue. The inside was luxuriously upholstered, carpeted and furnished. The dining car had a long table which seated thirty. In my mother's car was a fascinating bed that hung from the ceiling in a kind of net. All our compartments had real beds.

This train was a sample of the lavishness of the Russian court—the most magnificent court I have ever known. Nothing was too costly if it would give a moment's pleasure to a guest. Each visitor was assigned two carriages for the duration of his stay—an open and a closed one. He was fêted and feasted and wined as long as he could stand the strain. Open to him were a dozen gorgeous palaces, with all resources of service and hospitality.

The value of the jewels worn at any court function must have run into the millions. The crown jewels were matchless—diamonds of the first water set in platinum and gold, rubies as big as pigeons' eggs. At a wedding supper or other great banquet a court official stood behind the chair of each sovereign or prince to hand the champagne when a health was to be drunk. This handing was a regular ceremony. The wine was first poured by a footman, who handed it to a page, who, in turn, handed it to the court official. After all this trouble the court official, who was generally aged, was as likely as not to upset it down your back. I well remember the grief of my sister when

(Continued on Page 109)

There certainly is a difference in STEEL SHAFTS *here's why...*

This label in gold on the shaft itself guarantees that it is a true Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft.

A FEW years back there was but one steel golf shaft—and that was the Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft. Its success was immediate; it took the golfing world by storm.

Like every phenomenal success, it has had imitators, but the Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft is still different from other steel shafts. For instance, it is the only steel shaft made of genuine "spring steel". This means more snap, more pep, more life for both wooden and iron clubs.

Remember that there can be as much difference in steel shafts as in hickory shafts. For your protection we have put a GOLD label on every Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft. Look for it when you buy your next club, no matter what make of club it is.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol"
Steel Golf Shaft

Write for booklet

Upon request we will send you an interesting little booklet on golf.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
3651 HORTON STREET, BRISTOL, CONN.

"This X-ray showed me

how to reduce my score from 102 to 91"

"HERE'S the original negative of a 'U. S.' Royal," said the doctor, "made in my own office.

"I made up my mind to diagnose my own putting trouble and to see for myself whether I wasn't missing a good many putts by using balls that were lopsided—off-center *inside*.

"I tested many different makes of balls and found the answer—*only* the 'U. S.' Royal showed a perfect center accurately located in the exact heart of the ball."

This *inside* trueness is the secret of the "U. S." Royal's putting accuracy and dependable flight—first revealed by the X-Ray in laboratory tests—afterwards verified independently by many doctors and dentists who had X Ray apparatus to make their own tests.

Without exception they show why the "U. S." Royal is the truest putting golf ball in the world. —why, under normal conditions, it never wobbles or rolls off, and why its flight is equally dependable.

Look at these unretouched photographs of four well-known makes of golf balls. Note the scores made on the mechanical putting machine by balls A, B and C. Then compare their centers with that of the "U. S." Royal shown on the right the ball that registered 99 perfect putts out of 100 under identical conditions.

The "U. S." Royal will give you the same answer that it gave the doctor.

Furthermore, it will drive as far as any other golf ball made—and last as long.

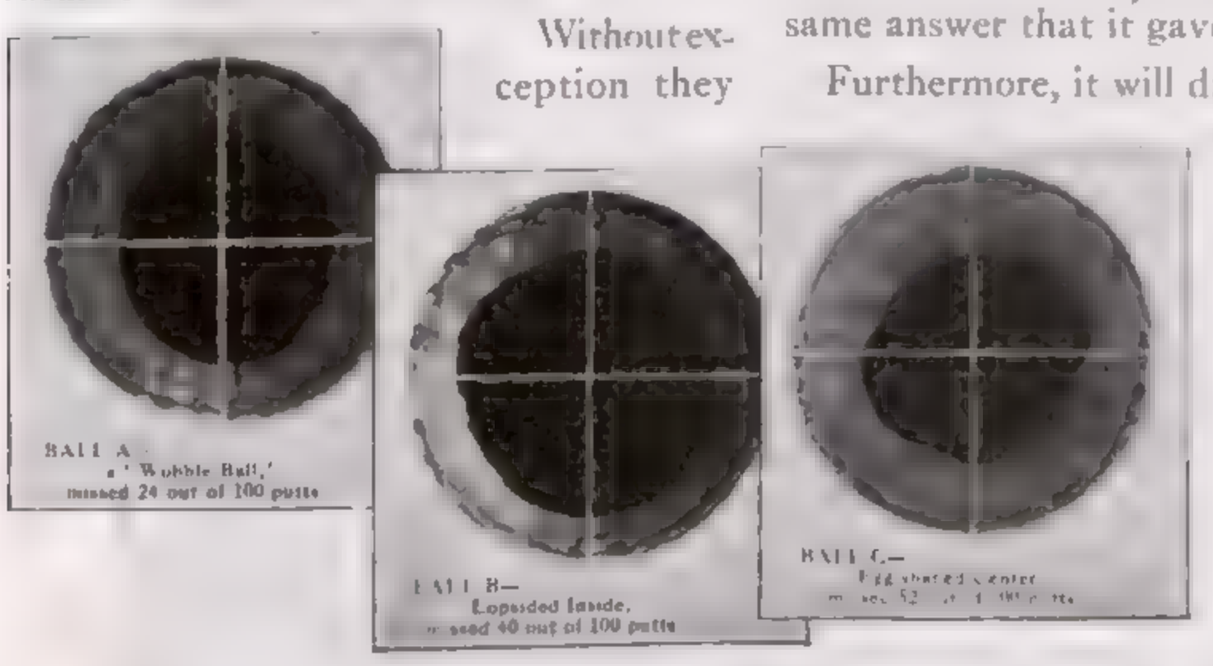
Wallop a "U. S." Royal as hard and as much as you please. You can't knock it out of round. Its tough resilient cover and exclusive inside construction are designed to stand every condition of actual play.

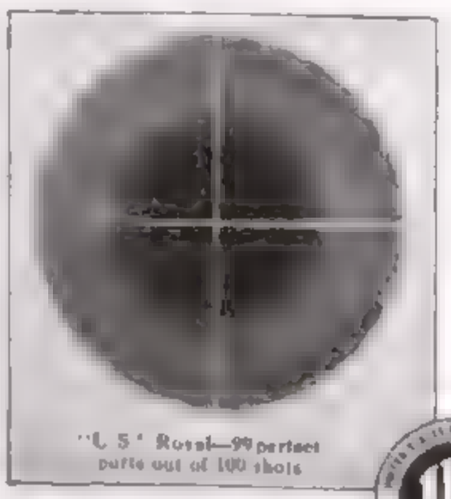
Your professional or authorized dealer has them. In either mesh or recess marking -and the price is 75c.

"How a Golf Ball is Made"

Let us send you a free copy of an absorbing human interest story of the building of a golf ball, by Robert H. ("Bob") Davis, internationally known author and editor. Address any one of our many branches or The Golf Ball Department, 1790 Broadway, New York.

United States Rubber Company





"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

(Continued from Page 107)

a favorite pale blue costume of hers turned green because her hander spilled six glasses of champagne on it.

The state banquets in the great room of Tsarskoe Selo, a palace kept solely for state occasions, were the most magnificent I have ever seen. The immense room was done in silver and blue and lighted by candles. It ran the whole width of the house, with huge windows on both sides. A room with walls of inlaid amber and a lapis-lazuli room were other show sights in Tsarskoe Selo.

Another impressive bit of scenery there was a guard of six coal-black Abyssinians who had been sent to the Russian emperor by the Emperor of Abyssinia. They were magnificent physical specimens, with bodies that looked as if they were cast in bronze. Their dress added to the effect—gay-colored silk trousers that bagged, and brilliant turbans. One, called Jimmy, spoke Greek, and we thought this so strange that we used to make opportunities to talk to him.

One evening my sister Marie appeared all in black. As she passed him he whispered anxiously, "Why is Your Highness wearing black?"

She answered, "To look like you, my friend."

The Abyssinians had only one mission in life—to be picturesque. They were summoned for state occasions and stood up at the door for the guests to look at. The rest of the time they did nothing.

It was at one of the other palaces at Tsarskoe Selo—Alexander Palace, built by Alexander II—that the Emperor and Empress of Russia were imprisoned during the recent Russian revolution. How the ghosts of past gayeties must have haunted them!

The women's dresses were another exquisite note in the harmonious whole of a Russian court affair. I well remember my mother's mother, the Grand Duchess Constantine, at the unveiling of a monument to Alexander II in 1898. Everybody was there, and in full dress—the emperor and empress, all the grand dukes, grand duchesses and princes. I was only ten, but as a very special treat I was allowed to go. I hardly took my eyes off grandmother, for it seemed to me she was a fairy princess come alive.

She wore cloth of gold made, as were all the regulation Russian court costumes, with a tight-fitting bodice and a train that was literally yards long. Upon her head was a *kokochnik*, or cap of cloth of gold, with all kinds of jewels sewed into it. To the back was attached a lace veil which fell down over her train.

A Source of Pride

The trains would have been difficult to handle if each grand duchess and princess had not had a page as train bearer. These pages were lads of good birth, selected from among the students at the military school. They looked very grand themselves in black casques decorated with flowing white horse hair, black coats with gold trimmings, white breeches and high boots. The empress had two pages.

Grandmother, a princess of Saxe-Altenburg, was a beautiful woman and knew it very well. She was especially proud of her small waist and her narrow feet, and to make sure that they should never expand she slept in stays and shoes. At Christmas she used to have paper knives of ivory and silver made in the shape of her foot, and these she gave away to favorite relatives and friends. She had a stroke in 1903, but until then, carried herself as if she had a ramrod down her back. She was always beautifully dressed, with her coiffure waved and every hair in its exact place under a small widow's cap and veil. I do not remember my mother's father at all. He was great admiral of the Russian Navy and a brother of Emperor Alexander II. It is said that he had a great deal to do with the abolishment of serfdom by Alexander II.

Another of my favorite visiting places was Strelna, on the Baltic Sea, which belonged to my uncle, Grand Duke Dmitri. This palace had ornate gardens, canals leading down to the Baltic Sea, and big gilded statues. A monumental staircase led to the park, which extended along the canals to the sea. On this coast were the palaces of all the grand dukes, including that of my sister's brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Michael, about a quarter of a mile away

This palace was called Michailowskoe and was built in the Italian style. I stayed there with my sister, and also at Peterhof, where Aunt Minny lived. Her house was in the inclosure where stood the emperor's palace and the farm from which Tatoi was copied.

Below were the waterworks of Peterhof, where water spouted from fountains on every side. Two of the most famous were the fountains of Adam and Eve. The emperor's private band played here in summer and the fountains were a rendezvous for smart society in its carriages.

About an hour south of St. Petersburg was Gatchina, a house of enormous towers, where I sometimes stayed with Aunt Minny. Her daughter, my cousin Olga, had rooms there for herself and her adored nurse, a fat old woman of whom we children stood in holy terror. Some of my best Russian times were spent at Gatchina with Aunt Minny. There at the same time, besides Olga, would be her brother Michael, a boon companion.

Cinderella's Antithesis

Aunt Minny was a great lady. She could enter a room so majestically that everybody would stop talking and turn to look. She was not tall either and her lovely smile was as friendly as her tactful words. But all the same you couldn't presume with her. We young people never left her out of any of our frolics, for she was great fun and a splendid playmate. Indeed, all the amusing expeditions and jolly excursions for our benefit were thought up by her.

In spite of all the sorrow she has gone through, she is to this day, at eighty, a brave and spirited lady. She never acknowledged the death of her son, Czar Nicholas, and the subject is never mentioned in her hearing. She has always dressed in black since the death of her husband, but neither put on special mourning for her son nor attended any funeral service for him. For a long time, in spite of hardships and heartbreak, she refused to leave Russia, but when Wrangel's army was routed, she went to England, where she stayed with her sister, Queen Alexandra, at Sandringham. Now she lives at Villa Hvidore.

My sister Alexandra's daughter, Marie, and son, Dmitri, after their mother's death, were brought up by the Grand Duke Serge Alexandrovitch, their uncle, and the grand duchess, sister to the empress. The grand duchess and the empress were princesses of Hesse, granddaughters of Queen Victoria. Another sister married Prince Louis of Battenberg and the youngest became the wife of Prince Henry of Prussia.

The grand duke was governor of Moscow and had a palace there and a country house outside. I loved staying with them, for my niece was only a year and a half younger than I, and my nephew three years younger. This nephew recently married an American girl, Miss Audrey Emery. My niece was first married to Prince William of Sweden, from whom she was divorced, and then to Prince Poutiatine, a Russian officer.

The Grand Duchess Serge was the loveliest woman in Russia. Her gowns and jewels were the most beautiful at any ball, and if the fête happened to be at her own house she was accustomed to disappear at midnight, like the antithesis of Cinderella, and come back in fresh frock and jewels.

Grand Duke Serge was blown up by Nihilists in 1905, and two or three years later the grand duchess became a nun in a convent she had founded. During the war

What happens when you clean your teeth?

So MANY people brush their teeth morning and night, only to have decay strike despite this faithful care. That is why there is a general belief that nothing can be done to prevent it. It's luck, some say. My teeth are naturally soft, say others.

Today, however, your dentist will tell you that tooth decay is the result of *mouth acids*. In the tiny crevices where gums meet teeth, minute particles of food lodge and ferment. These form acids which attack your teeth at The Danger Line. Dangerous gum irritation as well as tooth decay often results.

To keep your teeth sound and your gums healthy—to safeguard your health, these acids must be neutralized.

One dentifrice does this—Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains more than fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—long recognized by medical authorities as a safe, effective antacid. Every time you use Squibb's Dental Cream, tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia remain in the crevices at The Danger Line. There they neutralize the acids and protect from danger afterwards.

Next time you clean your teeth, what will happen? Will you be getting the protection against acids afforded by the regular use of this wonderful dentifrice? Take no chances! Use Squibb's. It contains no grit or abrasives. 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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... So easy to keep these windows clean

YOU can easily reach and clean the outside of Lupton Windows while standing inside the room. Just swing these casements open. What an improvement! The formerly irksome task of washing the windows becomes an easy matter with these modern and convenient steel casements. Now you can indulge in the luxury of window panes that are always sparkling and clear, and with safety, too, for with Lupton Casements you need never perch on the window sill.

Convenience of cleaning is but one of the many conveniences which Lupton Windows offer. They open so easily, ventilate so efficiently and shut so snugly in all weathers that they make every room a pleasanter place in which to spend your indoor hours.

You can install Lupton Casements in your house for a surprisingly modest sum of money. The house pictured here is one of hundreds of Lupton-equipped homes which demonstrate not only the convenience and beauty of these up-to-date windows but their economy as well. Let us send you free, "Better Windows for your Home," a booklet which shows many interesting installations.

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Lupton Windows STEEL

she was taken to Siberia, where she was imprisoned with other members of the family. Eventually she and her companions were thrown down a mine shaft and met death singing hymns. The Grand Duchess Serge asked only that she be allowed to put her cape over her head so that she need not see the chasm.

The Grand Duke Serge Michailovitch, my sister's brother-in-law, fought to keep from being thrown into the shaft and they shot him. My brother-in-law, the Grand Duke George, his brothers, the Grand Dukes Michael and Paul, and my mother's brother Dmitri, were taken to St. Petersburg from Siberia and locked in prison for seven months.

At the end of that time their jailers said, "Get ready, you're going to receive your papers of discharge." The captives gathered up a few things, including a kitten that Grand Duke Michael had adopted, and were huddled into a truck and taken to the Soviet commission.

Instead of their freedom, they got a sentence of death. They were then taken to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul and shot. My sister and her two daughters were still in England, where they had been at the beginning of the war. It was impossible for them to get across Germany, overland to Russia, and my brother-in-law wouldn't allow them to risk the submarine menace of the sea.

The Crimea, where my brother-in-law and sister had a place, also upheld the Russian tradition of gayety. My sister had designed an English country house, made of gray stone, with red-tiled roof, and it was generally filled with guests. There was a huge mountain at the back and villas were ranged all along the coast line. Emperor Nicholas II completed an Italian villa there just before the war and a gay season followed. His charming daughters were growing up and he used to give small dances for them. The officers of the guard regiments were always available for balls, riding and picnics, and my sister had a little two-seated motor in which we racketed about the country. There was always something going on.

In spite of the lavishness of his court, Emperor Nicholas II liked simple food, dress and amusements for himself. In the pleasant days when I first knew him, Nicholas never seemed a figure built for tragedy. He was rather weak and easily led, but amicable, kind and lovable. In appearance he was short and jolly-looking. Nonsense and romping delighted him.

The Powers of Darkness

The empress lived for her family, especially for her only son and for her husband. She never cared about society and was excessively religious, even mystical. That was how the scoundrel, Rasputin, got his hold on her. Her son, a beautiful active child, was what is known as a bleeder. One day he fell and hurt his leg. Immediately he began to go from one internal hemorrhage into another. After that, at the slightest bruise he began to have the hemorrhages, which produced excruciating pain and swelling. Any operation meant terrible bleeding, which might result in death. Rasputin persuaded the empress that if he were constantly present nothing could happen to the child. And it did seem a remarkable coincidence that every time he left the palace something went wrong with the little czarevitch.

The whole court, most of society and educated persons detested Rasputin. They rarely saw him, for, like the evil genius that he was, he avoided the light. The emperor was entirely dominated by the empress and apparently failed to realize that she in turn was dominated by Rasputin. Every imperial move and nomination was dictated by that sly hypocrite. It was a weird and uncanny situation that seemed to belong to the middle ages rather than the twentieth century. Rasputin had a number of hysterical followers, mostly women, but he did not belong to any religious order, although he was often spoken of as a monk. The entire court was in constant upheaval about him, but nobody had any suggestions to make about getting rid of him.

The empress was not an easy woman to reason with. She was reserved and cold, although very kind in a rather impersonal way. She was extremely beautiful, but she wore a sad, wistful, almost haunted look, as if she were apprehensive or in terror. Perhaps she had a premonition of all the fearful things which were to come.

Formerly the court had lived in St. Petersburg in winter and gone to the country palaces only for the summer. But the empress so loathed society that gradually the court functions grew fewer and fewer and the family lived at Tsarskoe Selo all the year round. Toward the end the emperor was accompanied upon official occasions almost entirely by his mother.

One of the last persons to see the empress alive was a lady in waiting whom we all knew. The house in which the emperor and empress were shut up was surrounded by a tall wooden wall. The lady in waiting caught a glimpse of the empress on the top floor of the building and said her hair had turned snowy white.

I have heard a good deal of comment in America about royal marriages. Usually Americans assume that no royal match has anything to do with love. Sometimes the papers headline Royal Love Match, but the wise readers sniff and say, "Oh, that's just newspaper talk. They put it in to make a pretty story!"

Gatherings of the Clan

Just the same I've known many royal love matches. All the marriages in my own family were that. Sometimes, of course, even love matches come awful croppers, as was the case with the Crown Princess of Saxony, who eloped with the violinist Toselli; and with my niece Helen, whose husband, Carol, Crown Prince of Rumania, left her. But these are only cases which tend to bear out the truth of the old adage that exceptions prove the rule.

At the same time it is true that arranged marriages frequently end in love and happiness. I do not know why. One possible explanation is that age knows best. Before a marriage between two royal houses is arranged, much time and thought are given to the matter by parents and advisers. And it may be, too, that love is not enough, that marriage built on such a glittering foundation is in danger from the beginning. The whole theme is one that suffers through too much generalization.

There were so many marriages among us that weddings were among the main reasons for gatherings of our clan. My brother Nicholas was married in Russia to Grand Duchess Helen, daughter of Grand Duke Wladimir, on August 29, 1902. The wedding might have come out of a book of fairy tales. The bride wore the court dress of cloth of silver, with an enormous cloak of crimson velvet bordered with bands of ermine, and a cape of ermine hanging from the shoulders. Her jewels were a huge diamond necklace, diamond buckle which held the cloak, drop earrings, and a tiara which had belonged to the Empress Catharine and which was used only for court weddings. The tiara had a diamond crown in the center which now may be seen in a secondhand shop in Paris, where it drifted after it was sold by the Bolsheviki.

The weight of this costume was so great that the wearer, when she knelt at a certain point in the service, was absolutely anchored to the floor and had to be hoisted up by the groomsmen. It was the same way at the marriage of my niece Marie. She positively couldn't get up without help, or, in fact, walk across the floor by herself.

Andrew was married in 1903 to Princess Alice, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, later Marquis of Milford Haven. This wedding was at Darmstadt, Hesse. I have a photograph of many of the guests at that wedding. There are thirty-three persons in the picture, and of those at least a

dozen have died violent deaths since. My father was shot by an assassin. The Grand Duke Serge was blown up in Moscow. The Grand Duchess Serge was murdered by the Bolsheviki. The Emperor and Empress of Russia and their children, so far as anybody knows, suffered the same fate. But we had no premonition, in those untroubled days, of what was to come, and we were very gay. The festivities lasted ten days and included dinners, balls and a gala performance at the opera, with the men in dress uniforms and the ladies in evening gowns with tiaras and jewels.

One of the amusing guests at this gathering was my aunt, my mother's sister, the Grand Duchess Vera of Würtemberg. She had short curly hair in a day when short hair for women was unknown. We thought she looked very comical and were forever teasing her. Her husband was away when she had it cut and came back to find her looking like a convict.

Like the modern husband, he protested feebly, but her hair stayed bobbed. She could never keep her hats on and had to attach them and even her tiaras with elastic bands, like a little girl, and she was fat, but irresistibly gay and kind.

Getting the Answers Twisted

At the family dinner after the wedding my brother George was sitting next to her and feeling frolicsome. At a pause in the festivities he snatched off her tiara and put it on his own head. Everybody shrieked with joy and Aunt Vera swore to be avenged. When my brother and sister-in-law started away on their wedding journey, we were all throwing rice and somebody hit the old lady's glasses and knocked them off, smashing them. She turned round quickly, and supposing, although she couldn't see, that it was George up to his pranks again, soundly boxed the ears of the British admiral, Mark Kerr, a great personal friend of Prince Louis' family.

Andrew and Alice were married first in the Protestant Church, and after that in the Russian Church with Greek rites. The Russian priest asks two questions of the bride—whether she wants to marry her husband and whether she has already promised her hand to anybody else. She should, of course, answer yes to the first and no to the second. My sister-in-law misunderstood the questions and reversed the order of answers, which of course convulsed the whole gathering. Even the Empress of Russia, not easily moved to mirth, shook with laughter.

Queen Alexandra looked especially beautiful at that wedding, in a gown of amethyst sequins and an amethyst tiara and necklace. The day before the ceremony there was a great stand-up supper which included a bad lobster, the smell of which nearly drove everybody out of the house before it was located and hastily removed. Among the guests, besides all our family, were Queen Alexandra, Prince and Princess Fred Charles of Hesse—the latter a sister of the Kaiser—Princess Victoria of England, Princess Louis of Battenberg, mother of the bride; Princess Beatrice of England, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge, Grand Duchess Marie and Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia.

Bids for New Leaders

Nobody knows better than I do that the king business isn't what it used to be. But, strangely enough, since the slump which began a few years ago and continues up to this minute, I've had the refusal of three European thrones.

Each time I have said to those who were kind enough to make the offer that my head was too bald to keep the crown from slipping off.

As a matter of fact, nothing under the sun would induce me to become a king. In these uncertain times you're quite likely to sit on a bomb at the same time that you sit on a throne. Besides, I don't want to be a king. Being a human being is so much more interesting.

I was offered Portugal in 1912, Lithuania in 1920 and would have been offered Albania, only I never allowed it to come to that.

Mr. Basil Zaharoff, a very rich gentleman, who is known in Europe as the mystery man because of the many conflicting stories about his origin and activities, agreed to finance the Portugal project. He spoke to my brother Nicholas about it. The Lithuanian boom originated, I think, among Lithuanians in America, and I expect the fact of my being married to an American influenced their proposal. They sent me a description of their palace, built by Catharine the Great, together with the suggested plans for renovating it if I decided to occupy their throne. They also warned me that the civil list—that is, the wages of the king—would be less for me than for most monarchs because I had such a rich wife. But they hastened to add that though she was an American, she should be a perfectly legal queen. I suppose they thought no woman could resist that lure, but my wife didn't want to be a queen any more than I wanted to be a king, and said she'd prefer to be a lamp-post in New York.

Not, mind you, that I don't like queens and kings as individuals. Some of them are among the nicest people I know and most of them have a good deal more common sense and good feeling than the world gives them credit for. Perhaps now that their thrones are not so much in the limelight, they themselves will be revalued as human beings.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Prince Christopher. The third and last will appear in the issue for June ninth.

Red Eagle Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

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THERE is a Bird Rug moderately priced for every home. Colorful, enduring rugs that will beautify any floor of your home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.

BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.

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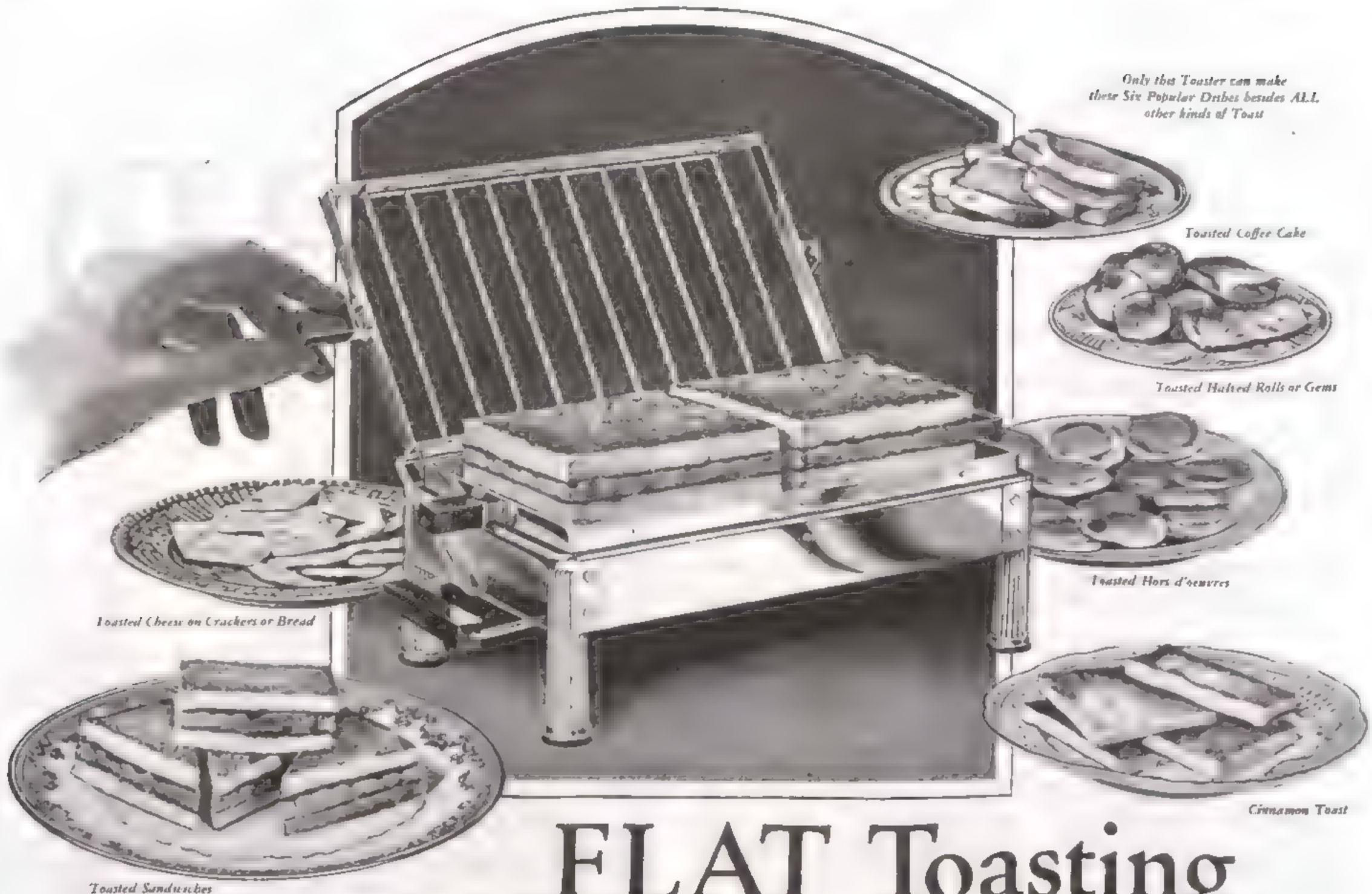

Only this Toaster can make these Six Popular Dishes besides ALL other kinds of Toast
Toasted Coffee Cake
Toasted Halved Rolls or Gems
Toasted Hors d'oeuvres
Toasted Cheese on Crackers or Bread
Cinnamon Toast
Toasted Sandwiches

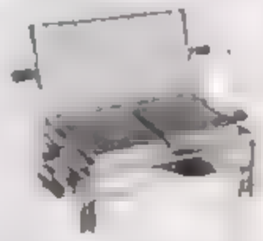
FLAT Toasting does these 5 New Things

that you can't expect of Upright Toasting

For that Sunday night bite

For those unexpected guests

For that light, quick breakfast



Turn-Over Rack

Opens Wide—Admits Any Thickness

2 Large Sandwiches, 3 Slices of Bread [illegible] ng it, or burning fingers. Arrows show the action. Handy hinged Crumb Tray snaps open and shut cleaning toaster in a flash

1—Toasts Sandwiches with the filling right IN them.

2—Makes Toast of ANY thickness from "Melba" thin to Halved Rolls and Gems.

3—Toasts Cheese, Sardines, Cinnamon, etc., right ON the Toast.

4—Toasts TWICE as quickly, using HALF the current, because the food is directly OVER rising heat, not beside it.

5—Toasts at a speed that makes toast golden brown, deliciously crisp, and TENDER—never dried-out hard.

Flat Toasting is winning the world so fast that authorities would not be surprised to see other methods dropped. No one would try to bake a cake on edge, or cook the meal at a similar angle. Is there any more reason why you must toast that way—a way that limits you to toasting only bread?

So many women expressed these sentiments that we laid the problem before Sunbeam engineers.

It was they who designed the 30-Year Sunbeam Iron, and we believed they could modernize toasting, too. That was the start of the Sunbeam Flat Toaster—no appliance in recent years has been so revolutionary

Toasts Any Thickness—Toasts Twice as Quick

Here is a Toaster that toasts twice as quick, because the food lies *flat*—directly *over* the rising heat A toaster with a turn-over rack that opens wide to admit food of any thickness from crackers and thin "Melba" toast, to Sandwiches, Halved Rolls, and Coffee Cake. Naturally its sales are soaring. If your dealer hasn't any Sunbeams left, leave your order and he'll get it, but don't accept something out of date. Better a day's delay

New Non-Breakable Plug—No Extra Charge

Another surprise on the Sunbeam Flat Toaster is our new Sunbeam Non-Breakable Plug. This sells by itself for $1.50. To all those who choose the Sunbeam Flat Toaster, we now include this Non-Breakable Plug without extra cost.

No matter what Toaster someone may want to sell you, insist at least on being shown the Sunbeam. You can see for yourself why Flat Toasting will soon reign supreme. And you'll want to be among the first to adopt it.

Your dealer or Public Service Company will welcome your comparison. If his Sunbeams have all been taken, leave your order, or write to us. $8 complete with cord and plug.

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RISING HEAT

Toasts twice as quick because it toasts flat directly over rising heat instead of depending on side heat or reflected heat; as in upright toasting

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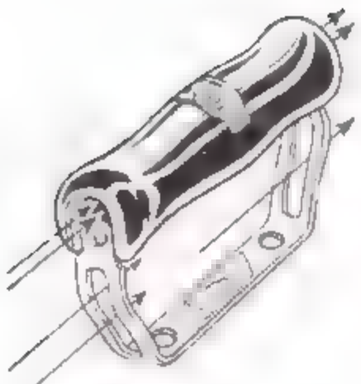
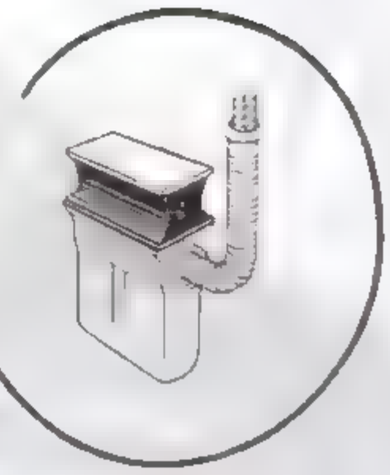


Handle Cooled by Action of Air
(as shown by arrows)
and Non-Conducting Vents

Cool air rushes through the large passage [illegible] through the vents [illegible] PERFECT [illegible] heat [illegible] handle from [illegible] comfortable hand grip



New Non-Breakable Trouble-Proof Plug

Only Plug with cord leading from the side through flexible metal shaft, protecting and holding cord out of your way is encased in steel, hence cannot crack [illegible] apart [illegible] casting pute In a M[illegible] and [illegible] grooved from OUTSIDE by air-cooled [illegible] continuous connection [illegible] absolutely, for the spring [illegible] heat and lose temper like springs in ordinary plugs.

NOW
this $1.50
Non-Breakable Trouble-PROOF Plug
Included Free on the Famous
30-Year Sunbeam Iron
No extra charge either for Sunbeam's new Air-Cooled Handle

Two Hours Extra Freedom

I spent the two hours that my Sunbeam saved me at the matinee. Then shopped [illegible] my way home

Sunbeam's new Non-Breakable, Trouble-Proof Plug encased in everlasting steel, is unlike anything ever seen—it is revolutionary—it is positively a world-beater.

The part that connects with the iron contains only steel, brass and pure India Mica insulation—no composition. Hence it can't crack, crumble or break.

Ingeniously locked together—so it cannot work loose or come apart. The contacts are firmly gripped from an *outside* spring—so heat can't rob it of its temper and spoil the connection, as with inside springs in ordinary plugs.

It's the *only* plug with a cord leading out of the side, through a flexible metal shaft, protected and held entirely out of your way.

No other iron has this Non-Breakable, Trouble-Proof plug—indeed the Sunbeam is a guaranteed trouble-proof iron throughout. Every detail of construction has been designed with that end in view. Our engineers have tested many new devices and discarded them because they could not meet our requirements. Sunbeam Irons will always continue to be simple, sturdy, free from complicated parts so they will do quicker, easier ironing and remain trouble-proof all the time.

Heat as You Want It

You can always rely on the Sunbeam to give you EVEN heat—LASTING heat—and *plenty of it*.

Its All-Over Heating Unit covers the ENTIRE bottom, *right to the very edges!* Heat is thus supplied *continuously* where an iron strikes the damp clothes FIRST—not only at the point—but at HEEL and EDGES, too. Hence damp clothes cannot cool it off. And it holds heat so well that your light things can be ironed after you shut off the current.

This means a real saving in your light bill. And of course a big saving in time. For there's no waiting around for your iron to reheat.

A 30-Year Test

This All-Over Heating Unit defied great engineers when they left it on current day and night for a year and a half, and could not burn it out. That's equal to 30 years' home use

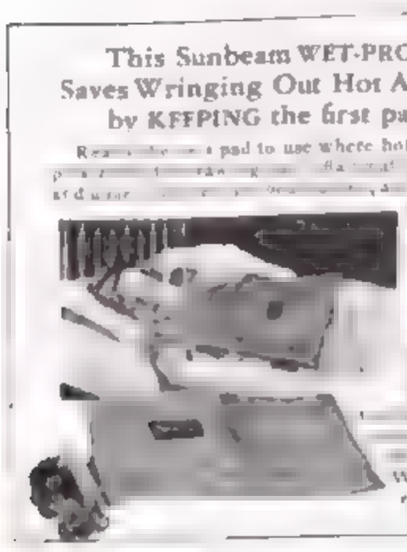
Many dealers and light companies supply the Sunbeam [illegible] day money-back trial. If the Sunbeams have all been sold, don't be induced to accept some second-choice, but leave your order, or write to us, giving dealer's name.

Complete with Cord, Non-Breakable, Trouble-Proof Plug, Air-Cooled Handle and fine, nickeled stand, $7.50. In Art-Steel, Fire-Proof Case, $1 more.

Diagram illustrating All-Over Heating Unit that covers ENTIRE bottom, keeping the iron [illegible] heated [illegible] Point and Edge

This Sunbeam WET-PROOF Pad Saves Wringing Out Hot Applications by KEEPING the first pack *hot!*

[illegible] a pad to use where hot ap[illegible] [illegible] pad [illegible] [illegible] hot surface—a pad [illegible] limp and pliable it snug[illegible]



The New Sunbeam Trouble-Proof Plug Fits All Electrical Appliances Plug and Cord Set, $2. *Order It Now*

Don't lose any [illegible] getting this new invention, if you want to end plug [illegible] You can use it on [illegible] Will save [illegible]

No. 177 T
One of fifty-two smart styles

THE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE

Smart shoes
for aching feet!

PICK out your own favorite style—for every occasion—be as fastidious as you please. YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE FOOT ACHES—if you wear Arch Preserver Shoes.

This is the famous shoe that men everywhere are eagerly turning to because it solves the old-time problem of whether your feet should be comfortable or well shod.

Several patented, exclusive features make this style shoe infinitely superior. A concealed, built-in arch bridge to prevent sagging; a flat inner sole, crosswise, to prevent pinching; and a metatarsal support to prevent straining—these are typical of the construction throughout.

Send for the "Foot Aches Chart", pictures of the new smart styles, and get a definite idea of the kind of shoes your feet should have for their 18,908 daily steps.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Made for men and boys by E T Wright & Co Inc, Rockland Mass—for women and girls by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.
Dept. S-70, Rockland, Mass.

Made in Canada by Scott McHale, Ltd., London, Ont., licensed by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents No shoe is an Arch Preserver Shoe unless stamped with the Trade Mark

Sold by Leading Dealers

Widen the circle of your activity by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe.

Send Coupon for Interesting Folder

Foot Aches

E. T Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-70, Rockland, Mass
Send me "Foot Aches Chart," style folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name
Address .....
City State

MISS SIMS RESIGNS

(Continued from Page 17)

Her affection for Mr. Welch was deep and sincere, but she had no illusions about him. They were old friends. Twice in the years she had been in his employ her mother had been very sick, and both times he had stood by her financially and morally and helped her through. When the boy she expected to marry was killed by a runaway horse, he had first taken her into his own office and given her interesting and responsible duties and taught her the satisfaction of work. He had always been generous in paying her and he had piled work upon her ruthlessly. She knew what a fine mind he had, how quick and strong and eager he was, how dominated by one idea. She knew all about his family—his wife, whom he loved with a still youthful affection, his son and daughter, his house on the hill. But when all was said and done, he was none of hers, and she had served him well, enduring his nervous irritation, the strain of his tremendous driving force, with equanimity. He was none of hers, and his claims upon her faded before her own imperative emotion.

Miss Sims had never cared especially about marrying. Only at Christmas-tree entertainments she sometimes felt sentimental and wondered what she had missed. But she dealt with men so constantly that at night she loved the peace and femininity of her own house. She enjoyed the companionship of women. She liked to go on holidays alone. She was fond of music and her small piano gave her much entertainment. No, she had ceased to think of marriage. She wondered if she were becoming a misanthrope. Heaven forbid! It was only Mr. Millay.

The news of her departure caused a stir all through the organization. She had to explain over and over to her mother, and her explanations did not satisfy.

Mr. Welch called her into his office one morning and said to her, "You'll stay with us till the history is finished, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll stay that long"

"Miss Sims"—he was a little confused, and he eyed her askance—"I wanted to say—you know—if you feel that I've treated you badly about the history—you understand—I want to be fair to you. I know how hard it is sometimes to let anybody get away with things as much as Millay does —— If it's a question of you or him, it puts me in an awkward position. Which can I spare—my arm or my leg? Still, I find you on my conscience, and if it will satisfy you, I'll give you a free hand. Say what you like to him—put him in his place. How will that strike you?"

Miss Sims' eyes were very innocent. "Why, Mr. Welch, how can you think such a thing? What do you mean? I don't care how you manage things—you know that. You've always been lovely to me. I just want to leave."

"All right," he said a little testily; but she felt that he did not believe her.

The accepted fact penetrated the fastness of Mr. Millay's absorption. "Miss Sims leaving?" he exclaimed, staring at Simon from afar. "How extraordinary!"

"I hear she's going to be married," said Irene, whose mind was much on such possibilities.

Mr. Millay's amazement knew no bounds. "Married?" he cried. "Miss Sims?"

"Why not?" asked Irene indignantly. "She's very attractive. She's really pretty, and young looking, and have you ever heard her sing? She has a lovely clear voice. I've heard she's had several love affairs."

Mr. Millay got up at once and went in to look at this remarkable woman he had somehow missed. She sat at her desk, letters piled before her, but she was not working. A pencil lay idle in her fingers and her gaze was fixed upon the window; a flush lay in her smooth cheeks, a dream in her brown eyes, bright now with inner excitement. There was a slight tremor of her lips, which looked young and full and softly red.

"Dreaming?" said Mr. Millay playfully. "A penny for your thoughts."

Miss Sims' gaze returned from the window and fixed itself on him. Before his very gaze she altered. Her eyes grew chill and calm, her lips tightened, her cheeks paled. She spoke in a cold voice:

"My thoughts are not for sale. . . . Can I do anything for you, Mr. Millay?"

"I just wondered if Mr. Welch had any ideas for the house organ. Has he suggested anything to you?"

"I don't know anything about it, Mr. Millay."

"Have you read it? Don't you like it? I was terribly keen about it. If you haven't seen it yet, let me read it to you."

Miss Sims' smile was slightly malicious. "I haven't time, Mr. Millay. You know, I'm leaving in a few weeks, and there's a great deal for me to do. I think," she added, a little of the dreamy look coming back into her eyes, "that I shall never read another house organ as long as I live."

After he had taken his startled face away, Miss Sims reminded herself to be careful. Small good her leaving would do if he were offended! But—a penny for her thoughts! She laughed with chagrin. She had been sitting here, thinking what she would like to tell him.

She would like to tell him why everyone listened to him with such patience—not because he was irresistible, but because Mr. Welch thought it a necessity to keep him enthused. She would like to tell him how she had, once or twice, protested that Shay Millay had too much real ability, too much real sense, to play the fool. But Mr. Welch would not hear her. Promotion men were all alike—any rebuke, any check, sent them down to the depths. It was tiresome, but necessary.

"But it is insulting to him," she had protested; but Mr. Welch had his own way, to which Miss Sims felt he was entitled. She could see that he was right from the point of view of the publisher. He had a single-track mind—everything for the paper's good! And to get the promotion work out, to keep Mr. Millay satisfied, the system was excellent. But for O'Shamus himself—not so good! For Miss Sims, who had, more than anybody, to carry out the system—dreadful!

"I'll soon be away from all of this," she consoled herself. "I think too much about it and about him. I make too many speeches—in my own mind. It's not good for me. If he weren't being coddled here, he'd go where he could get it, most likely."

Mr. Millay finished the history. Miss Sims listened to him read it, and then went over it slowly and carefully, checking the facts against his flights of fancy, while he hovered jealously. Mr. Welch went over it, breathing into it new ideas, enlarged vision. The editorial department gave it fresh color. But all, with one voice, praised the work; and Mr. Millay took it like a child to his heart, to write a second time. Cuts were made, paper ordered. At last the history was in type.

Miss Sims worked long hours. She was training Irene for her job. This was the office log, this the private file. Here was the correspondence with the men outside that was of a personal nature. Here were contracts, here financial records kept for the publisher. This was confidential, this public. About these things she might use her own judgment, but this and this and this were matters that Mr. Welch always wanted to have his say about. Mr. Welch, she warned Irene, often went out into the building and stayed all day, and at such times he did not like to be called back to his office. Irene listened and learned.

At night Miss Sims' office light burned as she read proof on the new galleys of the history. At such times personal feelings

(Continued on Page 117)

SUMMER OUTINGS ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken

Possibly it is natural to think of LEE *of Conshohocken* only as makers of good tires.

Yet the products from our two big plants such as fire and garden hose, surgical rubber, transmission and conveyor belts, floor coverings, tiling, matting, etc., are known and used the world over.

23 acres of floor space are necessary to turn out the hundreds of rubber products which find their way unheralded into almost every home and factory.

It takes a small army of craftsmen to do this work, and it takes technical skill of a high order to keep each item uniform and up to Lee standards.

We believe no other manufacturer watches the processing of his product with so many meticulous laboratory analyses and road tests. These are Lee habits of long standing.

This is your assurance that every tire, tube or any other LEE *of Conshohocken* product will stand the closest scrutiny, and give the service you have a right to expect.

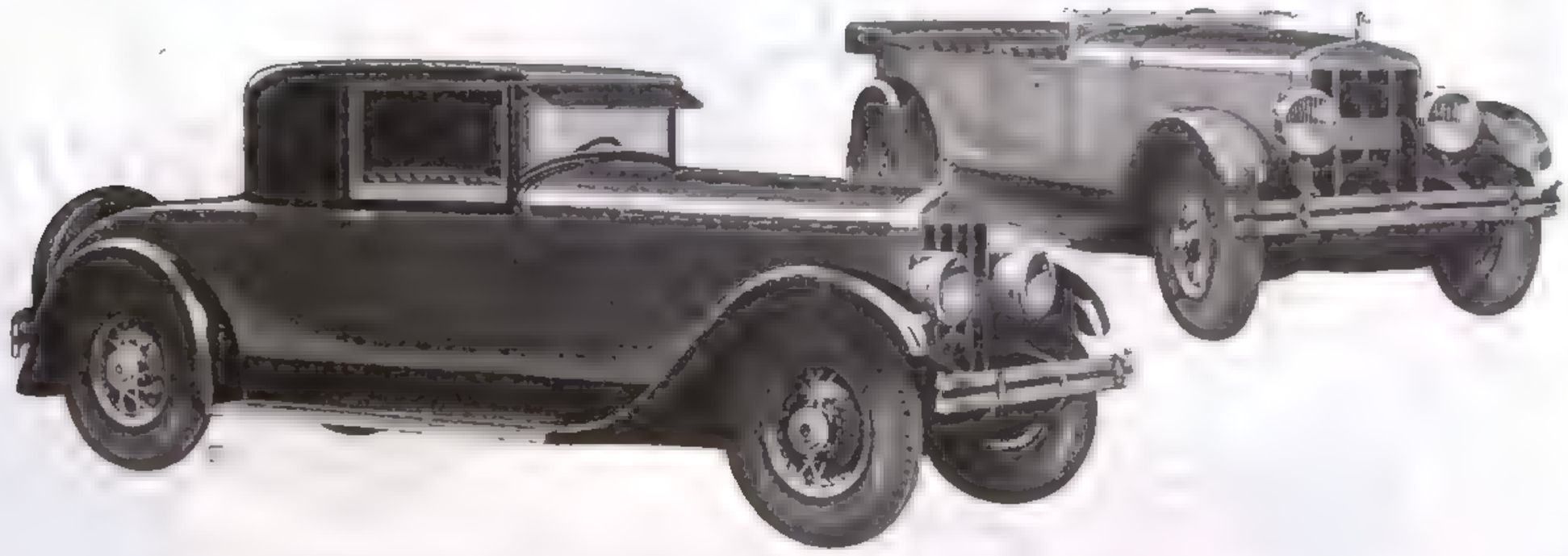
LEE *Shoulderbilt*

Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find *Shoulderbilts* bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. *and* YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN



Both the Motor World and Aviation have followed Franklin's pioneering

The Franklin Sedan weighs 10% to 20% less than other sedans of equal size—10% to 20% less weight to handle—to move about—to use up gasoline and tires.

TWENTY-SIX years ago—courageously and independently—Franklin pioneered air-cooling—the most efficient and dependable cooling principle for automobile engines.

Today, modern Aviation has virtually standardized on air-cooled motors for long, hazardous flights—for sustained high speed, regardless of altitude or weather conditions.

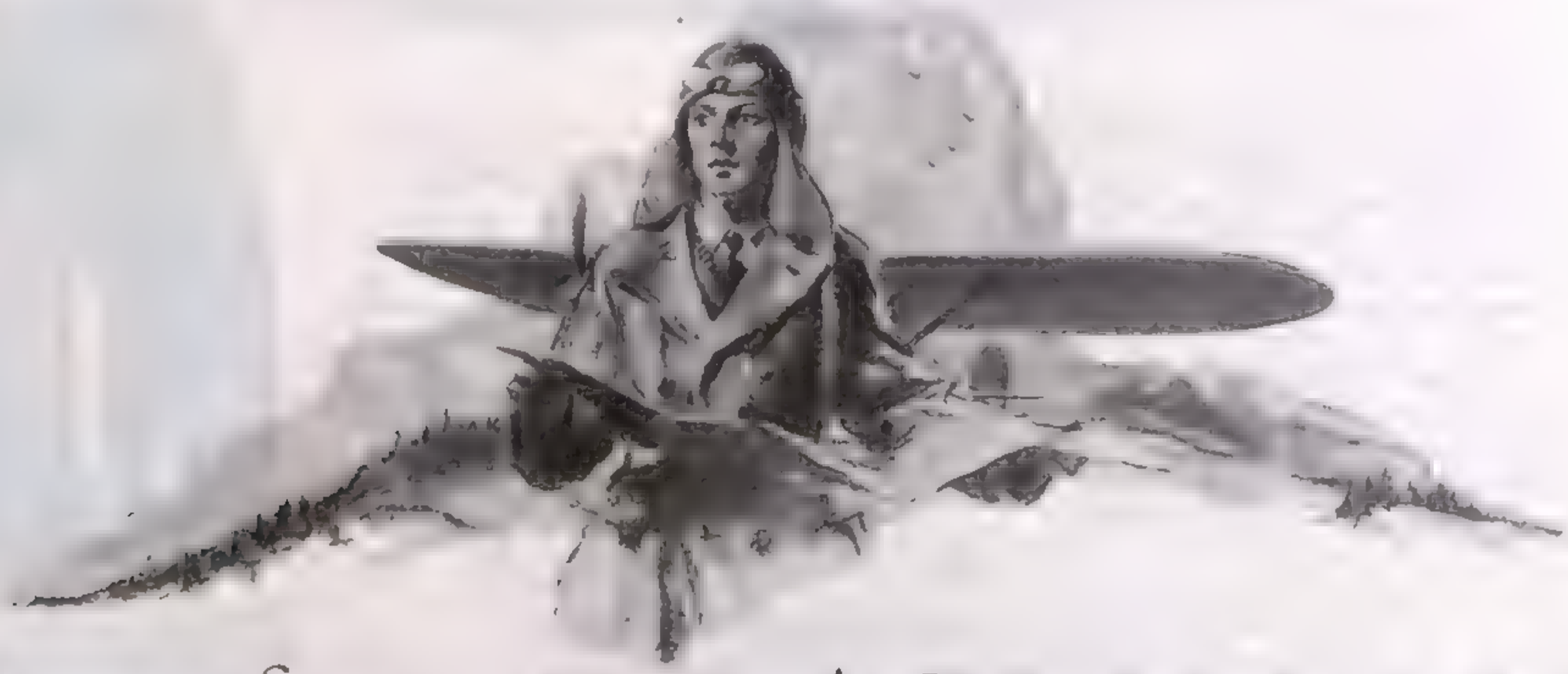
Such an endorsement of a Franklin engineering principle is by no means unusual. With equal vision, Franklin pioneered the first four-cylinder motor, the first six-cylinder motor, the first valve-in-head cylinder, the first sedan body. Franklin introduced the high hood, narrow radiator shell, panelled grille and modified cubistic body lines—now apparent in fully half of the smartest new cars.

The introduction of the Airman Series gave the motor world a new standard of speed—higher average speed throughout a day's run—and a new standard of riding comfort—the Airman has been widely acclaimed "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built."

And now Franklin offers the first *light-weight*, 7-passenger models—ideal family cars; spacious without being bulky; handled and controlled with runabout ease.

You will want to acquaint yourself with the automobile's nearest approach to flying. Just telephone the Franklin representative and an Airman will be placed at your disposal . . . . Term payments are offered.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE



Airman Series FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 114)

fell away from her. It seemed incredible that she was to leave the paper. The history was her own history; it was the history of work, of the Middle West. The first mechanical grain separator, the first riding plow, the first grain fan—each took on a new importance and place in this chronicle. She realized afresh the part the farm papers had played in all of it, weaving back and forth the bright shuttle of news and prophecy. The farm paper had antedated the agricultural bulletins; it had risen, a cloud no larger than a man's hand, and filled the heavens with the storm about coöperation. Back in those old papers were the first reports of farmers' unions organized in the Western states. And how much had happened just since she had been here—rural routes, farmers' phones, consolidated schools, boys and girls' clubs, automotion.

It was her history, it was her life. She had had her part in it all, and that not an insignificant one. And she was to leave it. Why? Because she did not like a man whom her work required her to please. What a reason for leaving her life work—the fruit of years! And Shay did have vision. Mr. Welch was right that he rated praise. His eager versatile mind had taken a confusion of ideas and made a compact whole. Here were more than facts—the breath of the west wind, the power that had gone out of the country schools into the nation, the spread of mechanical ingenuity—all were impregnated in the story. She found herself bereft of any feeling but admiration.

"And do you like my history so much then?" asked a deep charming voice. "I've spoken to you twice ——"

Miss Sims looked up to see Mr. Millay standing in the doorway. He looked very tall and vigorous and handsome in a new spring suit and gray hat. His brilliant eyes, his narrow actor's face, his long clever chin—all were shining with pleasure.

"Your history?" she said, and for the first time in her life she was deliberately rude. "How do you get that way?" she asked him.

Mr. Millay laughed.

"Whose else?" he demanded. "I wrote it, didn't I? I came back to read it again, and I find you're still at the proofs. I've never done a piece of work I liked more. When I wrote it I could feel the rise of our own age—like a tide in my own heart. When I was a boy, plowing under a motionless sun, I used to dream of what might lie before me. I'm glad I've had a chance to put it all down. It is mine. I wrote it and I put myself into it."

Miss Sims leaned back in her chair to still the trembling that had seized her. In vain she reached after her vanishing self-control. But too long had she indulged in passionate soliloquy concerning Mr. Millay's egotism, his blindness to the rest of the force, his immoderate self-approval. His words had loosed the flood.

"I suppose," she said in a voice that trembled a little and yet held in it a note of intense joy and anticipation, "that all these things happened, that America was discovered and populated, that the Civil War turned out as it did, so that certain events might lead up to your writing this history. Since the dawn of man there has been but one purpose in the universe—O'Shamus Millay."

He came toward her a step and stood uncertain, his new stick in his hands. The light from her desk fell full upon him. She looked him over scornfully and her eyes came back to his and held them. He was looking at her with a wide childlike gaze, hurt and astonished and incredulous. She turned more firmly toward him.

"Yes," she said, "all the world, all the efforts of men toward civilization have resulted in you, the consummation. Isn't it marvelous to move through life alone? You don't know other people live, do you? Your history! You make me tired!"

"But, Miss Sims ——" He tried in vain to stop her.

"Do you know," she demanded, "who first thought of this history? I did. It came to me a year ago when I was looking through old files for an advertisement, what a history the paper had, and the idea returned to me again and again. I spoke of it to Mr. Welch several times, and to Mr. Hamel. But until I began to dig out facts they didn't pay much attention. Then Mr. Welch became interested. The idea traveled around the office, became talked about, settled with you. Everyone has contributed to it. Mr. Welch more than anyone, because he made it. How about the hours Mr. McCarty spent, making his beautiful maps and charts? How about the financial record Dan Tippet furnished for us, that covered fifty years of plotting and planning? How about my work and Mr. Hamel's? Doubtless Saunders goes home from the composing room and says to his wife 'Have you seen my history of Welch's Farm Weekly?' He might as well. He made it up. Look again and see how many fingers have been in your pie!"

"Miss Sims, I ——"

"And not only that"—she could not stop; now she would have to go on, clear to the end of all this fury—"you are inconsiderate of others in different ways as well. Everybody likes credit for his work as well as you do. Do you listen to or praise anyone else? You come and read your stuff to people who have work to do, and take their time and feed on their praise. Have you honestly thought all these years that they liked to listen? Didn't it ever occur to you that it might be an office policy, that you might be suffering from the hypothesis that a little praise does a lot of work? Shame on you! You must be nearing forty—to permit them to treat you as a child! With your mind—the cleverest I ever knew—how can you be so blind and self-satisfied? You might have been a wonderful man—one of the great men of our day—if somehow you could have discovered the other people in the world. With your ability, if only you knew that other people move about you, live and suffer and work and hope, as you do, there would be no limit to your future."

A sob choked her, but she went on, the quick tumbling words burning her and tearing at her throat, her eyelids stinging with tears. "But no," she said, "you are willing for Mr. Welch to keep you here with skillful flattery, working for him and for his paper, when you should have been a publisher yourself, or an editor, or a great actor—something great and wise and strong. Go away, please—I wish I need never see you again!"

He went. Her hand flew out, her lips parted to call him back, but she sat still, the work before her, her pulses drumming the wild blood against her temples, in her wrists, her heart a betrayed thing in her breast.

The truth had a bitter salty taste. She loved him! She had always loved him! It was her love that hated his self-love; it was because his vanity had shut her out that she had exploded against it like some harmless bomb. It was because he was indifferent to her as a woman that she had found the proximity intolerable.

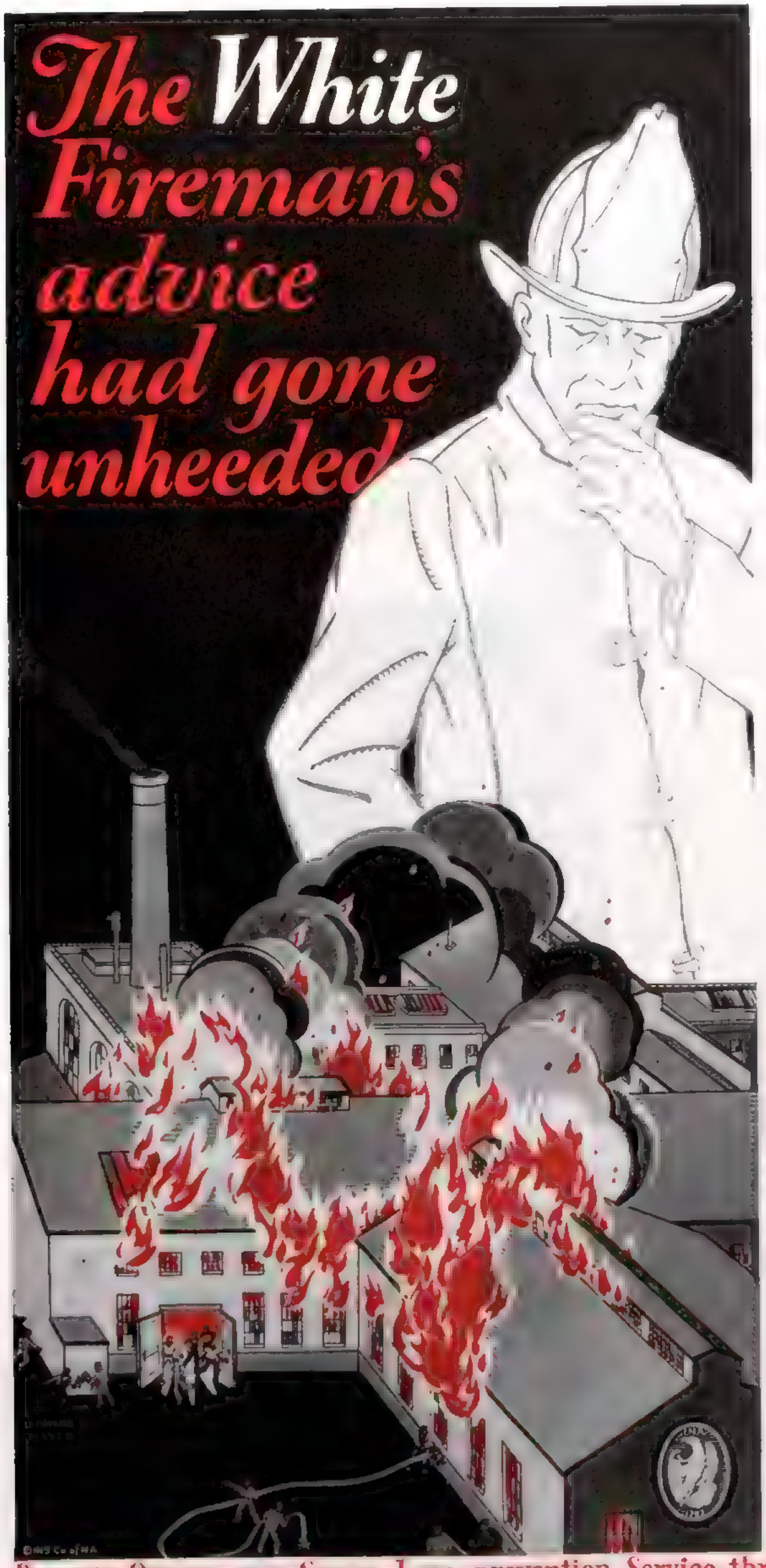
No revelation is so startling, so painful, as self-revelation. Miss Sims, tears streaming down her face, faced the fact that all this time the thing that had hurt her so was her love for him. She loved his mind and his eagerness and his innocence; and more than that, she loved his height, his keen eyes, his quick deep voice, his walk, his hands, his thick youthful hair, his eyeglasses and his hats!

And now she must face a terrible realization. She had forever alienated this sensitive artistic man. She had been no better than Irene and Ellen, Hazel and Doad, whose succeeding intervals of devotion to the great O'Shamus had caused her amusement. She was like a silly schoolgirl. And all these years that she had gone about with her false meekness, her vanity was as inordinate as his own.

Continued on Page 119.

"This is one time we've had an absolutely perfect trip. Wonderful weather, no breakdowns—not even a tire change."

"Yes, I'm glad now that I let that tire dealer talk me into putting Kelly-Springfields on all around. This is the first long trip we've ever taken without having to change at least one tire."



DURING an inspection, a White Fireman found that the operating-levers which controlled a battery of stationary chemical fire-engines in this plant were attached to their shafts by set-screws, instead of being keyed on. This meant a possibility of the levers slipping on their shafts, preventing operating of the engines when called upon.

Furthermore, he found that a 16-inch water main within the plant, supplying water for practically all plant uses, including the yard-hydrants, was carried inside a building on brackets 20 feet above the floor—instead of being placed underground. This overhead water main was certain to break in case of the collapse of its supporting wall.

The White Fireman pointed out the necessity for rectifying these two errors, but the management deemed the faults too trivial for serious consideration.

Five months afterward a fire attacked the plant. At the first move to start the nearest chemical engine, the operating-lever slipped on its shaft, rendering the engine useless; the next nearest engine proved too far away for its hose to reach the blaze.

By the time another hose could be brought in from the least distant yard-hydrant the fire had reached serious proportions.

As the fire got beyond immediate control, the roof and the wall that supported the water main soon collapsed. The rupture of this main at once put the power house out of commission and completely disabled the fire-hydrant system.

And so the fire burned on, because of the crippled condition of the plant's fire-apparatus, until it had wrought destruction to the amount of $800,000 before being finally extinguished.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Fire-Prevention Service maintained by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation with architects and builders, that projected structures may have the least possible susceptibility to fire-damage ¶ the inspection of property, with recommendations for the elimination or reduction of existing fire-hazards ¶ the maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials, for their fire-safety ¶ and, in addition, various other technical aids to the furtherance of fire-prevention and property-conservation.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American
Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

(Continued from Page 117)

Her reaction was complete. What had she done with her life that was so wonderful? By what accomplishments was she entitled to judge others—most of all, Shay Millay? If now, conscious of Mr. Welch's attitude, he should leave the paper, then she would be guilty of betrayal. All her long loyalty to her paper and to her employer shrank from this possibility.

Work was impossible. She left her desk, put out her light and walked home. Early spring lay in the streets of the town. The dogwood was blooming in the hills, the great derricks pulling up the limestone from the quarries below. The tulips that fringed the flag walk of her little house were in bloom. Sweet was the air, and soft; as soft as kissing and as sweet as love. She could not remember, in all her life, having known such a night.

Her mother was out, her grandmother in bed. The small house was silent and serene. There was a little balcony opening from her own room onto the back yard, where her mother grew a profusion of flowers which she called an old-fashioned garden. From the garden there came the faintly spicy smell of some newly leaved shrub. Miss Sims sat on a little stool and leaned her arm against the balustrade. She felt wild and reckless, full of strange wanton impulses. So this was love—this dangerous stranger, this horrid, angry thing! She had not even known it. She was an amateur with emotions. Too long had she practiced the masculine virtues—honesty and simplicity and directness. No guile was left in her. She might have had O'Shamus Millay's love. For five years she had been in daily contact with him, working side by side. What more opportunity could a woman ask? Did not everyone say that a woman could marry any man if she but willed it? Did not all admit that love was a woman's weapon, that the masculine pursuit was a myth? Yet how unsporting, how little worth while! The trouble with her was that she was romantic and not practical.

In the office, she had gone masked. Her long tenure of her position had given her the impersonal smooth surface of a machine.

An almost intolerable longing filled her heart. He was all that she wanted. He was fine and quick and clever and honest, full of energy. It seemed to her in the reaction of her feeling that he was so much above other men that they were like wooden creatures beside him. And now she could see that the very qualities of his temperament which made him so energetic and so competent in his work, so careful of every detail, so mercurial, made him responsive to praise or blame. He was really like a little boy who has been good and cannot be told so often enough.

So this was over and there would never be anything for her again. This was the last time the door would stand open to life and love, and since that unreal, almost forgotten loss in her youth, this was the first real passion of her life.

The spring night mocked her. The neat compact house, the small grand piano, the tidy garage, the little car—things anyone might work for and have—these were all she had to show for her life, and nothing individually thrilling and sweet. And now she was to go away—to what? What possible adventure lay in the world for her, whose life and whose love were here?

Did she then regret the conversation with Mr. Millay? Would she take it back if she could? She was astonished at the vigor with which her whole being answered: No—a thousand times, no!

Well, then let it be. Bootless to mourn what was inevitable, what lay a fundamental obstacle between two natures. Nevertheless she sat until morning on the little balcony and watched the moon ride through the sky.

It was hard to go to work—hard to go back and finish the history. But the habits of life are strong. Miss Sims could not have walked out on an unfinished job, regardless of her feeling. She was able to avoid Mr. Millay the first day. She caught only a glimpse of him, pale and composed, looking as though he had slept as little as herself. She heard his voice for a long time in Mr. Welch's office and the low steady tone of the publisher's answers. What were they talking about? Miss Sims felt a spasm of nervousness. But afterward Mr. Welch showed no change in his manner to her, made no comment about Mr. Millay.

When it became necessary to finish the work they had started, both were carried along by the office manner. Mr. Millay was very natural and courteous to her. His manner was friendly and unconcerned, and she knew that her own, astonishingly, seemed free from self-consciousness. She was held in the rhythm of her work, the trips to the composing room, the surf sound of the presses, the confusions and hurry and life of the office—her own little room with its familiar aspect, and the chair she had used so long.

It was anticlimax to go on for a week—for two weeks, after their dramatic conversation. It seemed one of those stupid inconsiderate things life did to one. And her consciousness of Mr. Millay was acute and painful.

The day she left heightened her discomfort. Mr. Welch gave her a check that brought a flush to her cheek.

"To remember us by," he said; and then added, his fine old eyes on her, his smile warm and friendly: "If you should change your mind—about going to London with Shay, nothing would please me more. We'll have the transportation and everything ready for you if you go. Even if you don't work for us afterward, you know so many people that matter to us, it would be worth our while to send you."

"It would be awfully good for Simon," she told him, and felt again the shrewd penetration of his eyes. An impulse toward frankness came over her. He was her boss, he had been good to her. She steadied herself with a hand on his desk.

"Mr. Welch," she said faintly, "my going away—it's a thing I can't help. I can't tell you about it. It's out of my control. Things happen to people, you know, that they can't explain. I'm not going away, after you've been so good to me all these years, without a reason. If I could, I'd tell you—if it would do any good. But it's something nobody can do anything about."

His look was mournful. He nodded his head. "I know," he said. "Shay hasn't done a new piece of work for two weeks. It can't be helped. I'm not trying to hold you here. You're a brave girl—only I wish you could have liked him."

She was distressed at his reasoning. She had stopped Shay's clock and Mr. Welch thought it because she had refused him!

Her eyes were filled with helpless tears when she got back to her office and found a package on her desk. The office force had bought her a beautiful traveling bag! She shook hands with everyone and thanked them—even Mr. Millay—and went home at last, bag and baggage, her job behind her and nothing before.

She ate supper with her mother in silence and sorrow. She had some vague plan of going East in a day or two. She felt stilled, empty, blank. Nothing moved or lived in her mind or heart. She seemed to have lost her identity.

After supper, her mother went out to work in the garden and Miss Sims did the dishes, putting the blue-and-white plates in the cupboard, polishing the glasses. She washed her hands and went in to her piano and played Country Gardens, trying to find in herself some quickening of the spirit. The room lay softly about her—the small lovely rugs, the spinet desk, the octagon table and brass candlesticks, the comfortable chairs and soft dark drapes—beauty which was the result of years of thoughtful planning and scheming.

Her touch on the piano was mechanical. This deathlike silence of her being was harder than anything else to bear.

Twilight fell, and someone knocked at the door. She got up reluctantly, dreading

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visitors. A tall figure stood on the step, in a new spring suit, with a stick and a new gray hat in his hands. Miss Sims fell back a little and the light from the hall shone full upon him.

"Come in," she said, and the color rushed back into her cheeks, warmth into her hands, life into her frozen heart. He came in, a little awkward and shy, and put his hat and stick on the small table in the hall.

"I heard you playing," he said. "Won't you go on?"

"Why, yes—if you want me to."

They were in the living room. He looked around appreciatively.

"What a charming room!"

She told him about the house, her voice on a singing note. She led him to the windows to see her mother's garden. They came back down the middle of the room, like actors on a stage. Miss Sims sat down on the piano bench and lighted the floor lamp beside her. He sat down on a small sofa near by.

"Are you going away soon?" he asked formally. Both had forgotten that she was to play.

"I don't know," she said, and flushed. "My plans are indefinite."

"Then you aren't going to be married?"

Her eyes opened wide. "No—surely you knew that was only rumor! I've been married at least half a dozen times—by local gossip."

"You mean you wouldn't like it—marriage?" he said.

His voice was very deep. She looked at him. There was no misunderstanding him. She seemed to grow young. Her small, supple body was erect, her fine hands lay in her lap. When you really looked at her, she was lovely.

"I don't know," she said. "I—hadn't thought about it."

There came a little silence, and then he said: "I suppose you will think it more of my cursed vanity, but—I've done a lot of thinking—perhaps the first real thinking I've ever done in my life—and it seemed that unless somebody liked me awfully—understood me, or wanted to—they wouldn't have —— You see, I mean you must like me or you couldn't have told me what you did. If you don't want me to say this to you ——"

She could see how hard it was for him. "I'm glad that you understand that it was liking. I thought you would never forgive me. I shouldn't have said it—I'm sorry."

"Not at all. Why should you be? I'm not. I've lived too much alone," he told her humbly. "I've worked hard and wanted to work not just for myself but for the paper, and I didn't think much about myself—how I might be acting, so I didn't realize how awful I'd become, until you showed me. At first I was simply stunned. Then Mr. Welch told me one day how he courted his wife, and he first knew she liked him when she began to scold him about the way he dressed. So, I thought your scolding might have been prompted by kindness. I want you to think as well of me as you can, because I respect you tremendously. If I'm to become aware of other people—and I see I must—don't you realize that first of all I have become terribly conscious of you?"

Something that had never lain there before lay now in Miss Sims' eyes and on her lips.

She made a little inviting gesture, infinitely feminine and kind.

"Isn't there a simpler explanation for everything—Shay?"

He was still awkward and self-conscious, but at the tremulous note in her voice he rose at once and went to her. He stooped over her and lifted her face and pressed his cheek down against hers.

"I love you, Nora," he said. Her arms went around his neck. The moments passed in silence. At length—"Would you marry such a benighted idiot?"

"Darling—if you can forgive me."

"I've always been afraid of women—so full of subtle purposes, doing one thing and meaning another, making up their minds what a man was to do and say, and furious because he didn't know it—yes, afraid of them! But you, Nora—you were so straight with me—I've got to be part of your life."

She could not bear for him to be so humble, so unhappy.

"We'll go to London, after all," she said. "There won't be a promotion man there as distinguished as yourself. They will all want to see the man that wrote the history!" And then she added thoughtfully, as he began to glow: "I wonder if Mr. Welch will be surprised."

MAKING THE CRIMINAL WALK THE PLANK

(Continued from Page 28)

prison graveyard. He will be a seventh offender. All the influences which heretofore have saved him from punishment or shortened terms of imprisonment would be futile.

Asked by the writer of the article, "Is your desire to go straight influenced by fear of a life sentence or an impulse to die honest?" "Who is honest?" fired back my ex-convict. "Of course I am scared of going up for life. Except for my first term in Elmira, I ain't had a bad time in prisons. I lived up to the rules. I was polite to the screws I mean the keepers and other officials—but the prospect of staying in Great Meadow Prison at Comstock until I die gives me a chill that goes right into my heart." And finally he is reported to have said: "Take it from me, when the police of other states see what the Baumes Law has done here, there will be laws like it in all the states which contain big cities where the grift of guns has been profitable."

The Criminal Cornered

This is no fictitious interview, but a real talk by an experienced newspaperman with a criminal whose name is naturally withheld.

Further testimony to the fact that the crooks fully realize what will happen to them under the Baumes Laws, and that they consider a long term of punishment more than they do anything else, was dramatically afforded by an ex-convict, one Joseph Coyle, who a few weeks after he had been set free on parole by the New York Parole Board was caught holding up a cigar store with a pistol. In the duel that followed between him and the police officer Coyle was shot to death. Before he died he told the police captain that he fought because capture meant forty years in prison to him under the Baumes Laws And John Rizzo, who hanged himself in his cell in the Tombs while awaiting trial, because "he feared that he might be sent to prison for life," having been charged with six previous felonies, knew what the Baumes Laws meant.

This is picturesque testimony. Even more impressive, however, are the cold facts found in the official reports of the police department, the district attorney's office and burglary insurance and surety companies. These are literally sensational in their startling inescapable conclusions

The new laws became operative July 1, 1926. Their effect was instantaneous Within thirty days the number of holdups in Manhattan was cut in two After these laws had been in operation for three months, Police Commissioner McLaughlin testified that there had been 45 per cent fewer robberies and 50 per cent fewer holdups than for the corresponding period the year before.

Speaking of the operation of the Baumes Laws after a six-month period, District Attorney John E. McGeehan, of Bronx County, said:

"Banditry in New York City is bankrupt; its organization has been smashed and is now demoralized. The war has been carried right to the bandits and no quarter has been given. A hue and cry has been made against the Baumes Laws. By whom? By the crooks. Our answer to them is: 'You stop and we will stop, but not before.'"

The district attorney of Westchester County, after nine months' operation of the laws, states:

"This office is almost out of a job. . . . It seems to be apparent that our crooks are giving Westchester a wide berth —as a matter of fact, it seems as if they are giving the entire state a wide berth."

The vice president of one of the leading companies writing burglary surety bonds, not long ago stated that these laws had been so effective in forcing professional criminals to cease their dangerous activities that their robbery, burglary and holdup losses had actually been reduced 29 per cent in dollars and 25 per cent in number in six months.

The Jewelers' Security Alliance of the United States, on March 1, 1927, announced a reduction of 50 per cent in the value of goods stolen from their members in 1926 as compared with the year before. As far as New York state is concerned, they attribute their reduction in losses largely to these more stringent laws.

Applying Common Sense

Straws show which way the wind blows. Statistics collected and published weekly by one of the great metropolitan dailies showing the extent of major crimes in other large centers of population throughout the country—though naturally not conclusive because of the short period of time under review -offer striking confirmatory testimony of the success New York City has achieved in reducing crime.

The following figures, taken from the New York World, show the ratio of major crimes per 100,000 population during one week in the cities listed:

New York	4.7
Chicago	9.6
Philadelphia	10.5
St. Louis	18.5
Newark	19.8
Los Angeles	21.8
Toronto	24.8
Detroit	28.9
San Francisco	30.8
Atlanta	52.0

How has this great diminution in crime been brought about in this short time? By bringing moral and spiritual forces to bear upon New York's great army of criminals and reforming them? Hardly! Hear the underworld laugh! By finding the cause of crime in glandular defects and removing the causes through surgical operations, restoring these poor "mentally sick" creatures to their rightful state, so that hereafter no one will want to be crooked? Well, not exactly! The results have been achieved by applying ordinary common sense to the treatment of those inclined to set society at defiance and making the continuance of a criminal career fraught with peril. It has been chiefly by increasing the severity of punishment that crime in New York has been reduced and the criminal put on the run.

The Seven-Branched Candlestick

Recognizing that the chief reason crime flourished was because the criminal could get away with it, a few of us resolved to see what would happen if we went back to so fundamental a proposition as to restore punishment once more for those who set law at defiance and prey upon society. A series of twenty laws, known as the Baumes Laws, named for Senator Baumes, their legislative sponsor, was accordingly put through the legislature. They operated in seven different ways:

1. They made punishment much more severe.
2. They made punishment more certain.
3. They made it possible to distinguish between the professional criminal and the casual offender.
4. They kept the crook with a long record in jail until tried, instead of letting him out on bail, free to commit new crimes.
5. They removed the opportunity of delaying punishment through dragging out cases on appeal.
6. They restored to some extent the balance of the scales of justice between the people and the criminal.
7. And finally, through the creation of a crime commission, clothed with the full inquisitorial powers of the legislature, they provided the means for further progress.

The first branch of this seven-branched candlestick—namely, that of severer punishment—had in turn its seven branches. In seven different ways, a career of crime was made an extra-hazardous occupation.

1. A man convicted of four felonies was no longer let off with a light sentence, but was sent to prison for life, and this was made mandatory.
2. A life sentence was made to mean confinement for the prisoner's natural life and not ten years or less, as in the past.
3. A man committing robbery now faces a term of from fifteen years to life imprisonment, instead of two or three years, as in the past. Instead of a maximum term of twenty years, there is now no limit to what he can get; and in place of no minimum, he must now serve fifteen years in prison at the least.
4. For burglary in the first degree the minimum term was increased from ten to fifteen years, for burglary in the second degree the maximum term was increased from ten to fifteen years, and for third-degree burglary from five to ten years.
5. For the man who, armed with a pistol or other deadly weapon, commits a felony, an additional punishment was imposed of five to ten years for the first offense, of ten to fifteen years for the second offense and of fifteen to twenty-five years for the third offense. And such men as potential murderers were denied probation and suspension of sentence.
6. Men convicted of crime in future are no longer allowed to be released from prison after serving a little more than half their sentence. Instead, such men must serve at least five-sixths of the term for which sentenced.
7. Rubber-stamp parole was abolished by giving the parole board power to keep a man in prison for his maximum term.

Because of the popular interest that has centered around a single one of these statutes, that providing life imprisonment for fourth offenders, the impression seems to prevail that there is but a single statute, and one hears much of the "Baumes Law." There was not merely one law; there were twenty laws. All the seven that make punishment more severe are, however, responsible for the decrease in crime.

To Fit the Criminal, Not the Crime

The law which provides that a man who is convicted for the fourth time of committing a felony must be sentenced to life imprisonment has been much objected to by the professional criminal and his friends; for it has seemed to him as very greatly interfering with his "rights and liberties" to confine him in jail for the rest of his life, where heretofore he has been allowed to go free after a few years' imprisonment.

Misled by specious arguments of some criminal lawyers that the punishment meted out was much too severe, the public has been led to believe that men were to be sent to prison for life for committing some petty offense.

One sentimental lady asked Senator Baumes how he could bear to send a man to prison for life just because he stole a loaf of bread for his starving family.

To this the senator replied: "Madam, as long as your man doesn't steal more than forty-nine dollars' worth of bread in any one day, he is perfectly safe so far as these laws are concerned."

(Continued on Page 125)

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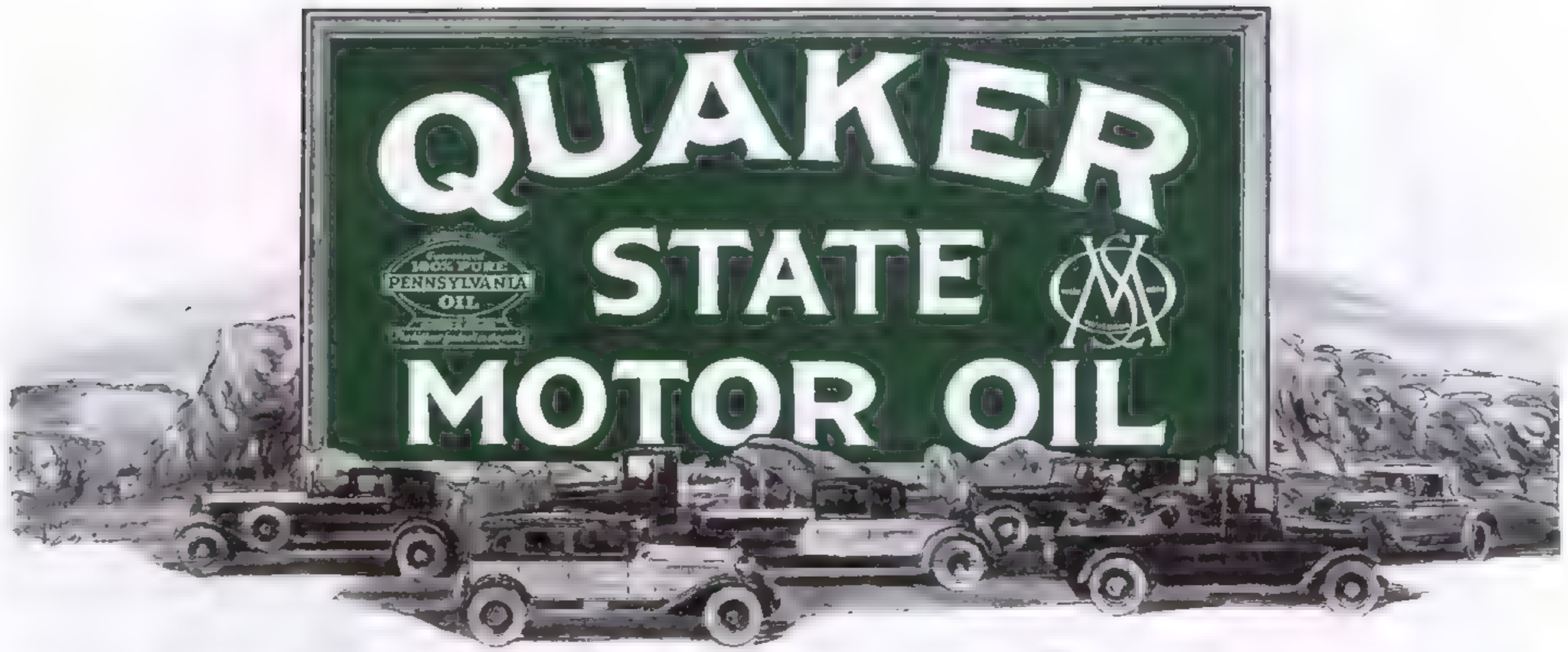

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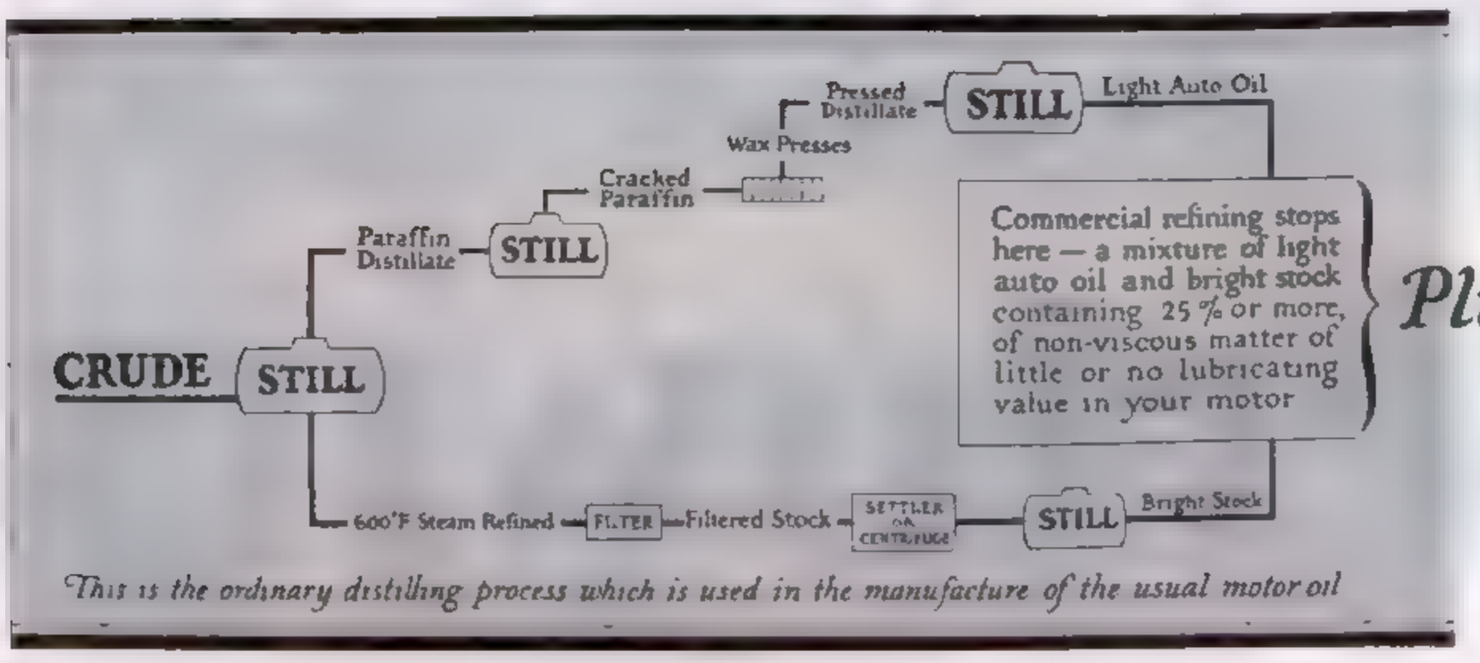
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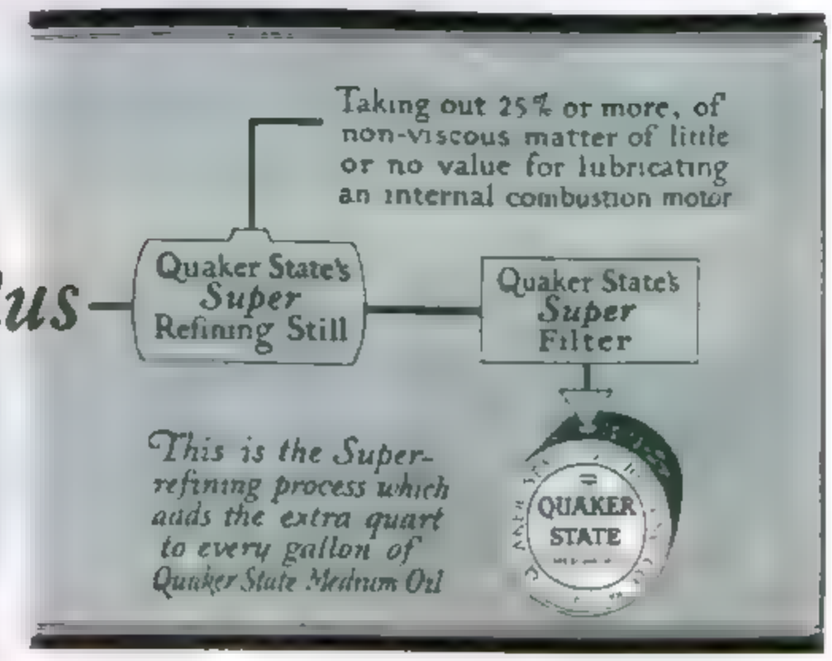
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QUAKER STATE

(Continued from Page 120)

That is, it is only men who commit their fourth felony, not their fourth crime, who are in danger of life imprisonment.

The law has been made to fit the criminal rather than the crime.

Contrary to popular impression that this was some new departure in the treatment of the recidivist, the fact is that there has been such a law on the statute books in New York State for many years, and in other states for more than a century. But it has been inoperative in New York, due to the fact that it was necessary that a man should be indicted as a fourth offender to be punished as such.

Owing partly to the incompleteness of criminal records, not merely in New York State but throughout the country, owing partly to the pernicious practice employed by some district attorneys and their aides in bargaining with criminals and accepting lesser pleas—allowing them to plead guilty to the crime charged as a first offender, when, in reality, they are third or fourth offenders—there were very few men who were sentenced to prison as true fourth offenders, to be there imprisoned for the rest of their lives.

A Notice to Ambitious Amateurs

And so defective was the statute that, even if it developed after they got to prison that they were really fourth offenders and not first offenders, there was nothing that could be done about it. Having been convicted and sentenced as first offenders, that ended it.

But we have changed all that. The new law enacted by the legislature has remedied these defects. Though this one of the Baumes Laws providing for a life sentence for persons convicted of four felonies has had the spotlight of public attention, some of the other laws increasing the severity of punishment have also come in for some discussion and for opposition from the same sources. Chief among these was the law which made the commission of holdups, burglaries and other crimes while armed with a gun extra-hazardous for the criminal. Up to that time there had been no extra penalty imposed by statute for committing such crimes at the point of a pistol. That the pistol is a potent factor in the crime situation has been obvious for some time past. In fact, practically none of the crimes of violence which have been perpetrated would be possible were it not for the pistol; for it is only when a man is confronted with a demand that he put 'em up and looks into the barrel of a loaded weapon that he yields to the bandit confronting him.

To stop this we passed a law which provides that where a man is convicted of committing a felony while armed with a pistol, for the first offense of this kind the punishment to be meted out to him shall be increased by a term of from five to ten years because of his having a pistol in his possession at the time; and for a second conviction, that his sentence shall be increased from ten to fifteen years; and for a third conviction by from fifteen to twenty-five years. And these additional punishments are mandatory. No soft-hearted judge can let the bandit off easy.

To deal with the case of a lad who finds it easy to embark upon a criminal career, who saunters forth some evening after dark and holds up the first passer-by, sticking his gun into his ribs and telling him to stick 'em up, the law wisely provided that, where a felony was committed by a person while armed with a gun, the judge should not be permitted to suspend sentence or place such a person upon probation, even though he might be a first offender.

The state thus served notice on young lads who thought they might obtain easy money by embarking upon this kind of career, that to do so was fraught with peril.

As was to be expected, this law aroused cries of anguish from the sob sisters and the extreme advocates of probation, who took the view that probation should be denied to no one, no matter what their offense or their record.

A third law, that has probably caused more consternation in the criminal world than either of these two, which has had little attention from the public, was a statute revolutionizing the treatment of men convicted of robbery in the first degree. Up to that time a man convicted of this crime, even though armed with a gun, might be sent to prison for the slight period of a year, and under the system of commutation in vogue, such a man could have been released at the end of about nine months' imprisonment. The most that a judge could do, where a judge was inclined to give a stiff sentence, was to sentence such a man to twenty years in state prison, which, under the system of reduction of sentences then practiced, would have meant release in a little more than ten years' time.

Again, we have changed all that. Instead of these inadequate sentences, a man who now commits robbery in the first degree may be sent to prison for life if the court so decides. There is no longer any maximum limit on the judge's discretion. Now the sky's the limit, and the judge can sentence a man to life imprisonment, to fifty years, to seventy years, as he thinks appropriate. No longer can inadequate sentences of two years and six months and similar sentences be meted out to such criminals. For, under the new law, no sentence of less than fifteen years can be given to a man who is convicted of robbery in the first degree; and where he has committed such a crime while armed with a weapon, his minimum sentence must be twenty years. He may be given any term greater than this that the court determines. If a man commits such a crime for the second time, the minimum sentence that he can receive is twenty-five years, and if he is convicted of such a crime for the third time his minimum sentence is thirty years. Moreover, these sentences will not be greatly reduced in prison under the operation of the reduction-of-sentence law, for that, too, has been changed.

To appreciate what this means to the criminal, take the specific case of a man who, prior to the enactment of these new laws in 1926, committed robbery in the first degree with a gun and was sent to prison for two years and six months; the same man convicted after July 1, 1926, may easily be sent to prison for seventy years. He is certain to be sent to prison for twenty years, which means actual confinement in prison for more than sixteen years.

Is it strange that under these circumstances professional criminals should be giving New York a wide berth?

With Sentences Close to Par

The same law also greatly increased the punishment for burglary in the first degree, increasing the minimum punishment for that offense from ten to fifteen years. For burglary in the second degree, for which the maximum punishment that could be meted out up to that time was ten years, the maximum is now made fifteen years; and for burglary in the third degree the maximum punishment was increased from five to ten years.

One of the most important steps taken was in stiffening up on the reduction-of-sentence law, by which convicts were released from prison under so-called commutation of sentence after serving about half their time in prison. In place of this too great diminution of sentence for alleged good behavior, the new law provides, with regard to convicts sent to prison after it became operative, that a man who behaves himself in prison may not be released under commutation of sentence before he has served five-sixths of his time—and his release then is left in the discretion of the board of parole and under the law is required to be earned by good behavior.

To illustrate the very great difference this change in the law has made: A man who had been committed under the old law to a term of twenty years could have been released in ten years two months and ten days, and generally was. Under the new law the same man cannot get out of prison before he has served sixteen years and eight months and even then may not get out if the board of parole sees fit to keep him in for the full term of his twenty years.

With such a change in the law, it is not strange that there should have been a wild rush on the part of the underworld to get into prison just prior to July 1, 1926, when the new act took effect. Criminals literally tumbled over themselves in their eagerness to plead guilty in order to avoid being sentenced under the new law which would increase their time of imprisonment by almost 60 per cent.

It is not surprising that, with these punishments staring criminals in the face, they should have fled from New York State to happier climes where similar statutes are not in force.

It would be unfair to attribute these results solely to the enactment of these new laws. There have undoubtedly been other forces at work. Among these may be cited a greatly increased efficiency in the New York City Police Department under Commissioner McLaughlin, a splendid coöperation on the part of the district attorneys of the state and of the judges of the criminal courts, supported by the press and by an aroused public opinion, in bringing about the prompt trial of prisoners charged with serious crime and in meting out stiff sentences to those with long criminal records when convicted of new crimes.

The Old Familiar Faces

While in no way minimizing the important part that a police force on its toes has played in this situation, the fact remains that the dominant factor in bringing about these results has been the series of new laws imposing greater punishment upon persons convicted of serious crimes, speeding up the administration of justice, and in a number of ways strengthening the hands of the people in their fight against professional criminals.

That the results achieved are due more to the Baumes Laws than to the increased efficiency of the police department—important as that factor has been in New York City—is evident from the fact that in Westchester County, where there has been no change in the efficiency of the police force or of the district attorney's office, and where the Baumes Laws have operated equally as well as in New York City, crime in that territory has similarly been reduced 50 per cent since the Baumes Laws went into effect.

Most of the gangs that were operating a year ago have been broken up, with their leaders either dead or in prison. The summary and severe punishment of these crooks has caused an exodus from New York of a vast criminal population. Like rats leaving a sinking ship, they have hastened to flee a jurisdiction in which they can no longer escape the consequences of their misdeeds. Captain Donovan, head of the Criminal Identification Bureau of the New York City Police Department, has been quoted as saying:

"The old familiar faces of our best known New York crooks are missing from the morning line-up. But we know where they are. Other cities are sending us their photographs."

Howard McLellan, for many years a reporter on one of the great New York dailies, covering the assignment of the criminal courts in that city, says that while, naturally, near-by towns and cities in Connecticut and New Jersey were the first to feel the presence of crooks driven from New York, by this time some have even reached the Pacific Coast. Other fleeing mobs, he says, have reached Ohio and Michigan, where fresh crime outbreaks have occurred in the two largest cities—Cleveland and Detroit.

He states that in a few weeks since January 1, 1927, twenty men arrested in Detroit, twelve picked up in Cleveland and an

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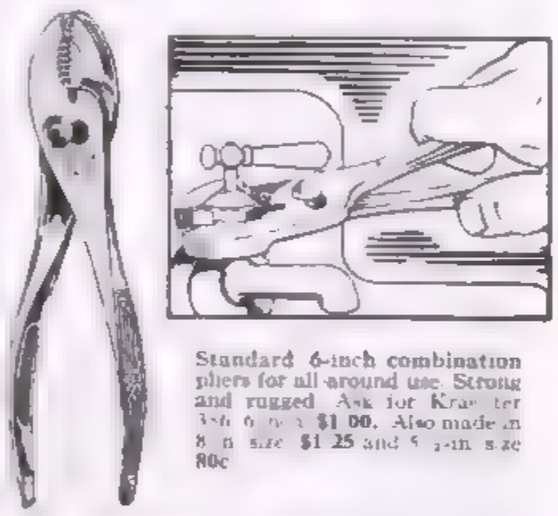

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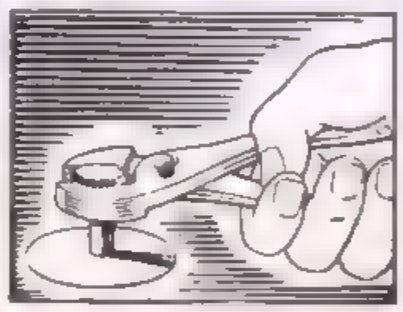
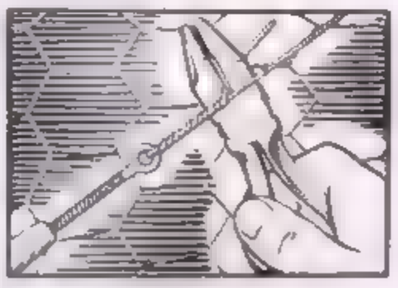


Improved pliers with efficient side cutters like electricians' pliers and extension jaws with sharp teeth for gripping. Ask for Kraeuter 1973, 7 in. $1.60. Also made in 5½ in. size $1.35



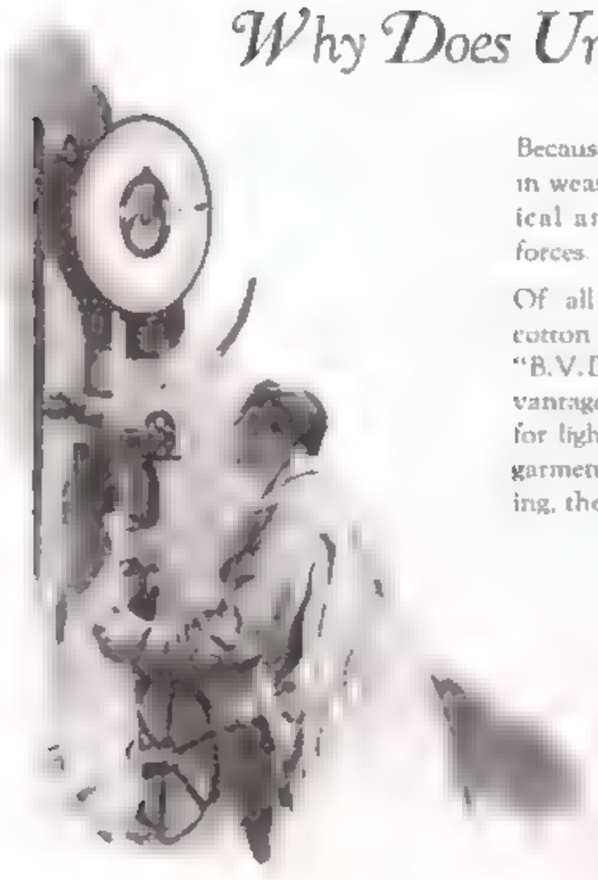
Electricians' pliers, 7 in. Side cutters will even cut nails. Flat end-grip twists wire, bends metal, and grips small objects. Ask for Kraeuter 1831, 7 in., $1.40. Also made in 4, 5, 6½, 8-in. sizes.

Prices slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains

KRAEUTER PLIERS

"Ask Any Mechanic"

Why Does Underwear Wear Out?



Because it is being continually subjected in wear and washing to physical, chemical and bacteriological destructive forces.

Of all textile materials, white woven cotton has the highest wash durability. "B.V.D." underwear combines the advantage of a fabric especially designed for lightness and durability with skilful garment design and high-grade tailoring, thereby assuring the utmost service.

A booklet containing scientific information on underwear by E. R. [illegible], Industrial Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, sent upon request.

"B.V.D." offers more than longer wear. The way in which it combines *correct fit* with cool, roomy ease and *holds its shapeliness* through long usage is exceptional.

Exclusive features in "B.V.D." garment design—plus specially created nainsook and highly specialized methods of manufacture—give "B.V.D." an all-around quality of world-recognized distinction.

Satisfaction and service make that quality worth insisting on. It comes only with this Red Woven Label!

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers, the garment, 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

© 1928 The B.V.D Company Inc.

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

average of four a day arrested in Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburgh, have been identified as old-time New York criminals.

As a result of this exodus of crooks—who, until the enactment of the Baumes Laws, found New York their happy hunting ground—there has now come a demand for the enactment of similar laws from all over the country. Though several states are strengthening their criminal statutes in a number of particulars, no state has as yet gone as far as New York.

New York has done much to cope with crime, but it would be a mistake to give the impression that it has completely remedied the situation. We have still far to go in bringing the administration of criminal justice in this country up to those standards which should prevail. The parole system must still be effectively grappled with.

For years prison reformers, with an air of great authority, without a scintilla of supporting evidence, have declared that punishment has little, if any, influence upon persons contemplating the commission of serious crimes. Those in the underworld apparently think differently. They have testified emphatically, by word and deed, what they think of laws imposing severe punishment upon them.

The foolish bubble that punishment does not deter and that criminals do not consider the severity of their sentences has been pricked for all time. If the Baumes Laws had done nothing but this one thing, they would have more than justified their existence. But they have done much more. They have effectively put down crime.

What New York has done the rest of the country can do.

The tide of crime that has risen throughout this nation will quickly recede when every state in the Union adopts and puts into practical effect New York's slogan: "Catch the crook. Keep him caught. Hand him a fitting sentence. See that he serves it."

Getting On in the World

The Man Who Knew His Own Value

ONE of Josh Billings' best bits of philosophy was this: "It's better not to know so danged much, as to know so danged many things that ain't so."

A corollary truth might be stated as follows: It's better to value yourself too low than to value yourself so high that nobody agrees with you. Many a man, in business, has found the truth of the latter statement through hard experience.

Here is one example: A few years ago a new business was started in a medium-sized city in Ohio. It has since become nationally prominent. Nearly all of those who got in on the ground floor with this business have done very well indeed. The firm's salary policy has been liberal and it has made plenty of money.

Recently the writer was discussing the rise of this firm with a man who holds a good place in an older company in the same line of business. For convenience let us refer to this man as Brown.

"I came pretty near going with that outfit when they first started out," Brown said. "I knew the president personally and I had great faith in what he could do. He knew something about me and my work, and when the new company was being formed he met me on the street and asked me to come to see him. Knowing that he was looking for men, I guessed that I would have an opportunity to talk to him about a job.

"I was really very much excited about the prospect, because I was persuaded that it would be an unusual opportunity. I went home and talked it over with my wife.

"She wasn't quite so enthusiastic as I was, and of course her point of view was a sensible one. I had a good place and was getting a fair salary. She thought I ought not to change unless I could get a very considerable raise. She urged me to set a high value on my services—arguing that I had nothing to lose by so doing, since the place I already had was a good one.

"Well, I went to see the man who was organizing the new company, and sure enough he wanted to talk to me about joining them. So, when the matter of salary was broached, I came out strong for the amount that my wife and I had decided I should ask for. That amount was about 50 per cent more than I was then making.

"The head of the new firm seemed considerably taken back. After thinking for a minute, he began to explain that a new company, just starting out, would have to keep its salary budget on a reasonable basis, and that he couldn't conscientiously recommend to the board that so large an amount be paid for the work I was going to do. He said that after a year or so he had no doubt I would be able to reach that figure or a higher one, but that it would be impossible at the start.

"While he was talking to me I was convinced that I had mentioned an unreasonably high figure. But before I answered him I remembered that the last thing my wife had said to me was not to weaken and not to let myself be talked out of it. She had pointed out that a new firm might naturally be forced to bid higher than old-established firms in order to get the talent they needed.

"The president, on the other hand, had been arguing that a new firm would naturally pay a little less on account of the greater opportunity for advancement.

"I had been reading a lot about the part played by boldness and self-confidence in attaining success. So I said to myself that I was through holding myself cheaply. I would be bold—aggressive. I remembered some pretty pointed things my wife had been saying about men who were too meek and mild and who didn't have faith in themselves and in their own worth.

"So I told the man firmly that I couldn't consider anything less than the amount I had mentioned.

"He seemed disappointed, said that he thought I was making a mistake and, somewhat to my surprise, terminated the interview very quickly. When I left his office I was wondering if he had been right about my having made a mistake. I kept on wondering for the next few months—working along at my old job—and then, as the new company became more and more successful, I realized that he had been right and I had been wrong.

"I think that was the greatest mistake of my business life. Almost every day I hear men talking about what an error it is to hold yourself too cheaply, and how one ought to set a high mark when asking for salary, and stick to it. I wonder how many of them, like me, have really passed up a great opportunity by asking for too much? I have an idea that many of them have done just that, but that in most cases they don't know it. A man hates to admit that he is wrong, and usually when one makes a mistake like that he persuades himself that the job wasn't so good or that he wouldn't have got it anyway. But in this case I have to admit that it was my own fault. I just overshot the mark, and somebody else, who had more sense than I had, grabbed the opportunity."

The story of Brown is not an uncommon one. It is all very well to have plenty of self-respect, to put up a bold front and not to hold oneself too cheaply. But the man who is determined not to aim too low sometimes aims too high, and his shot goes whizzing through thin air away above the mark.

—HORACE TOWNER.

He alone . . has succeeded in combining coffees just this way

The special shade of richness he created has won this blend such fame as never before came to a coffee

FROM steel blue to olive green—from straw yellow to mahogany! Before they are roasted, they look as different as they taste: the hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee beans brought to this country for our breakfast cup.

Countless different coffee flavors! Yet of them all, no single one has ever pleased the critical men and women of America.

Built up step by step

The first real nation-wide fame has come to no one coffee grown—but to a skillful mingling of many flavors. To a special shade of mellow goodness created years ago in the South.

"Good to the last drop"

A flavor no one had ever tasted—that was what Joel Cheek dreamed of down in old Tennessee. Months of work—blending coffee with coffee patiently and skillfully, testing and rejecting, combining and recombining.

In the full-bodied smoothness of the rare blend of coffees which he finally perfected lay all the devoted genius of the man himself. He was a Southerner of the old South, born with a talent for flavor. He alone has succeeded in combining coffees just this way.

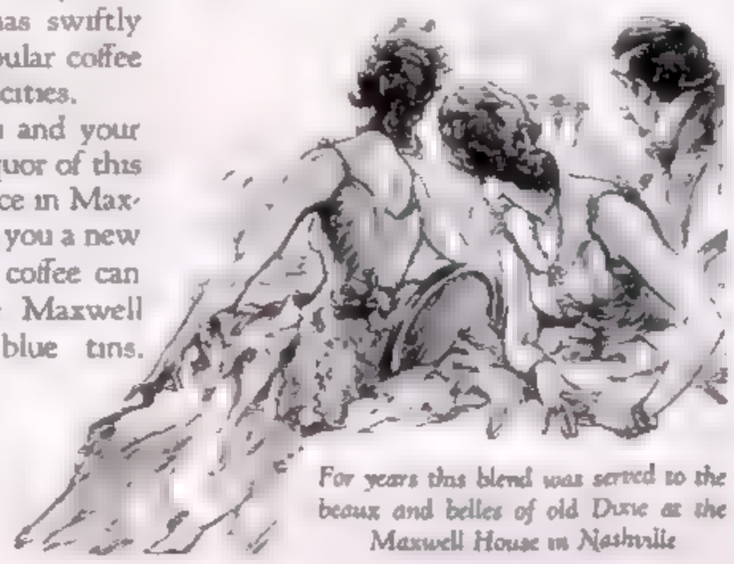
Years ago Joel Cheek's blend was approved by the great families of old Dixie. Today it has won such fame as never before came to a coffee.

Known to the South alone a few years ago, Maxwell House Coffee is now the first ever to be served by critical men and women throughout the entire United States. That special touch of mellow richness has swiftly made it by far the most popular coffee in a long list of our greatest cities.

An adventure awaits you and your family in the rich, mellow liquor of this blend. The shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee will bring you a new idea of how good a cup of coffee can actually be. Grocers have Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins.

Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

Radio listeners—tune in! Noted artists in brilliant programs of popular and classical music every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Hour—*Eastern Time* 9 p. m., *Central Time* 8 p. m.: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WIR KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW WRHM KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WRVA, WBT, WJAX *Mountain Time*, 7 p. m.: KOA



For years this blend was served to the beaux and belles of old Dixie at the Maxwell House in Nashville

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

Instantly ready, velvet smooth

TOUCH a Swan Pen to paper and it's away instantly, writing with faultless, effortless ease. So precise, so perfect are its nib and feed adjustments that it is ready to write at feather touch. Just for comparison, *try* this pen. Make it prove its claim to unrivaled writing qualities. You'll discover how perfect hand methods can build a beautiful writing instrument. Full man-sized pen $5. Largest size $7. Unconditionally guaranteed. Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York; 200 South State St., Chicago

Swan

PENS

THE BLANDINGS

(Continued from Page 19

I began to laugh; Irene threw her arms in the air and yelled "Whoops!" Dora looked from one to another as bewildered as if a Kansas twister had struck her. Blanding, sputtering, stamped to the bookshelves and plucked out a volume of Shakspere, turned to the Sonnets.

"Learn it!" he thundered. "And learn one a week for the rest of the summer, if you don't want to have your car put in storage."

Dora's lower lip was trembling. "I think you're all horrid!" she announced angrily, and started from the room. "Hateful! All of you!" she threw back at us.

She didn't return for luncheon. It was a difficult meal, because Blanding was as mad as a hornet, and Irene and I didn't dare to let our eyes meet for fear we would break out laughing. When we left the table, he said: "Major—humph, humph!—better run down and see that young fool. It's about time he was getting to work. There's a job for him whenever he wants it. And tell Joseph that Dora's car is not to go out until I say so. No, don't do that! I don't like to do that, major! But see Keith and talk to him like a Dutch uncle. And you, Irene, go upstairs and baby your sister for a while. See that she has some luncheon."

I went away feeling that it was sad and a little funny that a man who had organized and made Blanding-Kane, Inc., could find himself so at his wit's end with a little girl like Dora. He couldn't discipline her; he had tried before and failed miserably. It always ended with Dora dampening his shoulder and having her own way. It was as though his imagination endowed her with a complexity of mind which she hadn't, and that he was forever becoming entangled in complexities which didn't exist. What difference could it make if there was not so much as one line of Shakspere in that pretty head?

Keith wasn't at the club and they didn't know where he was. When I went back home I drove my car directly into the garage and noticed that Dora's roadster wasn't there. I supposed she had wept upon the old man's shoulder and that he had absolved her from the horrors of Shakspere. Irene sauntered out to meet me.

"Did you see Keith?" she asked.

I told her I hadn't and asked about Dora.

Irene shrugged. "She took her car and went out the back way. French leave. She said she had an engagement with Billy Van Horn."

"Without seeing your father?"

She nodded grimly.

Of course Blanding would be furious. It was a fool thing to do. Dora knew from long experience how easy he was to get around, how a clutch about the neck and a few easily summoned tears wilted him, and how disobedience enraged him.

"You know where Billy lives," I said. "Hop in the car with me and we'll find her and get back here. Make a lark of it. Boarding-school stuff. Getting away with something romantic. Come along"

"No. Dora can do as she pleases." The Blanding jaw set. "I'm not a nursery governess"

"It'll save a rumpus. You'd better. You know how your father is when he's been goaded a bit. If he gets mad enough we'll have another chaperon in the house. Dora's a fool'"

But Irene was unyielding and there was something in her eyes that made me feel she wasn't telling me all she knew. It was one of those moments when she became the feminine counterpart of old Blanding himself.

I had seen that same expression upon her face when she was determined to put a horse over a fence with a fifty-fifty chance of a nasty spill. Spill or not, both she and the horse went over, even if they landed with Irene trying to hold the horse in her lap. That was the Blanding of it.

The idea of an elopement popped into my head, for no good reason except that I felt that Dora wouldn't defy the old man and step out for herself unless she had decided to do something decisive. I didn't know how far she and Billy had traveled along the fine, high road of romance, whether or not it had come to an understanding between them. Irene was stubbornly silent and her eyes held a challenge to me to go find out for myself what had happened.

With that idea buzzing in my mind I left Irene abruptly and went into the house. Blanding was having his nap upon the veranda. I got the maid who took care of the girls and threatened her with cruel and unusual punishment if she opened her mouth to the other servants. We went to Dora's room and the maid looked through her things; she reported that some jewelry, cosmetics and a fresh blouse were missing. Then I tried to get Billy Van Horn by telephone, but I couldn't find him. Next I sent for Irene and she came to the office.

I snapped at her. "Did you lend Dora any money before she left?" I knew that Dora was broke, because she had borrowed twenty dollars from me the day before against her next month's allowance. Dora's finances were always written in red ink.

Irene looked at me, straight in the eye, studying me. "Yes, the money I was saving for a new dress—eighty-four dollars." She had that same challenging attitude, as though to say "What are you going to do about it?"

"Then you knew what she was up to?"

She let a cool little smile play about her lips. I planted my elbows upon the desk, put my head in my hands and told her to get out of my sight. If Dora and her Billy were off on the road in her car, headed for matrimony, there wasn't much that I could do. Of course it was up to me to break the news to Blanding.

Irene came beside me, slipped an arm about my shoulders and put her cheek against my head.

"There's no good of worrying and making yourself miserable," she said. "Dora has got what she wants. People have to take what they want!"

That was the Blanding code. It had never struck me until that moment that Dora in her own subversive, intensely female way was just as much of a Blanding as P. K. himself. She had wanted Billy for her own purposes and she had taken him.

"You're too young to be reading Nietzsche," I answered. "You could have stopped her. You're stronger than she is. Two words from you and she would have backed down."

"Why should I have stopped her?" she demanded. "If she'd told dad that she wanted to marry Billy we'd have had a year's battle in the house. I did what I thought best for everyone."

"Don't try to bluff," I told her. "You're not clever enough. You're glad to have Dora out of the way because now you think that you'll have Keith to yourself. Your father is going to give Keith a job and the job'll probably land him in Colombia!"

Her arm drew slowly from around me. She turned and sat upon the edge of the desk, gazing down at her clasped hands, frowning. I knew I'd called the turn, touched her where it hurt. I wanted to hurt. Presently she nodded her head slowly, without glancing up.

"I'm terribly in love with Keith," she admitted simply.

I said, "Oh, rot!"

"Don't you believe," she asked, pleading with me, "that a girl can really love a man, even if she is only seventeen?"

"Yes—in and out of love a dozen times before she finds the man she wants to marry," I answered disgustedly. "You've done a mean, disloyal thing. I'd be ashamed to tell your father you've had a part in it."

I got up and her hands went out to clasp my arm.

"But I love Keith!" she protested. That passionate declaration of faith filled the quiet room and died away, leaving us standing there, staring into each other's eyes.

Irene and I had been very close ever since she was a child and I couldn't lose faith in her easily.

Of all the youngsters I've ever known, she was the only one capable of giving herself completely and forever to a single devotion. In that moment she seemed to grow in stature from a little girl to a woman, beautifully poised and serene.

"Dora and Billy are weak," she went on hurriedly, still clutching my arm as though I might escape. "Weak people don't count! Keith is strong. He would have taken her away from him, just as sure as fate! And then what? It couldn't have lasted. Both of them would have been unhappy. Believe me!" she added beseechingly. "If I'd thought that Dora and Keith would have made each other happy I wouldn't have let her run away with Billy." Her hands went out in a quick gesture, dropped to her sides. "You'll see that I'm right," she said faintly.

"Perhaps so," I replied. "But I'd rather take a beating than tell your father."

I started to leave the room.

Her voice followed me: "I'm not ashamed. It wasn't disloyal. You can tell dad about me and everything I've said, if you think best."

I shook my head and went downstairs. Blanding was drinking iced tea and nibbling a cookie.

A messenger boy came pedaling up the driveway on his bicycle. I took the message and opened it. It read: "Billy and I married. Will wire address later. Love from us both. Dora."

"Some unpleasant news for you," I said, and handed the message over.

He read it twice, without a flicker of emotion in his expression. Then he took another sip of tea.

"I was afraid something like that might happen," he said finally. Another sip of tea. "Well, I've had to write off a good many dead losses and pretend I liked it. When she wires, telegraph to them to come on home. Make the best of a bad job. Did you see Keith?"

"No, he wasn't at the club."

"What do you think about a job for him?"

"They could use him in Colombia." Blanding-Kane was building a railroad there.

Blanding nodded. "Good idea. He'll need hard work and a lot of space to sweat this out of his system. Get him headed for Colombia just as soon as you can."

IV

KEITH had different ideas. It appeared that he wanted to show Rockthorn just what a young man could accomplish if he took his drinking seriously, so he went into it in a bigger, more whole-souled fashion, just as he had fought Germans and fallen in love.

I was appointed by Blanding to do the something-about-it, but I didn't get very far. Keith insisted that I stay and join the party.

"If I wanted a job I'd ask for it," he told me. "I think the world of the old man, but it's against my principles to work. People who work wear themselves out at an early age. Mr. Blanding may think he's rich, but I'm richer than he is. I'm nigger rich! I've got all the money I need for today. No one can be richer than that."

I tried to draw out his feelings about Dora. He just shook his head, gave me a smile and said: "Any little girl who'd fall in love with such a *morceau de fromage*, as the French so quaintly call a piece of cheese, isn't the sort of little girl —— Well, call 'em as you see 'em and bury your own dead.

(Continued on Page 130)

Is it merely a beautiful ornament or is it an accurate and dependable timepiece?

Your jeweler's answers to these six questions will tell you.

Your jeweler tenderly places an exquisite wrist watch across your arm . . . You murmur your admiration as you finger and fondle it . . . And then a doubt interrupts your thrill.

Can this tiny and gorgeous adornment really be as practical as it is beautiful?

You need not remain in doubt . . . The truth—the whole truth—is yours if you ask the jeweler the following six questions:

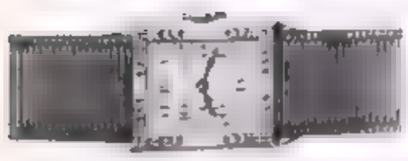
[1] Is it guaranteed to give satisfactory service; not only by the dealer but by its maker? [2] If so, has its maker been in business long enough to prove the worth of his guarantee—say half a century? [3] In case of an accident, while in a foreign country or in a small, remote place, can this watch be easily and economically repaired by any local jeweler? [4] Are its parts standardized and carried by jewelers throughout the world? [5] Are its dimensions such that it is as practical as it is beautiful? [6] Can the dealer recall instances where this make of watch has served faithfully for many, many years?

If it's an *Elgin* . . . you'll get definite and decisively favorable answers on all six questions.

Sponsored by a watch company which has uninterruptedly made fine watches for a period of more than sixty years, an *Elgin* is not alone guaranteed to be an accurate and enduring timekeeper . . . but the unfailing continuity of its service is guaranteed by *Elgin* jewelers in every part of the civilized world.

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR EFFICIENCY AND ELEGANCE

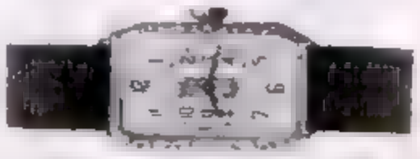


Chastely engraved is the white gold case of this 15-jewel ELGIN *movement. $60.*

A 7-jewel ELGIN *movement in a gold-filled case, with luminous dial. Price, $40*

An ELGIN *movement of 17 jewels in a 14-karat gold-filled case. Priced at $50.*
(All Prices slightly higher in Canada)

A solid gold case, white or green tone: 15-jewel ELGIN *movement. Price, $90.*



Dainty, sturdy, chic is this wrist watch, a 15-jewel movement in gold-filled case. $45.

© ELGIN, 1921

Even an Iron club depends on wood

AN EXTRA one per cent of moisture left in or taken out of a golf club shaft can subtract ten per cent from your ordinary playing ability. A careless turning blade that bites off too much wood or a lazy one that doesn't bite enough can throw the finished club out of balance and spoil skilfully made shots.

Examine a Grand Slam wood club. Beneath the polished surface is wood without flaw; strong, powerful, and yet not heavy, due to perfect weight distribution. Examine a wood shaft. Straight, sound, tapered; flexing just enough to give power of flight.

An expert can tell you immediately on seeing a Grand Slam Club that it is well and properly made. And even a beginner after playing with it once, will tell you the same thing. Complete assortments of iron and wood clubs, priced at $6 to $15, with wood and steel shafts, are shown by your local retailer. Also Grand Slam balls, guaranteed for 72 holes, 75 cents. Write for catalog and free booklets that will help your game, sent free. HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO., *Incorporated*, Manufacturers, Dept. S-2, Louisville, Ky.

PERFECT

Train your eye down the shaft of a Grand Slam wood club towards the head. The shaft is joined to the head at a point directly opposite the toe. Accuracy and balance are demonstrated by this simple test

Grand Slam golf clubs

THEY TAKE EVERY TRICK

(Continued from Page 128)

I saw Irene yesterday. She's a mighty nice sort of youngster."

The next morning I talked with Mr. Blanding about him.

"The most useless way in the world to waste time," he said thoughtfully, "is to try to help someone who won't help himself." That seemed to dispose of Keith, but later in the day he told me to go to the bank and "find out how much money that fool has left."

The president of the bank which managed the small estate of Doctor Jamieson told me that Keith had nearly six thousand dollars between him and honest toil, and that it was melting away at the rate of about four hundred dollars a week. The Blanding-Kane contract for that railroad down in Colombia had four more years to run.

Dora and her Billy were still off honeymooning. She had telegraphed twice for money. Irene subsided quietly into being the affectionate, hard-riding, snub-nosed, likable and enthusiastic youngster she had always been. There was never a word between us of our conversation in the office when she had grown so magically, and for just a few moments, to complete womanhood.

"I had a long talk with Keith this morning," she said one day after lunch. She tried to be very casual about it, but I caught a note of self-satisfaction in her voice.

"That so? What did he have to say for himself?"

"Oh, nothing much. We sat on the beach and talked about a lot of things—Ibsen, elephant hunting, aeroplanes, mashie shots and Dora. Just one of those cabbages-and-kings conversations." She was a trifle too elaborately unconcerned to be convincing. I knew she couldn't sustain it, that something was going to crash through. "I must say," she continued, "that he doesn't seem too downhearted about Dora." All disinterestedness vanished to the winds. "I told you it wasn't anything but infatuation!"

"Did he say so?" I asked.

"Of course not!"

"How do you know then?"

She smiled. "I can tell."

I was probably a little unsympathetic, for after that Keith's name scarcely ever came into our conversations. But I knew they used to see each other at the beach in the morning, when all the world went swimming, and that they sat about on the sand and talked.

Then Keith went to New York. A few days later the president of the bank called me into his office and showed me a check signed by Keith and drawn to the order of the Demarest Aircraft Corporation. It was for two thousand dollars. Going fast!

Two days went by before we heard a roaring overhead. There was the pride of the bootleggers doing aerial flip-flops. Before he settled upon the water he put that flying boat through every stunt on the list and wound up by doing a spin that had us swallowing our hearts. He came down the bay in great leaps, rising and sinking again until the hull touched the water and sent out sheets of white spray. He parked the plane at the boat yard where they had means of hauling it, and resumed his career of crime at the club.

Of course he was getting himself in mighty bad with a good many people. There was some talk of suspending him from the club if he didn't behave himself, but it didn't come to anything. Too many of us liked him. The catch phrase, "It won't be long now," seemed to be made especially for Keith and the attitude of most of us toward him. We watched the bank account shrink and waited for the inevitable.

One day—it was about three weeks after Dora eloped—two golf professionals were to play an exhibition game at Mearington, which meant an exodus of the golfing crowd from Rockthorn. Blanding wanted to go and so did I. Irene decided not to come with us, because she had promised to go on a swimming party with a bunch of girls. They used to take her little catboat out and be gone most of the day. Five or six girls, all her own age or younger. One of them was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, another a daughter of the local real-estate man. In Rockthorn there weren't the useless social barriers that existed in Mearington; kids were simply kids and they all played together until they reached the age when divergent interests drew them apart. Irene was already in that age, but she couldn't give them up entirely any more than a heart-warming appeal about "poor little children" could make her part with a certain battered, soiled, blond hussy of a doll called Annabelle. Other dolls, finer dolls, went their ways, but Annabelle lay in uninterrupted, dusty slumber in the attic play room.

Hummons, who kept the lighthouse, always knew where the girls were going; now and then either he or Mrs. Hummons would turn the binoculars on them, just to see that they were all right. He had given them a flag to hoist in case of trouble. That was more because we were uneasy about tough characters along the coast—liquor runners and that crowd—than for any other reason. All the youngsters could swim like porpoises.

The afternoon of the pro match at Mearington Keith was out in his flying boat. He saw the catboat anchored in a little cove and drifted toward it. The girls began to wave everything wavable, but that didn't strike him particularly until they kept it up for several minutes. Then he spotted the trouble flag and made for them, landed alongside.

They yelled to him to come closer, that Irene had injured herself. He stuck the prow of his aeroplane against the catboat and went aboard.

There was Irene, her face a mess of blood, half conscious. They had been skylarking, playing tag over the boat and into the water, and Irene, who was being chased, dived into a rock. Just by good luck they saw her and dragged her out before she drowned.

Keith took command. He wrapped her in his coat and slipped her into the cockpit of the plane. Then he heaved clear of the catboat and came skimming over the water at about seventy an hour, before Hummons even got his putt-putt going. He made directly for the beach at the club, because he knew he would find cars there, and rammed the plane ashore. With Irene in his arms he raced up to the clubhouse, commandeered a car and had her headed for the doctor's before anyone knew what it was all about. Certainly not more than fifteen minutes elapsed between her dive and her arrival at Doctor Finch's office. It was a combination of extraordinary good luck and quick thinking.

Hell commenced to pop when he reached the doctor's. Doctor Finch was an old man, a former rival in country practice of Keith's father, a nice old chap, good for childbirth, mumps and chilblains. He was planning to retire soon and he had brought a young fellow, Doctor Evert, just fresh from his hospital training, in to relieve him. It was Evert who met them at the office; Doctor Finch, with the rest of the world, was trailing the professionals at Mearington.

"I'll have to operate immediately," announced Evert.

"No, you don't!" replied Keith. "You put a temporary dressing in there, so she can breathe, and get the blood stopped."

"Don't tell me what to do!"

"You'll do as I tell you to do or I'll punch your blankety-blank face in!" threatened Keith. He grabbed the telephone, got central. "This is an emergency call! Jam it through! I want to speak with Doctor Gilbraith in New York City. I don't know his number. Dr. Edmund B. Gilbraith. If you get it in ten minutes there's twenty-five dollars for you! So rush it! And after you've put in the call, get Mr. Blanding's house for me!"

Gilbraith was the fellow who fixed Keith's face in the American Hospital in Neuilly after he'd bashed it in when he wrecked. He was one of the half dozen surgeons who became famous for that sort of work during the war. We saw some awful-looking faces come into the hospital and become presentable under his care.

"Gilbraith'll tell you what to do until we can get him out here," said Keith.

"I know what to do!" snapped Evert.

"You do anything you shouldn't and I'll take it out on your hide!" warned Keith.

There was no one at the house except servants, when he telephoned, so he called the club at Mearington, told them to send someone out on the links to find Blanding. Then the call came through from Gilbraith's office.

"I'm sorry, but I can't come," said Gilbraith. "There are cases here that I can't possibly leave. Absolutely impossible!" He agreed to stand by at the hospital with everything in readiness if Keith would bring her to New York.

"I'll bring her," said Keith, "and let you know when we're arriving." Then he asked Gilbraith to tell Evert what treatment Irene should have in the meantime. It had sunk into Evert's head by that time that Gilbraith was *the* Gilbraith, and he listened willingly enough; a neophyte listening to the master.

Keith stood for a couple of seconds in indecision. There were three ways of getting her to New York: By car, by plane and by railroad. In a car she would be bumped about for hours. In a plane she would be at the mercy of a single motor which might fail and let them down some place where she would be worse off. And there was no train from Rockthorn to New York at that time of day.

"I'll be back!" he said to Evert. He hopped into Evert's flivver without so much as by-your-leave and headed for the railroad station, where the station agent was taking his siesta, feet upon his desk.

Keith broke into the office like an explosion. "I want a special train and I want it fast!" he announced.

The agent thought he was crazy. Covered with blood, slamming into a little one-horse station, ordering a special train.

"Come on!" ordered Keith. "Blanding's daughter is injured! Snap out of it! On the job! Get me the manager on the telephone! Get someone I can talk with—someone with authority!"

The agent finally unlimbered himself and got the railroad telephone in action and Keith talked with the general superintendent of the division. He told him clearly, very concisely—not sparing the name of Blanding, which meant power—just what had happened and just what must be done. He wanted a locomotive and some sort of car—any sort of car—and he wanted them fast. The faster the bigger the bonus. And hang the cost! If he was worried about money, call the First National Bank of Rockthorn, but get wheels moving first.

The general superintendent hadn't been given his position because he was dumb, and he had wheels moving—a locomotive and a baggage car from the Stample yards—within ten minutes. By the time he called the bank, Keith had been there and gone, with two thousand dollars in his pocket. Of course the bank vouched for him.

The microcephalous idiot they sent from the clubhouse at Mearington was wandering around the links, numbly trying to find Mr. Blanding. The first I knew of it was when I cut over to the eighteenth hole, because my leg was going to the bad, and the steward came out to ask if Blanding had received the message. By the time we got to Rockthorn it was all over except the talking: Irene on a stretcher, Keith sitting on the floor of the baggage car holding her hand, and Evert, who had been more or less shanghaied, were clicking off the miles to New York City.

The poor youngster wasn't suffering very much, because Evert had given her two hypos, but they had a good deal of trouble

(Continued on Page 135)

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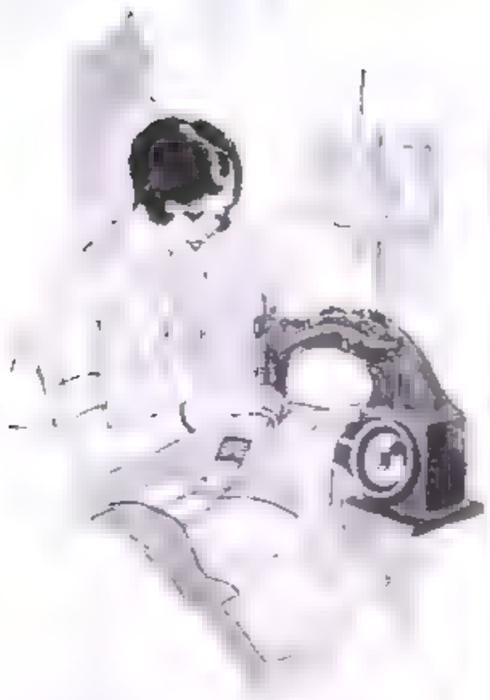

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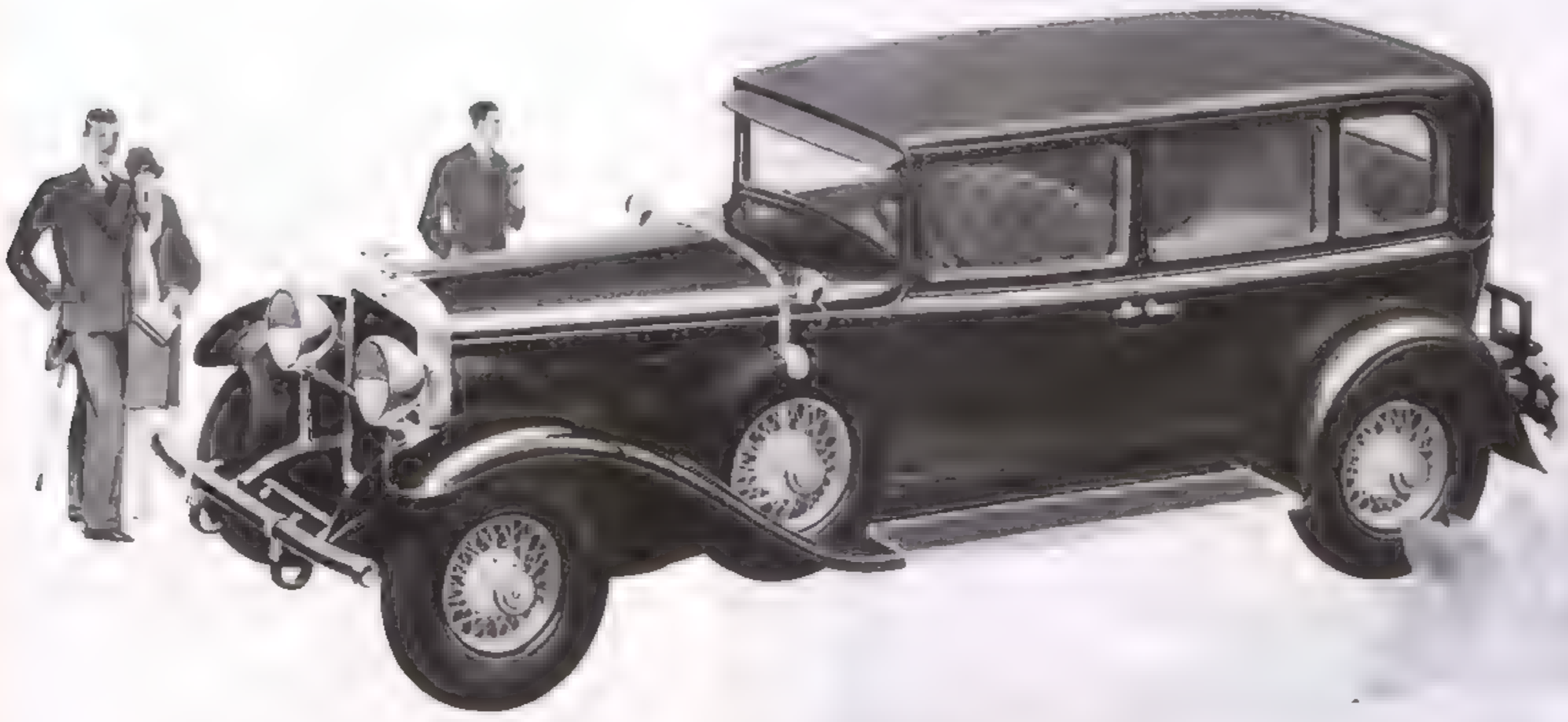

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keeping the blood stanched. There was an ambulance waiting at Grand Central for them, and at the hospital Doctor Gilbraith was in the operating room with his staff.

V

IT WAS the maddest day that division of the railroad had ever seen. Blanding wasn't slow about ordering special trains himself. They cut a day coach from a local train and sent another locomotive down from Stample. We pulled out one hour and forty minutes after Irene.

In New York at last, we rushed to the hospital. Gilbraith was still there. Irene had been put to bed and wasn't out from the anæsthetic yet.

"You'll never see a trace of it," Gilbraith assured us. "Nothing more than a faint blue line running down the ridge of her nose, and you won't see that unless you look hard for it."

Doctor Evert, who had been allowed in the operating room, got me by the arm and whispered an awed "He's marvelous!" It was the first time in his experience he had ever seen a surgical ace work.

"Where is Keith?" I asked Evert.

"You've got me. He came in the ambulance with us, but I haven't seen him since."

While Blanding and Gilbraith talked I found the nurse in charge of Irene's floor and asked her if she had seen Keith. She hadn't, but a man had telephoned twice to ask about Irene. Keith, of course. I told her if he called again to give him the address of the hotel where Blanding and I would be staying and say that we wanted to see him. But he didn't telephone.

Blanding sat beside Irene's bed the remainder of the night. He was gray and fagged out when I arrived in the morning. Irene was doing excellently, the doctor told us. Of course she was suffering a good deal; her whole head was an enormous, throbbing ache and she was very weak. I persuaded Blanding to go to the hotel.

Irene slipped a hand into mine, drew me close so she could tell me that "Keed wud wudderfa." I translated it to mean "Keith was wonderful."

Flowers came with Keith's card attached, but no telephone call. When the old man woke that afternoon he demanded to see Keith immediately.

"Find him then," he ordered when I told him I didn't know where he was. "Find him! Get Rumsey on the job!"

Rumsey was a detective whom Blanding had employed for years. So I got Rumsey and most of Rumsey's men working. They investigated every speak-easy and night joint from Columbus Circle down to Thirty-third Street.

Flowers used to come from Keith every morning, but the florist could tell us only that a young man left money on deposit and told him to keep sending flowers until he was ordered not to.

Six days went by and we imagined the worst—that Keith was off on a bender. Blanding found a safety valve for his worry over Irene in becoming angry and bitterly sarcastic about our efforts to find him. He worked himself into a thoroughly unreasonable frame of mind, tore up Rumsey's report without reading it, swore at him and told him he was being paid to find a man, not to spend his time writing reports of his own incompetence. There were times when he acted like one of those old codgers who sit at the outer desk of a big firm and give lazy office boys a tongue-lashing. Rumsey and I were the office boys. I had never seen the old man act that way; I hadn't thought it possible.

Then I bumped into Keith on Fifth Avenue. He was immaculately sober and a little embarrassed.

I clutched his arm and exclaimed, "For the Lord's sake, where have you been?"

"I'm living at a little hotel down the line," he said.

"Irene's getting along splendidly," I told him.

"I know—I've kept in touch with Gilbraith."

I felt like asking someone to kick me. Why hadn't any of us thought that he might go to Gilbraith for news? But the old man hadn't thought of it either, so he would have to include himself in his comments.

"Why haven't you been up to see Irene?" I asked him. "She wants to see you. And Blanding's off his chump because he can't find you and thank you. The world's yours so far as he's concerned."

"No need for him to thank me," he replied uneasily. He changed the subject: "Gilbraith is pleased stiff about the operation. Says that Irene is going to have a fine aristocratic nose in place of the snub. Won't be quite the same Irene, will it? Nice kid! Game as they make 'em! They don't come any gamer!"

"Can you blame Blanding for being thankful?" I demanded. "What if you hadn't been there to run things, and Evert had tried to patch her up? Wouldn't that have been a pretty mess? Do you wonder that the old man wants to give you a shake of the hand? He won't get sloppy about it, or kiss you on both cheeks like a French general."

"Let's let it go," he said impatiently. "Anyone with sense would have done the same thing."

This was no shy, blushing hero; he had something on his mind and I couldn't make out what it was. When he started to edge away, I took his arm and we went down the Avenue together.

"We thought you were off on a wild party."

"No; far from it!" He laughed quietly. "As a matter of fact, I'm looking for a job."

"You know that Mr. Blanding wants to give you one."

"Yes, I know. But I think I'd better roll my own."

I urged him to come to the hotel with me and talk it over at least. Blanding was out and I didn't expect him back. "Just because one member of the family gave you a kick in the shins, don't hold it up against the others," I said.

"I'm not, so help me!" he replied. "Whatever kick I got I had coming to me. All right; let's go over to the hotel."

When we were settled comfortably in the living room of Blanding's suite I asked:

"How did the reformation come about, Keith? Sudden, wasn't it?"

He pondered for a moment, looked up and smiled. "Did you ever hear about the little boy who liked to be hit on the head with a hammer?"

I said I'd never heard of the little boy.

"He liked it," explained Keith, "because it felt so good when they stopped. That's me. It felt so good when I stopped that I'm not going to do it any more. I've got it all out of my system. About this job—I wish you'd thank Mr. Blanding and tell him I appreciate it. But I think I'd better find my own job. Then it's mine!"

I told him to do as he pleased. "But," I added, "don't think that Mr. Blanding is offering it to you just because you pulled Irene out of the hole. Long before that! And don't think it's any cinch job either—a lot of money for no work. If you work for Blanding-Kane you'll sweat!" I could see that his interest was at least half captured, and so I added: "We were thinking of sending you down to Colombia. Enormous possibilities—great country!"

"Doing what?"

"Building railroads."

His eyes met mine thoughtfully and his gaze went through my head to some vision of his own. "I'll take it," he said finally and reached for the morning newspaper. He flipped over the pages until he came to ship news. "There's a boat sailing for Puerto Colombia tomorrow morning, ten o'clock. I can make it if you get things fixed with the office."

Thought and action were so closely allied in Keith Jamieson's mind that he picked up his hat and started for the door.

"But wait a minute," I begged him. "There are two things I'd like to have you do. One is to talk with Mr. Blanding and the other is to go to the hospital and see Irene. It'll do her good. She's been wanting to see you."

"Has she? All right; I'll go to the hospital now, and then to the hotel and throw my gear together. You can be fixing up things with the office in the meantime—transportation and letters. I'll be around this evening, if Mr. Blanding can see me then. Say about nine o'clock."

He paused with his hand upon the door knob, debating some problem with himself, and abruptly turned to face me. "Look here, major," he said, "we've always been on the square. I want you to know how things stand with me. There's something I want to tell you before we go any further." I nodded and waited. He came back and stood leaning against the table. "The devil of it is," he declared, "that I'm in love with Irene."

He paused, apparently expecting some protest from me. I took it calmly.

"I don't want you to think," he said, "that I'm a mucker who goes flopping from one girl to another. Oh, I was crazy enough about Dora, but it didn't mean much. She was one of the prettiest girls I'd ever seen and I was back home again after a long time. It was just a brain storm—a brain storm over a pretty face." He paused and added: "I hope you'll understand."

"Irene's a thoroughbred," I said.

He studied me for a moment. "You don't seem very shocked about it," he said.

"Why should I be?"

"She's such a youngster."

"She'll outgrow that," I told him. "And you're not so heavy with years yourself. Both of you have some growing up to do."

He was staring silently at the floor. "Irene got into my mind—I can't explain it very well—one morning on the beach," he said presently. "And then I couldn't get her out of my mind. I told myself I was a fool and a sap and that I'd better stick to my drinking. Every time I saw her it got worse. She has something that makes Dora's prettiness seem silly."

"Wait until you see the new nose," I suggested. "If it's half what Gilbraith promises ——"

"Nose!" he snapped. "I'm in love with a human being, not a face!" He paused and went back to his former tone: "Then on the train, coming here with Irene, I began to realize that I was up against something stronger than I was. Major, she was wonderful! Not a peep out of her! She just lay there clutching my hand and enduring it. I think if Evert hadn't been with us I'd have cracked up right then and told her how I felt. Can you understand now why I wanted to make myself scarce? If you love a girl like Irene you have to have something to offer."

I nodded.

The door clicked open and Blanding came in.

"Hello, young fellow," he said gruffly. "Where've you been?"

"Hello, Mr. Blanding."

I interrupted to say that Keith was leaving for Colombia the next morning.

"And thanks for the job," said Keith, as though he wanted to get his thanks in first.

"Not at all. Thanks for pulling Irene out of the mess. Appreciate what you did."

"Glad I was there to do it."

"Glad you were too. Have dinner with us tonight and I'll give you some pointers on railroad building."

"What time, sir?"

"Make it seven."

"Yes, sir. I'm going up to the hospital to see Irene now."

"Good!"

I went down the hall with Keith to the elevators.

"I wish you wouldn't say anything about this to Mr. Blanding," he said. "I'd rather tell him later—when I have a pair of legs to stand on."

"All right," I agreed. "And by the way, when you see Irene, don't stand up so straight you fall over backward. She's very fond of you. Even a pat on the hand might not be too desperately wrong. Might buck her up a bit. A hospital's a tiresome place."

Of course Blanding was beaming with pleasure. As soon as I could get free from him I went to my own room and telephoned to the nurse to say that Keith was on his way. I knew the poor kid would want to make herself as attractive as she could. Then I got the office and gave instructions about letters, transportation and such things.

About six o'clock I went up to the hospital, expecting that Keith would be at his hotel packing his baggage. But Keith was at the bedside; his hair was tousled and he was smiling, a little flushed. There was a tell-tale sunken spot in the mattress, very close to her, where he had been sitting. Irene managed to give me a radiant smile with all that Gilbraith had left exposed of her face.

"Major," she said, "tell dad that I want Keith to stay here and have dinner with me. It's our last night together."

"I can talk with him at nine o'clock," added Keith. "They'll throw me out of here at nine, anyhow."

"I'll fix it," I told them. I said to Keith, not thinking that Irene would understand: "I hope you haven't been falling over backward."

He gave me a shy grin. "Entirely on my face!" he assured me.

Irene commenced to laugh. "I don't see why you two men are so embarrassed. I'm not embarrassed at all." Her hand went out to take Keith's. "I'm just very happy."

Naturally I got out as quickly as I could, went back to the hotel and told Blanding that Keith was having dinner at the hospital. He nodded and the waiter removed the third place at the table.

"Major," he said as he settled himself at the table, "it seems to me that Irene's pretty fond of him. Got her mind set on him, so to speak. Well, he's a good boy! Get a proper set of harness on him and he'll pull a heavy load."

"Keith seems to like her too," I replied. "Shouldn't be at all surprised if we were seeing the beginnings of a real romance."

"Shouldn't be surprised either," he admitted cheerfully.

I said to myself that it wasn't a matter for surprise. Irene was a Blanding, and the Blandings get what they want.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SPORTS

(Continued from Page 37)

I assisted both these truly great ball players in preparing their memoirs, and some very amusing things developed as we worked out the material and assembled it for publication. In Pittsburgh, Wagner showed me the picture of a batter holding the bat with his hands about three inches apart. The object of the photographic pose was to teach young batters that the position of the hands was wrong. And the teacher was right, too, according to theories generally accepted. The photograph, though, was causing the old Dutchman much concern.

When I began working with Cobb two years later he exhibited a copy of the same photograph and showed the same concern. That erroneous position of the hands had them both winging.

They are rated the two greatest batters that ever lived, and both of them hold a bat exactly that incorrect way! Moreover, they are about the only two well-known hitters who do keep their hands apart.

Right here let me make it clear that Wagner and Cobb did actually prepare those memoirs. The impression that they merely consented to the use of their names and had nothing to do with what went under them is downright unfair to them. They furnished all the detailed information, worked out their ideas with me and were responsible for everything printed. My main task was to keep them on the line that they were hewing and then assemble the whole into shape for the printer. Naturally, men like that are not familiar with the technical forms of writing, of continuity or of assembly.

The actual putting of the words on paper is easy, once the writer catches their method of thought. With a man like Ty Cobb there can never be any dearth of ideas. His brain is as active around a desk as it is on the field. At times it is really difficult to keep up with him. Cobb has one of the most keenly analytical minds I ever have encountered. His knowledge of psychology and ability to apply it are surprising. There are mighty few laymen in this country who have so thorough a knowledge of paintings and great painters as Ty Cobb. Incidentally, Cobb has money enough to indulge his love for artistic things to quite a degree.

Cobb was always admired on the field, but among the players and the fans his personality was not what one might call lovable because of his combative spirit. Instinctively he makes everything a contest. The players made the mistake of nagging and browbeating Cobb at the start and he spent the rest of his days on the diamond nagging and browbeating right back at them. In the long run he outnagged them.

Cobb's Fall-Away Slide

At the very start of Cobb's career as a base runner his alert brain showed him that if he slid into a base head forward there was danger of his being stepped on with sharp spikes—accidentally or purposely—and that he was thus on the defensive. He decided thereupon that he would be the aggressor and make them take the jumps. Cobb practiced the fall-away slide for months during the winter until he had it perfected. Then he would go into the bag feet first, and if the baseman did not get out of the way of the flying spikes he would still have trouble in touching the elusive body or legs.

"The main idea in baseball and in life," he has told me often, "is always to test the other fellow's nerve before he can test yours. A man invariably takes the worst of it when he's on the defensive."

Cobb says he never deliberately tried to injure another ball player and that he didn't propose to let them injure him. Any time they wanted to match chances with him he was willing to take his.

"Why," is one of his favorite arguments, "should a base runner feel that he has to get out of the way of the baseman any more than the baseman should feel that he ought to get out of the base runner's way? And above all, don't forget that, under the rules, the base runner has the right of way on the path. The baseman or catcher who blocks him does so at his own peril."

There is a lot of truth in that. Often the spectators hiss a base runner from third base who goes into the catcher with such force as to send them both rolling over the turf. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the runner is within his rights. The catcher must take his own chances in blocking the path. If he is bowled over, that is his own lookout. Under the rules, he has no defense.

Wagner's Contribution to Literature

Hans Wagner is quite a different type from the jaunty, high-spirited Cobb. He is of phlegmatic temperament, with a droll humor and a kindly, tolerant feeling toward everyone and everything. Both were intensely thorough students of the profession they adopted. Wagner himself was an aggressive base runner. Probably he has gone through as many clashes of spikes as the fleet-footed Cobb. There never was a base runner quite the equal of Cobb, though. The chances are there never will be. Wagner, however, took the clashes of temperament and spikes as all a part of the day's work. His imagination stopped right there.

One day I was asking him about the danger of being cut with spikes. Without a word he leaned forward in his chair and pulled up his trousers legs. The flesh from his ankles to his knees was scarred with enough lines to make it look like a map.

"Oh, I got plenty of 'em," he explained. "In the old days, when the game was rougher, some runner would get on first base and think he had the signal that I was to cover second in case of a steal. He would yell out: 'You better get out of the way, you big Dutchman! I'm coming down and I'll cut your clothes off!'

"'Come on!' I'd yell back at him. 'The old Dutchman'll be in at the cuttin'!' And away he'd come! But," he said reflectively, aiming at the cuspidor, "I never figured that them fellows meant any harm by them little things."

Really to appreciate that philosophy you would have to hear the tolerant tone of his deep bass voice.

Wagner was the most indefatigable worker of all the sporting celebrities with whom I jointly labored in the preparation of memoirs. His memory is remarkable. I suggested to him one night that he spend two or three days in gathering together all the old-fashioned pictures of himself and his friends that he could find and also in jotting down with a pencil the greatest plays in baseball that he could recall. To save him trouble I suggested that he merely indicate what the plays were and that I would fill in the details on the typewriter.

Four days later he showed up with a whole suitcase full of the funniest photographs I ever have seen. He had raided old albums for a mile around his home. After exhibiting these he calmly handed me eighty-five pages from a writing pad on which he had written down the plays with a stub of a pencil. He had headed them Great Plays I Saw. This, I think, ought to convince the skeptical that some great athletes do prepare their stuff.

I have in my possession now the first baseball contract signed by Hans Wagner—his real name, by the way, is John H. Wagner—which he left with me for safe keeping. The old document, yellowed with age, throws an interesting light on the ever-increasing value of ball players. In an attached note Wagner explains that he signed this contract in the name of William Wagner because they had addressed him that way in a telegram. Here is the complete document:

STEUBENVILLE BASEBALL CLUB
INTERSTATE LEAGUE
SEASON OF 1895

Sec. 1: This is to certify that William Wagner has agreed to play in the Steubenville Baseball Club during the season of 1895 for Thirty-five dollars ($35) a month, payable on the first and fifteenth of each month, or as soon thereafter as possible.

Sec. 2: In signing to play for the Steubenville team I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations.

Sec. 3: I also agree that should my services not be agreeable to the said club the management reserves the right to release me.

Sec. 4: I agree to pay for my own uniform and shoes, the cost of same to be taken out of my first pay.

Sec. 5. I agree to report on the date notified by the manager in good condition to play ball.

Sec. 6: The manager of the Steubenville club to pay all my expenses while away from home.

Sec. 7: I also agree to keep myself in good condition and should I fail to abide by all rules, all agreements between myself and said Steubenville club shall be declared void.

Signed: WILLIAM WAGNER.
Witness: PATRICK FLAHERTY (for G.M.)

NOTE: I played under the name of William Wagner this year, J. H. W.

It would be interesting to see the contract of Babe Ruth, reputed to receive $72,000 a season, laid alongside this rather historic legal instrument.

The reader may note that in those days a ball player played "in" a ball team, not "on" one. The word is printed in bold black type.

I had a similar memoir-collecting task with John L. Sullivan when he had reached the days of his mellowness, an experience that I intend to relate in its order.

To my mind, which always has leaned to the ridiculous, the crowning event of the round-table sessions at Terp's occurred one snowy night in December. Samuel N. Crane, the dean of us all and very likely the most generally loved writer among his associates that ever lived, decided along toward midnight that he had better go to his home away up in the Bronx. He was then well along in years, while the rest of us were youngsters. A cabman was standing at the bar and Sam engaged him for the trip. The snow had developed into a blizzard by that time and the driver got lost in the wilds of the Bronx. Sam, from inside the cab, heard a thud and noticed that the horse had stopped. He got out and found that the driver had fallen off his box and was stretched out on the snow, apparently unconscious.

The Pre-Nordic Days of Sport

By a great physical effort Sam lifted the inert body into the cab, and seeing no chance of help mounted the box and took up the reins himself.

In driving around he also got lost. The horse's instinct eventually led him back to Terp's, where the rest of us were still discussing sports.

The much overwrought Mr. Crane, genuinely worried about how to explain his case to the police, got down from the driver's box and peered in the cab window with apprehension. There he saw the cabman loling in the soft cushions, calmly smoking a big black cigar!

But for our intercession, an honest, God-fearing cabman might have died that night. Sam had murder in his eye.

Sporting events of the decade 1905–1915 that stick in the memory—my memory, at least—are the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield, Nevada, though I was not a spectator, and the historic ball game between the Giants and Cubs in which Fred Merkle failed to touch second.

The other big events seem to hang around those two pegs. In that period, for example, we lost supremacy of the white race when Jack Johnson knocked out Jim Jeffries. Somehow, though, the groggy old white race, despite ominous prophecies in the press, picked up and went on about its business without showing so much as a cauliflower ear. It is doubtful if many of us really felt that overwhelming loss, nor did the country at large develop a serious inferiority complex. In fact the inferiority complex had not been discovered at that time. Our set didn't even know that we were Nordics. The clippings at my command make repeated references to an impending Caucasian disaster, but there is not a single Nordic in the lot.

Self-Starting Publicity

Jack London, in writing of the Gans-Nelson battle, gave us something new in making Nelson his "abysmal brute," the best catch phrase since Jim Corbett exposed the secret of the solar plexus. On top of that came the contribution to the sports language of "bringing home the bacon" by the old colored mother of Joe Gans. Perhaps those phrases are responsible for that fight's influence on the memory. Gans' mother gave us that expression in a telegram to her son at the ringside in which she wired:

YOUNG PETER JACKSON WILL TELL US THE NEWS AND YOU BRING HOME THE BACON.

That fight also introduced Tex Rickard, former cowboy, Alaskan gold hunter and tavern keeper, as a fight promoter. I have Tex's word for it that he was reading the papers when he saw an item to the effect that Gans and Nelson, having been matched, were looking for a battle ground. It struck him that this affair might be a good thing for Goldfield. With nothing else on his mind at the moment, he strolled down the street, had a few talks with the boys and dug up the necessary money—real money.

Rickard offered the fighters something like $30,000, and when they were able to believe their eyes and ears, managers came on the run. You see, Tex had the innocent idea then that when fighters talked about money they meant real money. So he simply laid it on the table in gold and told the boys to start swinging. Since then certified checks—duly photographed in the newspapers—have not had the same appeal. Consequently Rickard has put on most of the big fights.

Many of our more prominent students of psychoanalysis and such things have tried to solve the secret of Rickard's success without doing a great deal for their science.

"What do you regard as the secret of your success as a promoter—what psychological impulse guides you?" I overheard one of the deeper thinkers ask Rickard one day.

"It's no secret," declared the practical Tex. "By merely reading the newspapers, 'most anybody can tell what the public wants to see. Then I figure out a price and lay down the money—the actual dough. If it's big enough, they'll grab for it. That's all there is to it."

"But the publicity that you must have—big publicity," the scientist wanted to know. "How do you account for that?"

"All that is necessary to make a man write," explained Mr. Rickard, "is give him something worth writing about. A big fight speaks for itself."

It was soon after that that Bill McGeehan came East and, along with Grantland Rice, became famous among the second crop of writers within my memory. There is now a third crop brewing—an entirely different school. In a few years, likely their names will be more famous than their predecessors'.

(Continued on Page 141)

All ready for the party — Dry in thirty minutes!

"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

An enamel finish for furniture, woodwork and floors

SO AMAZING is "61" Lacquer Enamel that its quick drying seems like a fairy's magic touch. It is a practical reality that "61" Lacquer Enamel dries almost immediately. Yet it brushes and flows freely, producing a hard, smooth surface without laps or streaks.

You *can* do over the kiddies' things just before a party, or brighten up a piece or two of furniture before your guests come, on very short notice. There is no end to the many interesting things you can do with "61" Lacquer Enamel. The rich, colorful shades lend themselves to any color scheme, on furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum — in fact, anything.

Besides the regular colors, there are hundreds, yes, thousands of additional shades available by simply mixing the standard colors in varying proportions. A veritable rainbow to choose from — rare tints, beautiful pastels — any shade you desire! "61" Lacquer Enamel gives a tough, durable finish that will not crack, chip or peel. It is not affected by water. Developed in the Pratt & Lambert laboratories after years of research, here is a genuine nitrocellulose lacquer that can really be applied with a brush. You are not asked to take our word for it, but to try it at *our* expense.

Ask For Your Free Quarter-Pint Can

Send ten cents to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter-pint can of "61" Lacquer Enamel. We will also send you color card and names of dealers. Only one free can selected from the following colors will be sent to any one household: Chinese Red, Rich Red, Orange, Yellow, Light Blue, Rich Blue, Light Gray, Dark Gray, Light Olive, Jade Green, Light Green, Dark Green, Brown, Ivory, White and Black; also Clear Gloss.

Guarantee: If any P&L Varnish Product fails to give complete satisfaction you may have your money back.

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Canadian address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

From a drawing by George Oneill *Copyright 1928, P&L*

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

The transparent floor finish in clear and colors, which stands the "hammer test." You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack. It withstands the utmost in foot traffic on floors and linoleum.

"Save the surface and you save all" Pratt & Lambert

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Modern roads are

"Two streaks of grease and a right-of-way" might describe our modern roads, so slippery, so oily, so uncertain of footing are they. Vacuum tread is the principle that gives to a tire a grip no longer afforded by grit.

Pennsylvania VACUUM

soaked with grease

That's why you need tires that sing

"S-S-S-SAFE"

TEN YEARS AGO . . . A slow, lumbering car . . . A grit-surfaced road . . . And for those driving conditions the friction tread motor car tire was developed . . . and was ideal.

But what are conditions today?

Concrete roads and tar-surfaced roads smooth as a polished plank . . . Fast, light cars . . . quick-acting brakes . . . and on every such road everywhere two wide black streaks of slippery grease sprinkled there by the millions of cars which have passed . . . Different? . . . Surely . . . Very different . . . And a different tire tread is needed in most localities.

So come Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Balloon Tires . . . Husky, long-lived, whirling steadily over two average years of hard driving . . . No more economical tires ever made . . .

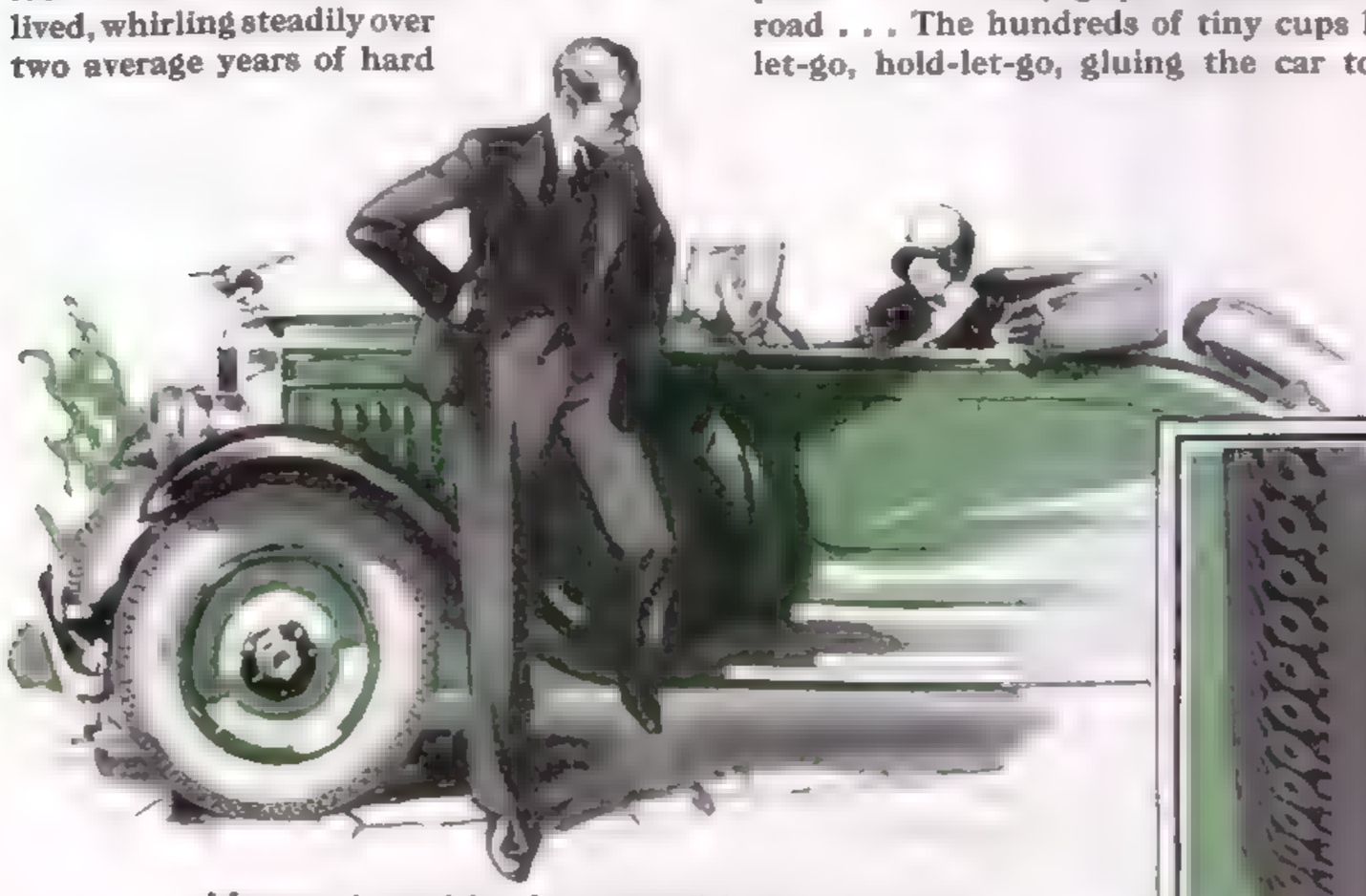
The carcass is of selected long staple cotton cord fabric, every tire with six plies, each ply cushioned. Double frictioned with the finest rubber, it is flexible to the point of being almost impervious to external shocks. The tread is of the densest rubber, providing slow, even wear and mileage heretofore believed impossible.

But the Vacuum Cup tread is the real point . . . It really grips the modern hard road . . . The hundreds of tiny cups hold-let-go, hold-let-go, gluing the car to the road continuously and safely and yet never retarding speed . . . No other tread can hold these modern greasy roads so securely.

Hundreds of times you've heard the safety song of the Vacuum Cup . . . On fine cars everywhere in the land these tires are used . . . That sibilant whisper as a swift car rushes by—that's the "S-s-s-safe" whisper of the Vacuum Cup tread . . . No other tire makes it . . . Patented . . . A safety principle owned exclusively by the Pennsylvania Rubber Company.

And if driving conditions where you live are such that friction treads are still satisfactory, remember that you can get maximum value in sturdy, long-mileage Pennsylvania Balloons and Jeannette Tires, also made by us.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania



Millions of cars driven by women all day long—to school, to store, to tea or bridge, to the station—and every woman driver should have the utmost possible safety in the car she drives. Vacuum Cups will protect her from the dangers of skidding.

As the tire rolls, the Vacuum Cups engage the road surface, seal for an instant by air-tight suction, and then let go as the car proceeds. The gentle whispering sound as the tiny cups hold-let-go, hold-let-go, is the "S-s-s-safe" song motorists know so well.

CUP BALLOONS

Reclaim *and* Modernize this *quick* and inexpensive way

YOUR friends judge you by your home—especially the interior.

Many an unthinking person has been unfairly convicted of poor taste and lack of pride—because the walls and ceilings of his home were disfigured by ugly, sprawling cracks—an impossible background for attractive furnishings.

And the criticism is all so easily avoided. Upson Board—the *nearest-perfect* wall and ceiling material—quickly makes old and unsightly rooms new and beautiful. One man applies it—right over the old plaster—with little of the muss, dirt, or delay of *re*-plastering. Quickly painted in soft, harmonizing tones.

There is nothing better than Upson Board for ceilings. Light yet strong—Upson Board should last as long as the building.

Colorful Wall Tiling, too, at little cost—for Bath and Kitchen

Upson Fibre-Tile comes in big sections—*unfinished*—so you can finish it in any of the smart modern color schemes so popular today for bath or kitchen. Applied and finished—it costs only a few cents a square foot—*about 1/10th as much as ceramic tile.*

Certified tests prove Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars and blows as compared with excessively heavy brittle boards—and are also remarkably resistant to heat and moisture—even ordinary leaks. Upson Fasteners (patented) make them the *one* wallboard that can be applied without disfiguring nail-marks in centers of panels.

Try *Blue*-Center Upson Board or Upson Fibre-Tile in just one room. You will be delighted to see how easily they transform any room—at moderate cost.

Sprawling plaster cracks are so unnecessary. Upsonize! Just a few days' quick, clean work, and any room in your home can be made as attractive as the one above — with crack-proof, jar-proof walls and ceilings — permanently beautiful. Try one room, then you will want to Upsonize all through the house.

CONTRACTORS USE IT!
Up-to-the-minute carpenters recommend Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile for living rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, baths, laundries, barber shops, wherever permanent, livable interiors are desired.

LUMBER DEALERS SELL IT!
Alert lumber dealers everywhere are selling Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board. If you are a lumber dealer and do not stock both, write today for our interesting proposition to dealers.

UPSON BOARD

The Upson Company,
Sub Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.
Enclosed find 10 cents for samples of Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board, asked above literature and helpful suggestions.
Describe with pencil.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Genuine Upson Boards have the famous Blue-center.

© The Upson Company, Lockport, New York, 1928

(Continued from Page 136)

I set out the next winter on a tour of the burlesque circuit with John L. Sullivan to assist in the preparation of his autobiography.

With us was Jake Kilrain, whom John L. had beaten many years before in that memorable fight at Richburg, Mississippi, fought in an improvised ring in the woods. He worked as Sullivan's sparring partner in a little akit presented in the olco of the regular burlesque show. Both were pretty well along in years then, but their names still drew big crowds.

My job was to work on the book with John L. in the mornings, think up ideas while the show was going on and attend all social affairs with him at night. We never once entered a town or city that local admirers didn't tender Sullivan some sort of reception, and we played them all, from the tanks to Broadway.

Another social duty that John L. required of me, though it was not in the contract, was to eat with him in our suite of rooms at the hotels. He would never dine in public for reasons that I gradually grew to understand. One was that he did not want to be conspicuous and consequently annoyed by admirers stopping at his table. Another was that he frequently ate two dozen oysters on the half shell as an appetizer and realized that this might attract further attention. In my earlier days I had sort of prided my own self on being an oyster eater of promise, but after the first two weeks I threw the towel in the ring and quit. An oyster has never been the same to me since.

At that time Sullivan had quit drinking and a short talk on the evils of rum was a part of his akit. He lived up to his new creed, too, as long as I was with him. He wouldn't touch so much as a glass of beer or ale. His only excess was in eating, and he took on a lot of weight. He must have weighed pretty close to 300 pounds that winter.

John L. still clung to his pump-handle mustache, but it was almost white—not nearly so fierce as the old black one. Though his voice still roared like that of a bull and he was doggedly insistent on his point in a discussion, Sullivan was really kindly at heart. Occasionally, though, when some pest annoyed him I have seen that look in his eye before which so many fighters had quailed.

Evidently we got along all right, because he eventually presented me with a gold penknife—his well-known method of bestowing the decoration of friendship. That quaint custom, kept up all his life, was well known in sports circles. My knife, which bears his name, is set on one side with a small diamond, a sapphire and a ruby, the reverse being reserved for the engraved inscription. Unhappily, the main blade was broken in St. Louis when a thoughtless visitor tried to pull a cork with it and has never been repaired. To possess one of John L.'s friendship knives was quite a distinction twenty years ago.

A Week's Run in Alabama

Sullivan did not possess the keen intellect or the poise of Jim Corbett, and I think that was one reason why he never forgave Corbett for having taken the championship from him. He would never admit to me that Corbett was a truly great fighter and he didn't like it, even then, when I would tell him of how we kids used to root for Gentleman Jim. John L.'s charm was his bluntness and directness; his frank admission of ignorance of occasional subjects that bobbed up in the conversations.

A thing that caused him unforgettable disappointment was his inability to take his show, Uncle Tom's Cabin, in which he appeared for years, all over the South.

"Why," I asked him in surprise, "did that show ever run at all in the South?"

"Yes," he said; "Uncle Tom's Cabin ran one night at Huntsville, Alabama, and me and the caste ran all the next week—to keep ahead of a posse."

From this you will observe that John L. had a sense of humor, but, as a rule, he kept it in reserve.

One intensely cold week we stopped in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the first man to call on Sullivan was Hugh Jennings, then manager of the Detroit Tigers and rapidly coming into new baseball fame. Sullivan was an ardent baseball fan. He had really started to be a professional player when he began fighting. He took much more pride in his baseball ability and knowledge of the game than in his knowledge of boxing, apparently.

Jennings had just bought a new automobile—a rare possession at that time—and he had come to invite Sullivan and myself for a ride through the Pocono Mountains the following day. He explained the elaborate arrangements he had made for the trip and we looked forward to it eagerly. Jennings had telephoned to a little stone roadhouse away up in the mountains where the proprietor was to have awaiting us a fine fried-chicken dinner.

The Original Yes Man

It was ten degrees above zero when we started out and the roads were partially covered with ice. Even so, Jennings drove that car, slipping and skidding, for two or three hours, regardless of Sullivan's fright. Finally, half frozen, we reached the stone hut. All was ready. After Hughey and I had taken an appetizer, our hunger knew no bounds. In a few moments, though, we sat down to a table, the center platter piled a foot high with smoking fried chicken and a lot of nice things on the side. I had just helped myself to a drumstick and a second joint when I saw Sullivan suddenly start and look at Jennings as if something terrible had happened. Instantly Jennings caught the meaning of his look, which had meant nothing to me.

"By Cæsar, do you know it, Hughey?" demanded John L.

"I didn't think of it, but I know it now. . . . It's Friday," he explained, turning to me.

"Are ye true blue?" Sullivan demanded to know of Jennings.

"I'm as true as you are, John L."

With one despairing though courageous look at the table, they called the proprietor and managed to get two fried eggs apiece. The entire platter of chicken was left to me and the proprietor. Sullivan glared at us for a moment or so and then burst out laughing.

"That's the worst knock-out I've ever had," he declared.

John L.'s method of authorship was direct and extraordinarily simple. The very first day of our association he threw a chunk of old manuscript, weighing fully five pounds and numbering 600 pages, on the table.

"There, young fellow," he said, "is what a half dozen different fellows have got together at one time and another. Now you go through it and if there's anything else you want to know, just ask me questions. I'll stand for anything that's in there if it ain't balled up."

The member of our party who always excited my sympathy was Jake Kilrain. He was licked that day in Richburg and stayed licked the rest of his life. He even had to be licked in the burlesque skit. At the social affairs he was still licked. In any discussion that arose and John L. had made a positive statement, he would turn to Kilrain for confirmation. Jake's job, of course, was to say yes. Even if he had desired to debate the matter, his voice was no match for that roar that came from Sullivan. Looking back over those years, I am more and more convinced that Jake Kilrain was the original of all the yes men. He was content, though, to take his twice-a-day lickings, bask in the reflected glory of Sullivan and draw his weekly pay.

Don't get the impression that Sullivan's attitude toward Kilrain was unkindly. He always made a point of introducing Jake with full honors at either public or private gatherings, and when out of the limelight, John L. did many acts of kindness that were of big help to his former ring victim.

Of all his ring fights, Sullivan told me repeatedly that the most picturesque and exciting was the battle with Flood on a barge, floating on the Hudson River. To escape the police, the fighters, their backers and followers boarded the big barge, erected a ring on the deck and kept away from shore.

His acquaintance with the Prince of Wales he regarded as inconsequential.

John L. Sullivan was keenly interested in all baseball matters. He was particularly concerned that winter about the New York Giants having paid $11,000 to Indianapolis for Rube Marquard, the left-handed pitcher. Frequently he would express curiosity as to whether the New York club would get sufficient returns from such an enormous investment. That was a record price for a ball player up to that time.

The announcement of that deal was a front-page story in all the New York newspapers. Since then as much as $100,000 has been paid for a practically untried minor-league player without creating nearly so much of a furor.

The first big deal that I remember, a record expenditure up to the Marquard purchase, was that in which the Giants bought Cy Seymour from the Cincinnati Reds in 1905. The price for Seymour was $10,000. On that occasion John T. Brush had the $10,000 check photographed and copies sent to all the newspapers. The next jump upward was the purchase of Pitcher O'Toole by the Pittsburgh Pirates for $22,500. From then on the prices for baseball stars kept rising, until the New York Yankees paid approximately $135,000 for Babe Ruth. In the past few years it has been not at all uncommon for clubs to pay between $50,000 and $100,000 for players who would have been high at $10,000 fifteen years ago. The Chicago White Sox, for example, paid $125,000 for Willie Kamm, the third baseman, before he had ever appeared in a big-league uniform. The Philadelphia Athletics have gone as high as $70,000 for several prospects.

Any ball player who makes good in fast company nowadays is a good investment at $75,000. Twice that amount is wasted every spring by nearly every club on a group of recruits who are never heard of again. The chance of a rookie making the grade is about one in ten. The average minimum cost of trying each of them out is upward of $10,000. It often happens, though, that the most valuable player is one who cost practically nothing.

Sold Down the River

The price paid for Marquard was so startling that he was called the $11,000 Beauty. For a season or two his work was far from pretty. He was so impressed with the grave responsibility of making that amount good that he suffered from stage fright for a whole year. When Marquard finally did ring the bell, a musical comedy was written around him for production on Broadway. That was also called the $11,000 Beauty. It wasn't so pretty, either—to my own financial sorrow.

Despite the columns of sporting matter written about big baseball deals, the public still has a very vague idea of the machinery of such transactions. So insistent is the impression that the players are handled like chattels or slaves that we refer to their transfer as being "sold down the river." As a rule, the star ball player is immensely pleased at being sold for a high price. To him it means going to a better club that has a chance of winning the pennant. That means a share in the receipts of the World's Series. It is being "sold down the river"—that is, traded to a weaker club—that hurts.

The sale of a ball player means merely that his contract is sold for a consideration, the purchaser having to assume all its obligations. This process, in its ramifications, is guarded by elaborate provisions of the baseball law, in which occasionally a loophole is found by some smart fellow.

Come to MINNESOTA
Land of Ten Thousand Lakes

Come North this Summer!

COME up and enjoy Minnesota's healthful summer climate, bracing air, crystal clear lakes, scenic beauty, "honest-to-goodness" fishing, sporty golf courses, unequalled canoe trails ... truly nature's playground for summer vacations!

Make it a family party. The children will be safe, and happy, here ... the outdoor life will put color in their cheeks and build up their resistance. There are shallow, sandy beaches for safe bathing, beguiling woodland trails for hiking and riding, smooth scenic highways for delightful motoring, many fascinating places to visit—Indian camps, deer parks, historic and legendary spots, waterfalls, dales, bluffs, —a hundred and one new experiences.

Live as You'd Like to Live!

—in a cottage by the lake, a log cabin in the woods, a delightful campsite, or at a modern resort hotel with every convenience and comfort. Rates are reasonable for all types of accommodations. Minnesota offers you the kind of vacation you want at the price you can afford to pay. Come this summer and you'll want to come again. Start planning now—write for interesting free booklet.

Special R. R. Tourist rates to Minnesota. Fine train and bus service throughout the state.

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Resort Hotels
Cottages
Fishing
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Canoeing
Lakeside
Purchase Farm Lands

648 Merchants Bank Bldg.,
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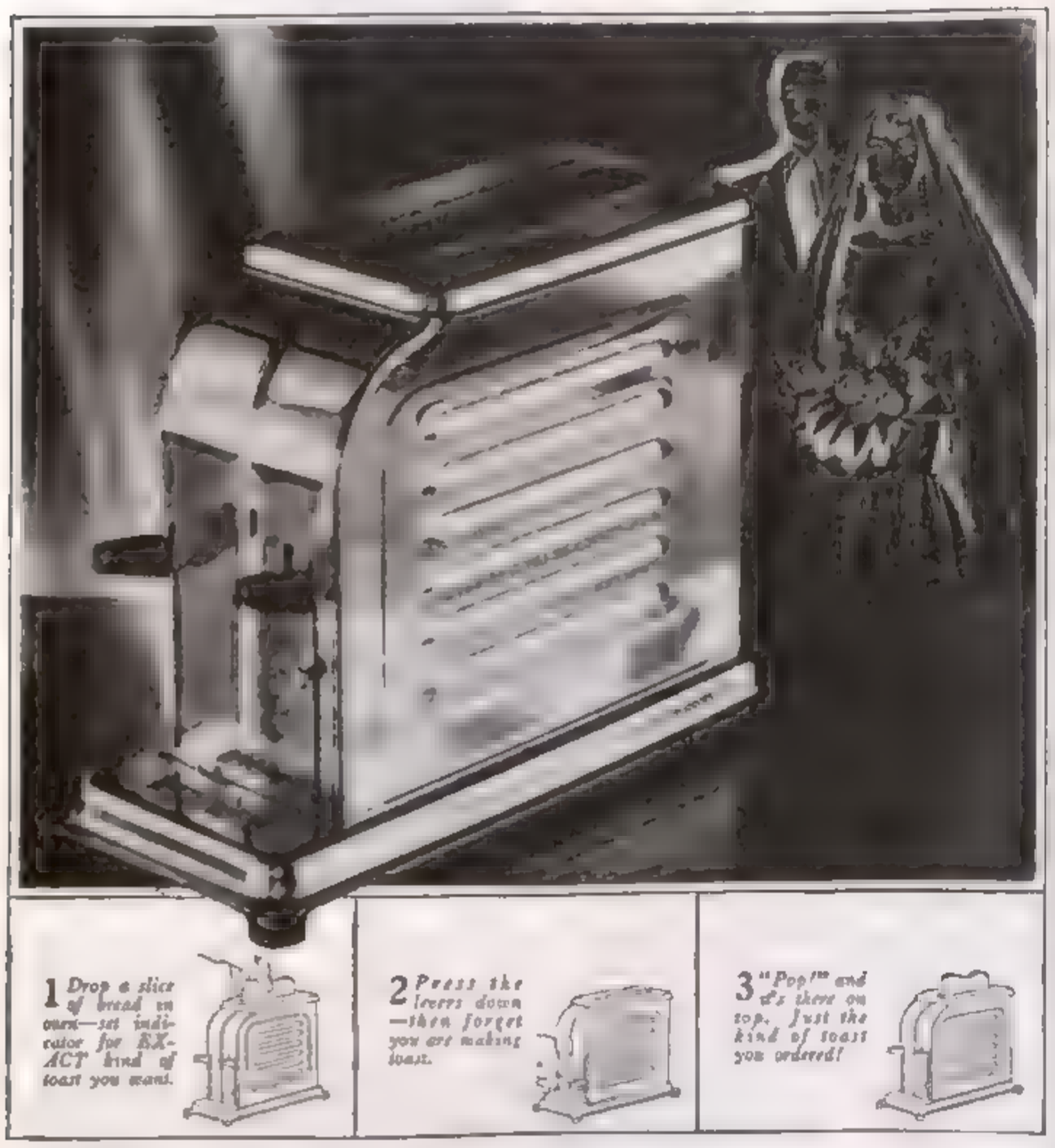
Send FREE Booklet and information on items I have checked.
Name
Address

The ONE Toaster You Can Buy
that CAN'T *burn toast!*



1 *Drop a slice of bread in oven—set indicator for EXACT kind of toast you want.*

2 *Press the levers down—then forget you are making toast.*

3 *"Pop!" and it's there on top. Just the kind of toast you ordered!*

Works *Automatically*—That is Why

This is really a wonderful device. So wonderful, please note, that it has recently supplanted old-type toasters in over 160,000 homes.

All you do is drop in a slice of bread. Then set a little indicator for the exact kind of toast you want. And forget about it. Don't watch. Don't think about it.

This new-type toaster does the rest. Toasts the bread to exactly the degree you ordered; discharges it automatically—turns off its own current automatically!

More than a mere toaster! An efficient toastmaking machine that operates itself from beginning to end. No matter if you already have five old-type toasters in your home, you will surely want this one.

No Other Like It—
U. S. Patented

It is called the Toastmaster. People are flocking to it. Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster like it. It is the ONLY "no-burn," "no-bother" toaster in the world.

It toasts both sides at once. And thus attains the supreme in toast. It never fails. It never goes wrong. Buying any toaster without seeing this new invention is a mistake. As a gift it is obviously the toaster to give.

On display at Electric Light Companies, Department Stores and Electric Shops everywhere. See one operate. You will want one, just as everybody does.

Good Housekeeping Institute

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY, 231 Second St. • Minneapolis, Minnesota

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

The cleverest and most amusing case of trading within the law was that of Outfielder Walker, who was manager and president as well of a club in a small league. As President Walker, he sold Player Walker to the Philadelphia Athletics. When Player Walker discovered that he was about to be disposed of, he bought his own release from Connie Mack. Thereupon he sold himself back to himself as president of his own club. A little later President Walker sold Player Walker to the New York Giants for considerable profit over the price he had paid for himself to the Athletics. The baseball legal minds knitted their brows over this, but nothing could be done about it.

The point of absurdity in baseball deals was reached when Roger Bresnahan, manager of the Cardinals and later of the Cubs, traded a young pitcher for a bird dog—an amusing case that some sober-minded lawyers tried to make the Federal courts take seriously. This incident was held up as a horrible example of the slavery of ball players in a suit before a United States court of appeals in which it was attempted to have organized baseball declared a trust in violation of the Sherman Law.

That bird-dog trade actually was made, however. Bresnahan had been hunting with some baseball friends and saw a bird dog that he wanted very badly. A little later his friends, interested in a minor-league club, repeatedly importuned Bresnahan to let them have a young pitcher he had signed and would not need for another year. Finally Bresnahan, in a half-joking manner, told his friends that if they would get him that bird dog he would let them have the pitcher. They snapped up the proposition immediately. Everybody was satisfied with the transaction later, as both the pitcher and the bird dog made good.

Pugilists are sometimes sold too. Those transfers of contracts from one manager to another, though, are usually affairs in the lives of the smaller fry of boxers. I was present one night at a table in a little beer hall on the East Side of New York when one manager traded his fighter to another for a tip on a horserace. Incidentally, a little fellow who worked there and sang several songs for us that night was the young man later to become famous as one of the world's greatest song writers—Irving Berlin. Men in the fight game and the sports writers frequently went there just to hear the boy sing.

Catching Up With the Ancients

In that decade—1905 to 1915—that I have skipped over with a lick and a promise the foundation was laid for the great expansion of sports that we wonder at today. The trend could be seen clearly as early as 1910. During that period, for example, the building of concrete-and-steel stadiums—or stadia, to use the higher-browed plural—with enormous seating capacities began. Within this short time, less than twenty years, there is scarcely a big college in the country, or even a first-class minor-league baseball club, that hasn't a concrete stadium built expressly for sports purposes. There wasn't one of any pretension up to 1910. Many millions of dollars have been spent in this sort of permanent construction. We are rapidly catching up with ancient Athens and Rome. It would be interesting to know what those ancients did for sports writers or if they got out sporting extras when some hero licked a lion in the first round.

In the decade just discussed we also began the public-playgrounds movement on a comprehensive scale. Tennis, previously regarded as a ladylike game, became a newspaper feature. Golf got a foothold. Then came basket ball, soccer and professional hockey.

Yachting always has been an interesting sport, but doesn't lend itself very kindly to the writing expert. He doesn't have enough practice on big races. The fellows who got really familiar with the nomenclature and the tricks of the yachting game when Sir Thomas Lipton brought his boat over the last time have been waiting all this time for another chance to let loose. It is much like war corresponding—just when a writer gets very expert, there are no more wars.

A thorough and comprehensive sports department on a metropolitan newspaper of any pretense must now include at least two baseball experts, two boxing experts, one or more racing authorities, one golf expert, one authority on amateur athletics, one basket-ball and soccer man, one recognized football expert, two or three assistants for handling copy on the desks, a make-up man and general superintendent, and, above all, a sports cartoonist. Old-timers like Harry Weldon or Macon McCormick, I imagine, would have blinked upon facing a situation like that.

The latter part of that decade that forced the present heavy demands on the newspapers gave us the great pitcher, Walter Johnson, and the picturesque Babe Ruth, who turned much of our home-run fiction into fact. Its biggest contribution to sport in general, however, was the permanent establishment of golf. That is, perhaps, the only outdoor game in which there is more fun for old and young in participation than as spectators.

Stealing Our Thunder

Just a short while ago Babe Ruth and Gene Tunney were engrossed in a discussion of the proper method of making a mashie approach, to the utter exclusion of baseball or fighting, that onlookers had gathered around to hear. An old gentleman of sixty offered to take either or both of them on at fifty cents a hole. Sports no longer recognize an age limit.

The problems that now confront professional sports are transportation, seating capacity and balance. It is quite possible to build a stand that will seat more than 100,000 people and have it filled for a championship heavyweight prize fight or for a World's Series ball game, but these huge structures will be gaunt and empty on ordinary occasions. The present generation will probably solve that.

We baseball writers first began to realize the direct effect of radio on sports in the fall of 1925, when the Washington Senators were beaten by the Pittsburgh Pirates in the final game of the World's Series. That was what we are wont to call a momentous occasion.

The game was played on a muddy field, rain falling incessantly. It was the last stand of Walter Johnson as a truly great pitcher, his team mates having selected him to carry the burden of their artistic and financial fortunes, win or lose. The steady downpour, the unsteady footing and the slippery ball were too much for even a Walter Johnson. He lost.

Long after the crowd and players had gone we sat in the low press box, water halfway up to our shoe tops and wet to the skin, working away on balky typewriters to finish up the story of this most picturesque game. We had sat right out in a steady downpour for more than four hours. Typewriters were ruined and the telegraph wires were constantly short-circuited. A bedraggled lot of sports writers finally got back to their hotel, sniffling at the nose and out of sorts generally. But we had something to tell when we got back home. At least we thought we had. Most men like to relate the hardships of their trip when they get to their own firesides. Imagine our surprise—and it happened to every one of us.

"Oh, don't tell me about that rain. . . . Yes, I know all about it. . . . Oh, yes, we heard all about the game being stopped when Johnson called for sawdust. We heard the man telling the ground keepers where to put it. . . . That must have been funny about the lettering on the pitcher's shirt getting soaked and running in a red streak over his clothes. . . . We thought they'd call it when the rain started the second time. . . . Judge Landis was right, though, in getting it over with. . . . What was it that Earl Smith, the catcher,

(Continued on Page 145)

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MILLER TIRES, in this hardest of all tire service, have done more than simply justify the confidence of the Albany Transit Company executives. They have added security and comfort of travel and contributed tangibly to this public service in which they have played so vital a part—*the business of hauling thousands with train-like regularity.*

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Motorists who take pride in the performance of their cars are thoroughly awake to the need for the best oil. That is why the demand for Pennzoil has made this highest grade Pennsylvania oil one of the most popular motor lubricants in America.

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As a result, car owners who use it find that Pennzoil holds its body twice as long as ordinary oils, eliminates repairs due to faulty lubrication, increases power, makes a smoother, better-running motor.

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Oil City - Buffalo - New York - Los Angeles - San Francisco

Refinery: Oil City, Pa.

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PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

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(Continued from Page 142)

said to one of the batters? It must have been pretty bad. We didn't get the words, but we knew they were quarreling. . . . Who was the man that slipped off the roof and fell in a puddle of water?"

The radio had stopped us cold. Every detail of that game had been told more vividly than we could hope to do in our stories, what with hurry and lack of space. The home folks not only had heard that ball game but they had seen it! Not a detail had escaped thousands of persons, mostly women, who had never been in a big-league ball park in their lives. The martyrdom that we had hoped to enjoy with the family about us had been short-lived.

Three weeks later a duck-shooting guide away down in Georgia told me just how much sawdust had been used in the pitcher's box and how many men were carrying it in buckets. He had seen it all—over the radio.

"That fellow made one mistake, though," he said. "He fo.got to call it a third out when a runner from first was forced out at second."

Now if they can "see" it that plainly through the announcer's voice over the radio, what may we baseball writers expect when television has become so perfected as to be in practical use? What will be the use of writing a description of the game when the distant fans can see it as well as hear it?

This radio broadcasting has made the World's Series a truly national event. In most major-league parks the broadcasting of daily games is not permitted, the theory being that it will affect the paid attendance. That, however, is an open question. Those parks that permit broadcasting say it has developed more new fans than it has killed off old ones.

But the effect on attendance is not considered in the World's Series. There is always more demand than there are tickets. The whole country outside is given a free show. Big figures are meaningless and usually inaccurate, but the size of the crowd sitting in on a World's Series ball game can well be imagined when we know that every city, town and village from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico is connected with the playing field by radio.

Undoubtedly the widespread interest in sports, rapidly growing out of newspaper bounds, owes a lot to the radio. A man or boy can now be a hero in his own home town. The football player on any of the big teams knows that when the games are broadcast every family in his old home town is listening in. Nowadays when such a hero goes back home they don't ask him "Where've you been?" when he walks around to shake hands. They know. Many a boy in the old days, as we all know, has gone back home proud of some achievement, only to discover to his chagrin that the general run of neighbors didn't know he had been away.

Knickers Bring the Snickers

It may mean nothing to city-raised people, but I discovered the other day that the printed plate matter furnished in bulk to the very small country newspapers must now include some sort of short sports article and the cut of a big-league ball player or fighter. There we have a glimpse at changes the last decade of sports has brought about.

Nowadays most baseball and fight men look upon golf as their real sport, their own professional game as a business. To them Bobby Jones means much more than Tunney or Ruth. He represents the end of the rainbow of their dreams as they plod about golf courses wrestling with their mashies and their niblicks.

This growth of interest in golf is really the most amazing thing in all American sports. It took many years for middle-aged men to realize that there was still a game in which they could participate as freely as the youngsters. When the idea did take hold, though, they ran away with it, hook, line and sinker. As recently as 1910 golf was regarded with disdain. Among ball players, I can remember well, it was referred to as mountain billiards and cow-pasture pool. In that year two fellow conspirators and myself produced a one-act baseball play for vaudeville. The scene was laid outside a ball-park fence, with two street urchins, a boy and a girl, peeking through a knot hole at the doings inside. It didn't go so well the first time out.

"You need more contrast of characters," the director told me. "You've got to have a real comedy character."

After some thought, we decided that an Englishman wearing knickers and carrying a golf bag was just about the funniest thing imaginable. So we put in an English golfer, to whom we gave the name of Van Cortlandt Parks, and had him walk across the stage.

The mere sight of that golf bag was a big laugh the moment he emerged from the wings. When he stopped to inquire of the two urchins "What could be the matter inside?" and then switched his golf bag so as to adjust a monocle as he remarked "My word!"—why, Van Cortlandt Parks was a riot, that's all.

The comedy of the golfer and the golf bag—just the mere sight of him—put our act over so well that it ran three years.

A New Major Sport

During the fall of 1927 there was a successful play on Broadway, the whole plot centering on golf. What is more, the patrons were entertained and instructed with a series of moving pictures showing how certain shots should be made. There is a professional golfer who makes $20,000 a year giving lessons by mail.

There is significance in published statements of Gene Tunney and Babe Ruth recently. Says Mr. Tunney from Miami, Florida: "My golf game is improving so much that I don't want to bother with the question of my next opponent in the ring until something definite has been done. I have broken 90 frequently the last ten days."

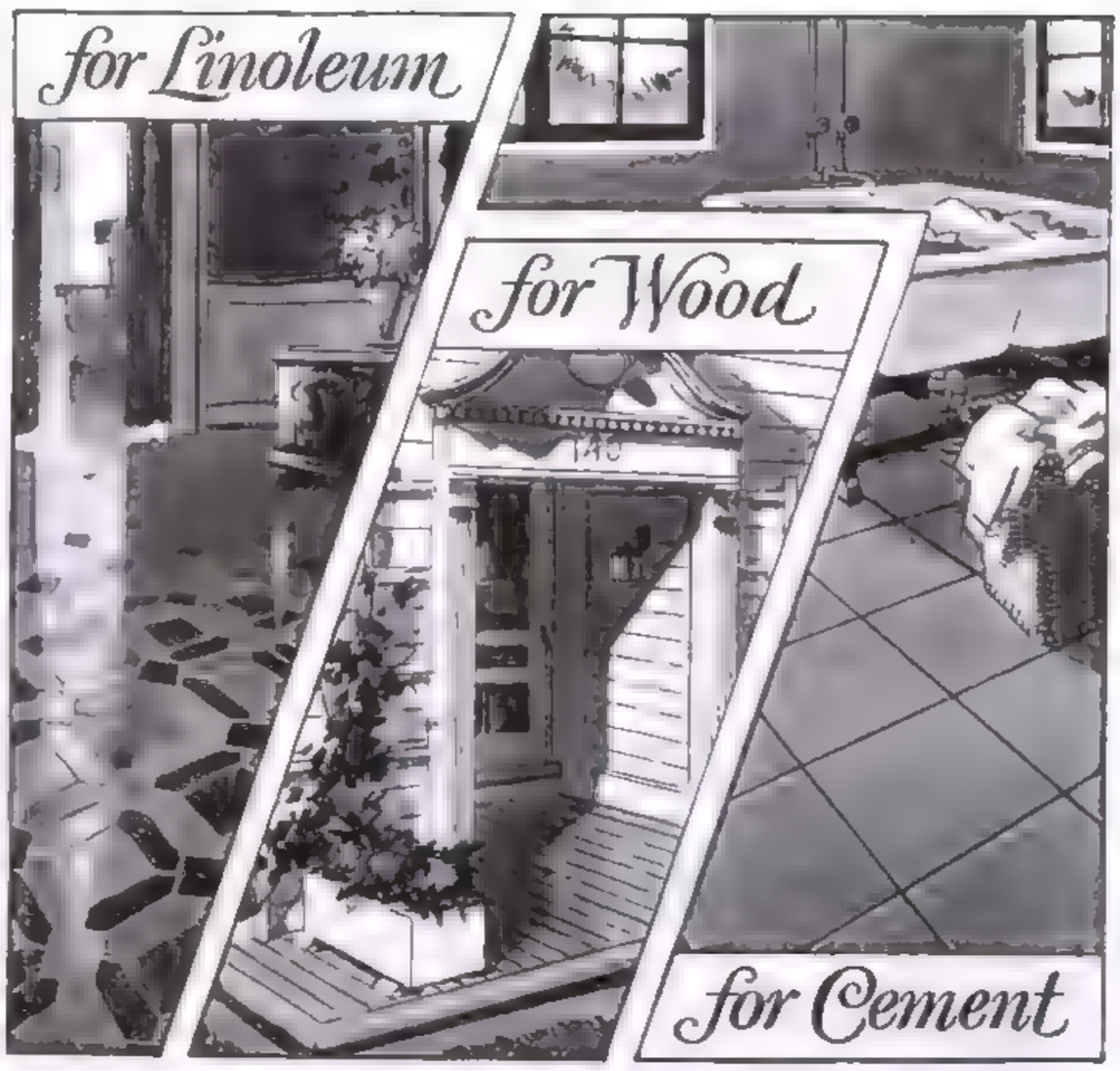
Says Mr. Ruth: "I am leaving for the South two weeks earlier this year because I want to get in at least two weeks of golf before Manager Huggins puts up the bars on the game. I am weak on approaching the greens and I think I know how to correct it."

Manager Huggins himself has just put in a whole winter of golf. Incidentally, most managers agree that baseball and golf will not mix. Their theory is that golf gets such a hold on the young ball player's mind that he can't even think of baseball during the training period. It isn't so much the harm it does him physically. When the golf bug bites, they say, it completely ruins the baseball mentality. Just the same, many of the ball players take their golf bags along so as to get a couple of rounds on Sunday, the day that is allowed them for that purpose. The rest of the week must be devoted to baseball exclusively.

This growth of golf as a major American sport caught the sports writers napping. Very few of them knew anything at all about golf, and when they did learn in a superficial way, it was a difficult problem to decide how they would write it so that the general public could understand.

The field of golf readers was very limited. The necessary technical words such as "tees," "greens," "pars," "birdies" were accepted in such a sense of levity as to indicate some sort of sissified game. The name of one golf club—the niblick—is to this day regarded as very funny by the uninitiated. Just why "niblick" should be funnier than "driver" or "mid-iron" is not clear, but just the same, it still makes them laugh.

The writers, whether so-called prima donnas or just plain working reporters, quickly learned that they had picked up a man's size job in covering a golf tournament. To get their material for newspaper stories they had actually to walk around the golf course. It is the only sport that



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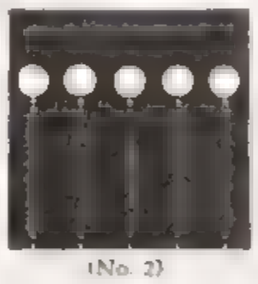
(No. 1)

Look at illustration number one. It shows what happens when ordinary tennis balls are given the official drop test. Some have too much bound, others too little. They aren't *uniform* in rebound because they vary in compression—one ball may have 20 pounds greater compression than another. Consequently one ball will feel light off the racket, another heavy. They will fly and act in an entirely different manner when stroked in the same way. Obviously you cannot play uniformly good tennis with them.


(No. 2)

Now look at illustration number two. This shows what happens when Wright & Ditson tennis balls are given the drop test. Every ball bounds exactly alike—because every ball gets *exactly* the same compression put into it by an *automatic* process. That compression can't vary a hair's weight. Every Wright & Ditson ball bounds alike, flies alike, acts alike, feels alike off the racket. No other tennis ball has such absolute uniformity!

For 37 years the Wright & Ditson Championship ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. It is the most uniform tennis ball ever created—yet it costs no more than tennis balls that *aren't* uniform. 50 cents each—at your favorite sporting goods or department store.

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Every Wright & Ditson ball reaches you as fresh and as lively as when it left the factory. And it is *kept fresh* by an *air-retaining* inner-lining. Air can't seep out of it—the ball *holds* its liveliness for an entire season's play! And every Wright & Ditson ball *bounds the maximum legal limit* allowed a legal ball—58 inches.

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cannot be handled from a more or less comfortable seat in a grand stand, with typewriter and telegraph operator right at hand.

American ingenuity, however, is gradually bringing golf down to a sports writer's idea of a more reasonable way of serving the public without so much physical effort. This ingenuity has discovered that by installing telephones at advantageous spots around the golf course a man or boy can report back to the press room just how certain players are going when they reach those spots. A few words of description as to their looks and temperament will complete the picture for the time being.

Just a few years ago, before the golf writers had worked out the system, they were hopelessly confused by having to follow one set of golfers around the entire course. They may have picked out the wrong pair. Unable to jump a mile at a time to pick up other contestants, they stuck to their original pair and compared notes with other writers when they got in. As luck would have it, often they got in after some afternoon newspaper reporter had already sent in his story.

But the American love for system and organization is curing all that now. The club officials at the big tournaments now have a large room set aside for the writers, with all equipment, including telegraph service. Eager to outstrip rival clubs, they install an expert who has a service of telephone messages and runners from nearly every green, which furnishes the scores as the players arrive. These are posted on a bulletin board. A writer, coming in late and perhaps not inclined toward a long walk, is thus enabled to take a good look at the board and sit right down to his typewriter.

To write a really colorful golf story is very difficult when compared with baseball, football, boxing or racing masterpieces. The crowd, which is a big feature in the color of other sports, is missing entirely in golf. From a golf grand stand, if one is erected—a very rare occurrence—all that can be seen by a spectator is the playing of the last hole. If the crowd, or gallery, follows two star players, all the other contestants are missed. Then again it is absolutely impossible to convey the idea of a spirited contest between two men for the open championship when one gets in to post his score at three o'clock in the afternoon and the other doesn't come in until four or five o'clock. Besides, the two men figured as rivals for the championship may not turn out to be the real contestants after all.

What to Do?

When the open championship was played at Inwood, Long Island, a few years ago, Bobby Jones came in and we had been congratulating him for an hour on what seemed certain victory, when Bobby Cruikshank bobbed up on the last green and tied his score. Then they had to play it off the next day, Jones winning. Even the golf-club members themselves do not yet understand these things well enough to be classified with such wiseacres as baseball, football and boxing fans.

On that day at Inwood when Jones finally won the open championship there was a grand rush of spectators to the eighteenth green to congratulate him. All were novices at the business of celebrating a golf finish. The idea seemed to obtain that Jones should at least be taken on somebody's shoulders to the clubhouse, and many shoulders volunteered. Now the Inwood club members had just beautified the landscape at that end of the course with varieties of evergreens, of which they were very proud. Our crowd of celebrators didn't realize that, nor did these novitiate golf fans know that they should not tramp on the velvety grass green. In the rush to carry Bobby Jones to the clubhouse many small evergreens were sadly broken or bent.

"Well, I'll say one thing," a member ruefully remarked as the shouting mob went away with the champion. "I'll bet this is the last big championship that will ever be played on this course—when the old man sees that shrubbery."

The big problem of golf as a sporting spectacle is the discovery of some means by which the spectators will be able to see it—that is, a large crowd of spectators. If it were possible to erect a huge grand stand where people could be seated and tickets sold as at other sporting events, golf clubs could pay for their entire course with a few of these big tournaments. But in a golf grand stand a spectator would be little better off than at home so far as getting a thrill is concerned. Golf, therefore, is essentially a game for the participants and not for the spectators. Very few noncombatants, no matter how enthusiastic, will spend three dollars for the privilege of walking five miles and seeing the other fellows have the fun of playing.

A Topographical Expert

That situation is a good break, though, for the newspapers. Thousands of golfers devour every line they can get about the game. Since they can't see the big events from a grand stand or get them in a radio broadcast, they must depend upon the newspapers.

Golf made its first appearance as a real factor in newspaper circulation in New York when Jones won the open championship at Inwood in 1923. The play-off was on Sunday and circulation managers tell me that the sales of papers on Monday took a big jump upward. They knew that golf had been exerting its influence on circulation long before, but that was the first time experts had been able definitely to put their finger on the figures.

The managing editor of my paper was bitten by the golf bug along in 1913. All of a sudden he decided that something should be written about this wonderful game. A match game was to be played at some club in New Jersey between Walter J. Travis and a Mr. Douglass. I was assigned to cover that event in detail, though I knew nothing whatever of the game. It was decided that we should make a sort of map, showing the direction and distance of each shot by using a penciled line with an arrowhead on the end of it. My job was to make these drawings and produce a separate one for each hole played.

I stuck faithfully to the job, but I fear the reading public's comprehension of what happened was very meager. The layout was a lot of funny-looking sketches, with an occasional wise crack thrown in the accompanying story here and there to indicate a technical familiarity that did not really exist.

In later years we learned that the mere distance and direction of the golf shots didn't mean anything at all. The story should have been the manner in which these shots were played. On that diagram, for example, a wonderful short shot out of a sand trap meant no more than a dubbed drive off the tee.

In recent years the more expert golf writers have been able to throw a touch of physical combat, of nerve stamina and do-or-die spirit into their descriptions of golf tournaments. It is still difficult, however, for the reader to get a visualization and feeling of physical combat when one contestant is battling away against a little ball at two o'clock and his opponent with steel-like nerves and teeth set is whanging away at another ball a mile away at four o'clock. It is a tribute to writing ingenuity that such lack of centralization has been successfully overcome.

The beauty of golf as a sport is the everlasting hope it holds out to middle-aged and superannuated athletes that they will yet conquer it.

One spring at Sarasota, Florida, I noticed in the gallery that followed Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen around the course a gentleman of seventy years completely engrossed in the proceedings. He had a pronounced limp by which one could identify him every time the crowd moved. This old gentleman carried a pad and pencil

with which he took careful and copious notes of how each situation was met and the particular club used. Moreover, he noted the grip of the fingers, the position of the head and the length of the back swing. At first we thought he might be a newspaper reporter. He was, we afterward learned, the retired head of one of the big publishing houses of America. That old gentleman was no longer striving to enlighten the public. He was collecting data to improve his own game.

The next day we saw him on another course, accompanied by a caddie only, working out each of the notes he had put down on his pad. We were there three weeks and he didn't miss a day of this intensive training.

"Has your game improved since you began this serious practice?" I asked him as we were leaving for the North.

"Yes," he declared; "I have made a careful check up and I think I can say conscientiously that I have improved. In three weeks my average score has been cut down one and a half strokes. By the time I get back North I feel sure I shall be able to break 100. My boy," he seriously admonished me, "progress in this game can be made by continual practice—serious application—only, and the sooner you realize that, the more pleasure you will get out of the game in the long run."

Leaving the old fellow at his self-imposed task, we figured it out, at the rate of his improvement, that by the time he is eighty-five he will be able to shoot a snappy 97.

"I only hope I live long enough to see it," was his comment when we showed him the result of our calculations a year later.

Babe Ruth, the ball player, who can drive a baseball farther than anybody in the world and shows a similar unbelievable ability to hit a golf ball, takes great delight in playing with these old gentlemen who are devoting the remainder of their lives to golf. He calls them all "Doc." No matter how often Ruth is introduced to an elderly man, he persists in addressing him that way.

Not long ago Ruth discovered an elderly man ahead of us on the golf course, playing alone. He invited him to join us. The dignified old gentleman, a retired business man, was appalled when introduced to Ruth. His awe increased a few minutes later when Ruth, taking a smooth, graceful swing, drove his ball off the tee for a distance of 300 yards. Our guest immediately became self-conscious and timid. His puny little drives alongside that mammoth swat of Ruth's embarrassed him not a little. Gamely endeavoring to make good, though, he began trying to put into execution all the things he had been taught about a slow back swing, the break of the wrists, the pivot of the knee and so on. As a result, he was all tied up and couldn't do anything.

Bust it in the Nose

"Say, Doc," Ruth called to him, "you can't hit a golf ball or any other kind of a ball that way. When you come back so slowly, your club stops at the top of the swing and you've got to start all over again."

"Well, what would you suggest, Mr. Ruth?"

"Forget all about those fool lessons, Doc. Just think you are about my age and walk up to that ball and knock the tar-wadding out of it. If you was ten years old, you'd simply take that golf club and bust the ball in the nose. Just think you are as dumb as I am and whale into it—like this!"

Ruth took the club and easily smacked the ball more than 200 yards. The old gentleman, appreciative and a little desperate, tried his best to imitate Ruth. He threw all caution and lessons to the wind, whanged into the ball as if he really were twelve years old, and sure enough, he knocked it straight down the fairway for more than 150 yards.

"See?" Ruth reminded him. "That's all there is to it, Doc. Just bust that ball in the nose."

For an hour Ruth's pupil kept hitting the ball straight and he was the most delighted man I ever saw. "There's the only man who ever taught me a thing about golf," he said, "and he's never taken a lesson, while I've spent hundreds of dollars getting myself all tied up in a knot."

It is probably this disposition of Ruth to ignore the evidence of extreme age or youth that so endears him to the sports-loving public. He has just as much fun playing with a ten-year-old boy or a seventy-year-old man as he has with athletes of his own age. There is no athletic condescension in his actions or the tone of his voice. After two or three holes, he fixed a handicap for his aged opponent that day and then battled him bitterly for the rest of the round to win a half dollar.

"I like old birds like that," he told me afterward. "They never will play much better golf, but they've got so much more sense than we have that I like to go round with 'em."

This Babe Ruth, by the way, is one of the outstanding characters of interest in the last decade of professional sport. He is a big, rough, good-natured fellow—more like a happy boy than a man of thirty-four—and is good for a column of newspaper copy any time we see him.

The Colorful Bambino

The indefinable thing we know as color in sports is of tremendous value to the newspapers as well as to the man possessing it. This so-called color is easily recognized but most difficult to analyze and impossible to put your finger on. There have been many great ball players, for example, but the personality of very few of them ever penetrated so far into the public mind as to have crowds waiting in the rain to get merely a glimpse of the man himself. Very few have created a demand from the reading public that something be printed about them every day. Babe Ruth and John L. Sullivan are easily the outstanding examples of characters of that type in the last half century. The interest in Ruth even supersedes that of Sullivan.

It is always argued, of course, that but for the publicity given Ruth there would not be so much demand for a mere sight of him in every section of the country. This would presuppose that Ruth and those who manage his affairs exert themselves to create this publicity, which is not true at all. Ruth has the vaguest idea of what the creation of publicity means. He simply goes about in his natural, boyish way, doing things unconsciously that can't be kept out of the newspapers. The secret is in that thing we call color, whatever it may be. Long ago we writers who have studied that particular case have given up trying to find the answer.

There is something of the superman in the ball player who can hit home runs farther and oftener than anybody else, but there was never much excitement over those who had that accomplishment before Babe Ruth came along. When it was first discovered that Ruth, then a pitcher, could swing a baseball bat with such amazing power a brand-new era dawned in baseball writing. Nobody seems to know why, but there is now more public interest in what Babe Ruth does each day in a ball game than in any other phase of the sport.

The newspapers are not responsible for it being necessary to print a daily bulletin in hundreds of sporting pages showing just what Ruth did each time at bat. The public did that. It started with the incessant telephone calls of baseball enthusiasts. They wanted to know more about that than they did about the score of the game.

When the home-run fad got under full headway we found the same demand in every city around the two circuits. In every press box of the ball parks in either league the news of Babe's progress is immediately flashed over the wire at the request of telegraph operators and reporters.

"The Babe's just got another one," is the usual form of the announcement, and the

It might have been quite serious!

STALWART pine branches and sturdy rock projections are not always at hand to save drivers who venture in search of scenery without waterproof lining on their brakes. Scenery is seldom appreciated when viewed under embarrassing circumstances, and no doubt the grandest view in the world would entirely lose its charm at such a moment.

Holds in WET Weather as Well as in Dry

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special, RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

Garagemen: Send today for famous Rusco proposition to the trade

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

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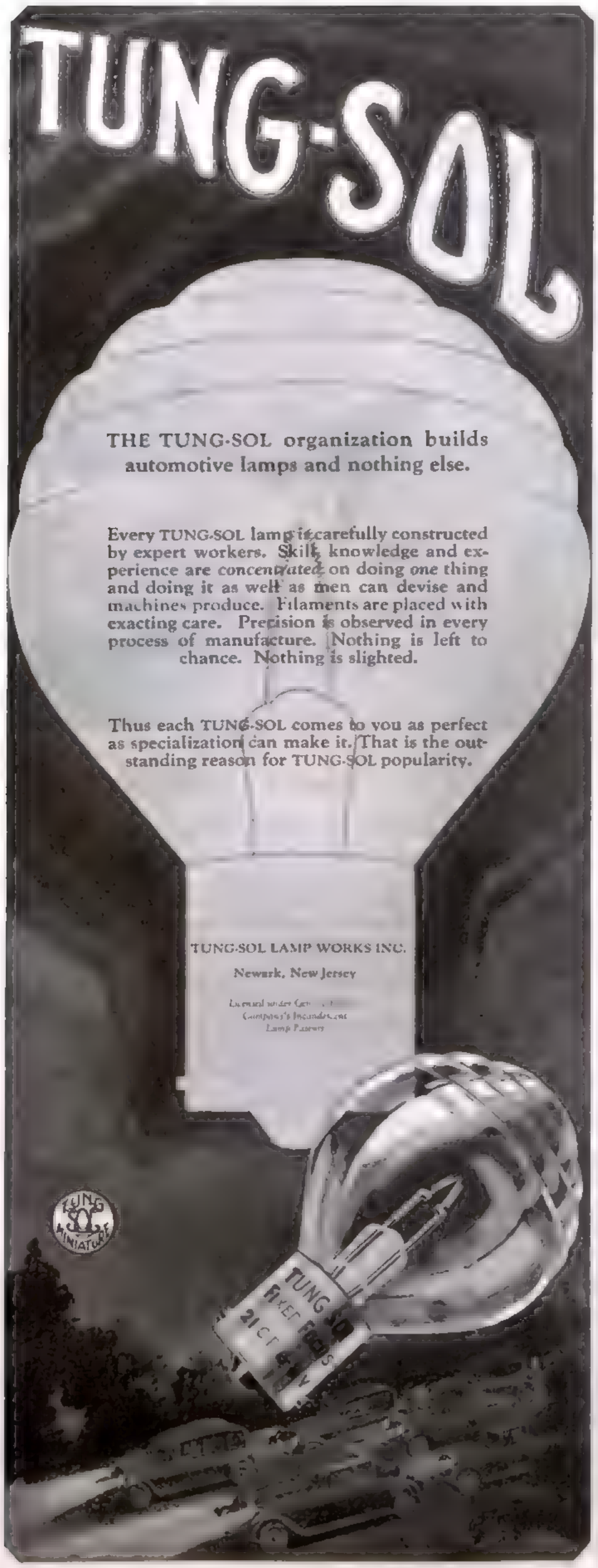
TUNG-SOL
THE TUNG-SOL organization builds automotive lamps and nothing else.
Every TUNG-SOL lamp is carefully constructed by expert workers. Skill, knowledge and experience are concentrated on doing one thing and doing it as well as men can devise and machines produce. Filaments are placed with exacting care. Precision is observed in every process of manufacture. Nothing is left to chance. Nothing is slighted.
Thus each TUNG-SOL comes to you as perfect as specialization can make it. That is the outstanding reason for TUNG-SOL popularity.
TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark, New Jersey

news is rapidly passed back to spectators in the grand stand, even if it be in Pittsburgh or Cincinnati, where Ruth never appears.

To satisfy this desire and cut off the telephone calls, a small syndicate got up a daily bulletin headed What Babe Ruth Did Today and the service is sold to hundreds of newspapers throughout the country. Now that Lou Gehrig is rivaling Ruth, there is a desire to know what he did—not so much on account of interest in Gehrig, but as it affects the superiority of Ruth.

It is difficult to understand this appeal of Ruth unless one personally encounters it. Until I had taken my first trip with a club of which he was a member I was a bit skeptical myself. On a tour of the small cities of Louisiana, Mississippi and Oklahoma we were quickly made conscious of the genuineness of Ruth's nation-wide popularity. We were convinced that the continual flow of publicity was due to no studied effort on his part. In one small city our baseball party had to eat in a restaurant with huge windows opening on the sidewalk. A great crowd gathered there to watch us—or rather, to watch Ruth. The next morning the local newspaper carried an item set in a two-column box showing exactly what Ruth ate, exactly how much of each dish and the implements he used for handling the food.

A Doctor's Prescription

An hour after we read this, some small boys, led by their teacher, had practically kidnaped Ruth and he was at the public school giving a talk to the boys on the evils of cigarette smoking and how to keep in physical condition. This was no publicity stunt, because we knew nothing about the speech until we read it in the local paper and relayed it to our New York sporting editors, who demanded complete reports. It had never occurred to Ruth that we might be interested.

In the next town I found another striking lead to the causes of Ruth's popularity far away from the big cities. Upon our arrival at Vicksburg, Mississippi, a great crowd of well-to-do-looking men and women stood in the rain to applaud Ruth as his taxi pulled up at the hotel. Inside, the lobby was packed not with what we are wont to picture as ordinary baseball fans but with substantial citizens. Judge Harris Dickson, the author, was there as a host to our group of newspaper writers, which had gradually increased to eleven.

The next morning an old gentleman with white hair and beard called at eight o'clock to inquire for Mr. Ruth. He was directed to the Babe's room. At that hour the Babe was asleep.

He got up, though, and went to the door, inviting his caller in.

"What can I do for you, old-timer?" inquired the Babe in that deep gruff voice.

"I am calling to ask you a favor, Mr. Ruth," the visitor explained, "and I'm very sorry to disturb you. First I must explain the situation."

"Go right ahead. Things don't bother me much."

"Well, sir, there is a little boy who lives ten miles out in the country and is a great admirer of yours. Since it was announced last fall that your ball club was coming here to play an exhibition this spring he has counted the days and nights until he could see Babe Ruth. Two months ago he took sick—typhoid fever—and he is in bed now. His heart is broken because he can't go to the ball game. Now I was wondering if you would mind just signing your name on this new ball I have bought. If he gets that and knows that you actually signed it in my presence, I think it will improve him a lot. I'm sorry to ask this of you, but I thought you would understand."

"Where'd you say the kid is now—poor little fellow?"

"About ten miles out in the country."

"Sure I'll sign a baseball, old-timer; but I'll do better than that. Wait'll I get my clothes on and I'll go out and see him. Push that button there, will you?"

Soon a bell boy arrived and Ruth told him to hire an automobile and have it wait in front of the hotel. Taking the old gentleman as an escort, Ruth got in the car and drove to the boy's home in a heavy rain. When the pair walked in the sick room the appalled little fellow couldn't believe his eyes. He recognized Ruth instantly, but thought that maybe he was again delirious. The mother came in, however, and assured the lad that the visitor was really Babe Ruth himself.

When the mother and the old gentleman retired, Ruth sat on the edge of the bed, allowed the boy to feel his muscles, and then talked to him for nearly an hour about how to run his kid baseball team when he got well. He then left two baseballs for practice, in addition to the one he had signed.

Two hours later Ruth was back in his room smoking a big cigar and completely absorbed in a rainy-day poker game. No one knew that he had been away from the hotel.

The point I make in relating this incident is that it was done with no thought of publicity. In fact none of us—not even the manager—would ever have heard of it but for my picking up the local paper on the train that night and finding an inconspicuous little item about Babe Ruth's kind deed. He really seemed a little embarrassed when I sought him to verify the incident.

"A fellow who wouldn't have done that," was his only comment, "would have been a big stiff."

The little boys about the country seem to have a feeling that Ruth is one of them—and he really is—and he is in sympathy with their thoughts. In the most out-of-the-way places they literally swarm about him.

In Oklahoma City one afternoon the boys encroached on the playing field and soon had formed such a solid bank around Ruth in right field that the game had to be stopped temporarily for fear some of them might be hurt

A Sore Throat But Lots of Fun

Ruth may have his many faults, but he admits that the one big restraining influence on him is a fear that he will do something to weaken the faith of the kids in him. The answer is that he gets as big a kick out of the little boys as they do out of him. If his feeling for them was not sincere, they wouldn't stick. It is a favorite trick of his to slip off and visit some sick boy or to join one of their ball clubs and play with them all morning. One day two summers ago I found him at an orphan asylum completely absorbed in coaching the kid ball club. He had been playing the game with them in patent-leather shoes, which were completely ruined.

Just a short while ago, Ruth, getting ready for a duck-shooting trip, was complaining of a very sore throat. This meant, of course, that he had discovered some new form of activity unknown to his ball club or to the newspaper men.

"I've got a mighty sore throat, but I'm having a whale of a good time," he explained. "I'm making two speeches every night to help raise a fund for one of the orphan schools. And, boy, we're getting the dough too. I got so now I can knock off a good speech in about fifteen minutes."

The Babe himself was brought up in an orphans' school and a considerable portion of the enormous amount of money he has made, for a ball player, has been devoted to helping other orphans. Ruth has earned close to $1,000,000 and declares with considerable pride that he has saved $120,000.

Such are the odd heroes that have influenced the modern school of sports writing. After watching them all for twenty-five years, it is interesting to speculate on which way the pendulum of public fancy will swing next.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr Bulger

WHAT WE DEMAND OF OIL AND GASOLENE

Such standards give Cities Service customers supreme quality.

You get from Cities Service the identical quality of pre-tested oils and gasolene we use ourselves—our own production.

We're large users and large producers of gasolene and oil. For years our Board of Research has been perfecting products worthy of our strict specifications, which exceed government requirements.

Our public utility properties serve scores of communities. We've hundreds of millions of dollars invested in fine machinery and properties in twenty states.

In serving millions of people, our giant generators and turbines must be furnished with the finest oils that long experience can produce, else whole cities and sections might be plunged in darkness and factories stopped.

The superiority of Cities Service oils and gasolene is assured by the complete quality control exercised by this organization from its wells to its service stations.

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers on Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time* through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW.

*According to available information at time of going to press.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

The HOOVER

BEATS... as it *as it Cleans*

more
d.p.m.
— DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is *dirt per minute*

Cleaning *that tires you not at all...*
POSITIVE AGITATION

ARE you one of the many women who never dare accept an invitation for the afternoon of cleaning day—whose strength is just enough for cleaning tasks—and no more?

The difficulty is not with you. Lighten your cleaning burdens and you will find yourself with zest enough for outings *every* cleaning day.

The Hoover will give you this effortless cleaning. It removes more *dirt per minute*. That means faster cleaning, easier cleaning, more thorough cleaning.

The Hoover is able to give you this faster, easier, deeper cleaning because of "Positive Agitation," a cleaning principle exclusive with products of The Hoover Company.

"Positive Agitation" vibrates all the deep-buried, destructive grit to the surface. With this unmatchable deep-beating are combined sweeping and suction, giving The Hoover an efficiency beginning where the ordinary vacuum cleaner leaves off. "Positive Agitation," too, restores the original beauty to rugs, by its lifting of the nap and brightening of the colors.

The ability of The Hoover to remove more *dirt per minute* has been shown by repeated tests. We shall be glad to prove it to you in your own home, on your own rugs. Because of the Hoover's outstanding superiority, you should be sure to see this test, before purchasing *any* cleaner. Telephone your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700, $75. Model 545, $59.50 Dusting tools, $12.50 New motor-driven floor polishing attachment, $7.50 Easy payments if desired Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

THE LAND WE BOUGHT—AND THEN FORGOT

(Continued from Page 21)

inhabitant, an instance of shark or barracuda attacking a bather. All you have to do is notice if there are any hungry-looking fish floating around, and that isn't hard in such clear water as this.

Weather seems too good to be true. Exceptional season?

Why, no! Much the same as now from the latter part of November until the end of May, when you will find that there's not so much breeze. August and September are the really hot months. In October it begins to get a little cooler, and by the latter end of November it's like this again. Of course, there's the hurricane season. That begins about the end of July, and on October the twenty-fifth we hold thanksgiving services because we haven't had any hurricanes. Yes, come to think of it, we did have a pretty stiff one in 1916, and there was another not so bad in 1924; but then that's eight years between hurricanes. They say that really there's fifty years between bad ones. It's a thing you get used to, same as mosquitoes and earthquakes.

For the rest of the prospect, it must be owned that there are no palatial hotels, sumptuously equipped with haughty clerks, liveried menials, peacock alleys, Persian rugs and prohibitive prices. The best you are likely to find hasn't an elevator to its name, nor so much as a dining room. You have to be content with spacious and airy bedrooms, guiltless of decorations and reproductions of French prints. And you sleep in a mammoth mahogany four-poster that makes your mouth water when you look at it. And you must eat on a wide arched veranda paved with tiles and marble that came over in some ship's hold a couple of hundred years ago. Your waiter will probably be named Rolando and your chambermaid Alphonsine. Coal would leave a white mark on them, but they are of the best. Indeed, the lads and lasses who carry coal in baskets to the ships are easily identified by the pallid coal marks on their skins.

In Lindbergh's Honor

But if you don't like hotel life, why not keep house? Servants are easily obtainable—any number of them—and you can pick and choose. It's a fact; and what's more, help is cheap—absurdly cheap! You can get a good cook for—but, no; one has a reputation for truth and veracity to sustain, so better, far better, not to set that down. But if you, madam, who are getting along with one lady coming in twice a week to do the rough cleaning, or to oblige you by helping out when you throw a party—if you would like to know how it feels to have four or five servants at your beck and call, you can have that blissful experience in St. Thomas, St. Croix or St. John for—let us say a mere song. House rent is a joke, although not quite so side-splitting as it was a few years ago. Also a new tourist hotel is being planned; and you can no longer get the amazing bargains in old mahogany furniture and Waterford glass that old-timers boast of.

There is plenty of gayety at St. Thomas. The St. Thomian hospitality is warm and profuse, and visiting warships of all nations are entertained and entertain in return as a matter of course. A week seldom goes by without one of these festal occasions, and there are the receptions and teas at the Government House, and what not. The local band and the navy band are both kept fairly busy. The negro population have their own diversions and eagerly seize any opportunity for a parade. The night of Colonel Lindbergh's landing was one of them. That was a torchlight procession, the torches being Chinese lanterns on bamboo poles, and as these shed but a dim light and the way to Government House is narrow and was partly blocked by automobiles the line was greatly attenuated and it progressed by uneven fits and starts. As a demonstration of perseverance and energy it was remarkable, but as a spectacle it was a flop.

The really spectacular procession was on the night of Ash Wednesday, when the communicants of the Anglican church—or a fair half of them—went to the King's Wharf for the ceremony of blessing the waters. They were headed by the municipal band, an organization of negro musicians, playing Onward, Christian Soldiers in slow time. Then came the cross bearer and the priests, their robes upheld by acolytes in laced scarlet surplices; more scarlet acolytes and then the white-robed girls from the convent school. Men and women followed—seven or eight hundred of them and all bearing lighted candles that burned, hardly flickering, in the still air. Only now and then one was blown out, but it was instantly relighted, without a halt. The effects of light and shadow, the rapt black faces illumined by the candles in contrast with the white robes, was indescribably picturesque and tremendously impressive.

A Life of Blissful Ignorance

On Washington's Birthday there were half a dozen parades. They seemed to be forming fortuitously at various points, and each joyous band of them went capering off on its own and by its own route. They were dressed in masquerade costumes, sometimes quite elaborate and often no more than a few brightly colored rags and ribbons sewed to scanty garments. Music went with them—banjos and pipes, mouth organs and brass horns, and always the long gourd scratchy-scratchys. Squealing and blaring, singing and dancing, they passed up and down the streets, uphill and downhill in the hot sunshine, tirelessly leaping and squirming as they went, and with no apparent objective, or object, save to move in time with the quick rhythmic sh-h-h, sh-h-h of the wire grating over the corrugated neck of the scratchy. Abandon! Nothing but it! And as they passed along, the loiterers on the street corners shuffled and stamped sympathetically, flashing their ivory-white teeth in delighted grins. An old crone sitting in a doorway by her tray of sweetmeats patted her bare splayfeet on the flagstones. A tiny girl baby, hardly old enough to be steady on her feet, swayed her little body, waved her brown arms and rolled her eyes in rapture. He enjoys life—the negro islander.

In the main, he is quite happy and contented with things as they are, in contrast with the native Porto Rican, who longs for instant liberation from the iron heel of Yankee despotism. Education may help our islander out of this unfortunate state of blissful ignorance; contact with the northern civilization and its visiting exponents may arouse in him desires for attractive superfluities that only money and more and still more money will buy; therefore he must steal or earn or go without, and if he is too fearful to steal and too lazy to earn, he will become as dissatisfied with his lot as heart could wish. He will forget to smile and learn to snarl. We are certainly doing our best to educate him just as we have educated and are still educating the Porto Rican. Conservatives view the situation with alarm and point out that our islander is emigrating to the United States at the rate of thirty or forty each month. There are 8000 of him in Harlem now.

But there are plenty of him left, and as yet he is amiable and polite and rarely, very rarely criminal. He is also pious. "Please Gawd" or "the Lawd willing" are favorite saving phrases employed on all occasions. An agent of a lottery in San Domingo, selling tickets—contraband, of course—says, "Please Gawd, sah, I hope

(Continued on Page 153)

Now it's ready for you—
a pipe that *stays* sweet

THINK of it—a pipe *always* smooth, sweet and mellow! The pipe smoker's dream come true. Here is a briar as "just right" every time you light up as your old favorite was *at its best.* Milano Pipes with the Hesson Guard*—an exclusive Demuth feature—offer a dependable enjoyment that the old timers haven't even thought of.

The perfect pipe had to come some time—inevitably. Not one with any complicated catch basin in it, either. But a pipe with nothing to catch—no drip, no leak—nothing to taint the pipe and spoil the smoke on its way to your mouth. The shank of this pipe stays clean, *it has to!* Already "caked"—mechanically broken-in with real tobacco by the special Demuth process.

The Hesson Guard fits tightly against the shoulder of the bowl. Stale smoke and moisture cannot collect in the shank—there is no place for it to condense.

You may have Demuth Milano Pipes with the Hesson Guard in the shape you like best, in either the highly polished smooth finish or in the distinctive ripple finish. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 173 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.; 216 Pine Street, San Francisco, California. *Established* 1862.

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Demuth Milano *with the Hesson Guard* $3.50

MEN FEEL *the difference Instantly*

When beards are softened Small Bubble Way

Now whiskers come off smooth and quick. No razor-pull . . . sting . . . or smart. Please try this scientific beard-softening method at our expense. See coupon below

* * *

A STUBBORN beard. A good razor. Just a half-inch of this "small bubble" shaving cream.

. . . and any man can learn the secret of a quick, smooth shave in three minutes.

You'll be surprised! The razor simply glides across your face. No pulling. No scraping. No smarting or stinging.

Already we've proved this to thousands of skeptical men. Many tell us they've never known such smoothness in all their shaving days.

The reason? It's very simple. Just a new and different method of beard-softening.

A scientific way to get whiskers off

Hundreds of men do this every day! Read ads like this . . . . then buy Colgate's

quick and clean . . . that leaves your face smooth, fresh and delightfully invigorated.

Every week hundreds of men adopt this new preparation. We know you will prefer it, too, once you make a test.

That's why we're offering a seven-day trial tube *free* to you and every other reader of this publication. You'll find the details in coupon below.

It's a shave with a smile, men! You can spot a small-bubble shaver in any Pullman washroom

Small Bubbles did it!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the whisker base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Note the closely knit texture of the tiny, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles.

Now contrast that with the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather.

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you: The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two important things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of ordinary rather wet rough-dry single hair. Note how large bubbles load air instead of water against [illegible]

COLGATE LATHER

Lower photomicrograph shows how tiny moisture-laden bubbles of Colgate lather. The small bubbles of fresh water cling to [illegible] against hair

aren't needed now. The razor leaves your skin fresh and smooth throughout the day.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Where shall we send your free tube?

Please don't wait for us to publish another advertisement about this small-bubble lather. Make up your mind right now to accept our seven-day offer.

Clip that coupon before you forget. It takes but a second . . . and brings comfort you've never known in all your shaving days.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We'll also send a sample bottle of a new shaving lotion – Colgate's "After-Shave." You're bound to like it.

Just jot your name and address on the coupon below . . . and leave the rest to us.

Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

* * *

A little package! The postman will hand it to you. And inside you'll find seven wonderful shaves. Clip coupon and see

Colgate & Co., *Dept. 503-D* 595 Fifth Ave., New York — **FREE OFFER, *MEN!***

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 151)

you'll win." He is much given to hymn singing—our islander. And the obi, or witch doctor, is a power with him. Fetishes are used with tremendous effect. One may easily close a road by taking a stick and drawing across it a zigzag line with a few cabalistic designs. Witch traps are laid by baiting the center of a magic circle with a few small coins, and woe to the unwary wretch who steps inside that circle.

The records of the police courts in the islands afford many illustrations of the terror that this obi inspires. A witness testifying will suddenly become dumb. He has seen somebody on the other side of the case put a nail in his shoe and forthwith he breaks into a perspiration and wipes a face that is nearly as ashen in hue as a negro's face can become. That nail is a spell and spells calamity for him if he persists in giving this damaging evidence. Another way of bringing misfortune upon an enemy is to "burn a light" for him—light a candle with certain incantations and let it burn until cockcrow, and your enemy is decidedly out of luck from that time forth.

Formal complaints of this have been made by the victims. One old woman recently sued an obi doctor for twelve dollars obtained under the false pretense of exorcising from her back yard some sort of demon that took the form of flames flickering from the ground. She paid down her good money and the exorcist had promised her that the obi would cease and determine, but here it was putting out its fiery tongues at her as rudely as ever. In this case the obi doctor was obliged to refund the money paid to him. As to what happened after that the record is blank. Appearances of jumbi, or spirits of the dead, are frequent, but these are not malevolent. There is a firm belief in werewolves, or whatever the West Indian equivalent of wolves may be. Some thaumaturgic quick change into a prowling animal at all events. Witchcraft dies hard.

It must be understood that in speaking of the negro islander, the mass of the uneducated, laboring population and of the older generation is referred to. On the well-known other hand, there are many of the race here occupying positions of trust and influence—well educated, self-respecting, intelligent and industrious citizens, storekeepers, artisans, clerks, members of the council, teachers, and so forth, to say nothing of the rising generation. All said, done and to do, it is upon these that the future of the islands depends.

Relics of Past Glories

The population of the Virgin Islands as given by the census of 1917 is 26,051. St. Thomas has 10,191; St. Croix, 14,901; and St. John, 959. These figures, however, are not entirely reliable owing to a certain proportion of Porto Ricans and negroes of British or other nationality then resident on the islands. Previous censuses show an almost steady decrease of population since 1835. It is estimated that the total population is now around 21,000. Of the former Danish residents, there are perhaps 250 remaining; there are a sprinkling of English and a few faint traces of other nationalities besides the American residents—chiefly officials and their families and the small marine and naval forces.

Agriculture is, one might say, languishing. In St. Thomas and St. John, the raising of sugar cane has been abandoned and no other crops of any importance or to any extent have taken its place. Ruined mills and houses on long-deserted estates are all that are now left to remind one of those days of happy slipshod methods and of negro slavery. St. John—some three miles from the east end of St. Thomas—has a number of these melancholy relics. One of the loveliest and perhaps the loveliest of the island group—it seems a little tropical paradise, but in those good old days alluded to it must have been an extra-tropical hell for the slaves. At all events, they revolted and contrived quite a little devilry before they were subdued by a punitive expedition in which the French obligingly joined—that is, they were shot, cut down or hanged after ingenious tortures *pour encourager les autres*—those who had not previously killed themselves in despair. Now the entire population of St. John is about 500.

The whites are Dr. A. A. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson, who live at Cruz Bay, and a few marines. The genial and hospitable Doctor Richardson is what is known as a dispatching secretary—a sort of vice-gubernatorial office by virtue of which he rules supreme over the island, being ex-officio police justice, postmaster, immigration officer, collector of customs, sanitation officer, prohibition-enforcement agent, chief of the bureau of highways, surveyor of the port and custodian of public buildings. He may be a few more things. He lives in an airy bungalow superimposed on what is left of a stone fort overlooking the bay—a fort so ancient that its history is unknown and the lettered tablet let into its outer wall has become indecipherable. But those walls are almost intact, with their gun platforms and gates of wrought iron; the brick of the paved courtyard is time-mellowed but sound, as are the grim iron-barred dungeon cells, now converted to wholesome domestic uses.

A Rainbow in the Fish Market

Grim enough the fort, but any uncomfortable reflections concerning it are quickly dispelled as one sits on the veranda above and looks on the sweetest prospect of sea, land and sky that ever gladdened mortal gaze. To the north and running from east to west is a line of cays that from a distance seems to be without break—Congo Cay, Lovango, Mingo, Grass and Thatch—and beyond them lies the Atlantic. To the west, St. Thomas.

Picture a thousand hills in the magic light of the declining sun, the rocks and islands edged with white foam, sea and land in ever-changing hues as the clouds shift! Some view! And below is the harbor, where fishing boats lie at anchor and among them a trim little sailing yacht that a couple of months ago was decorating the Hudson—a dainty little aristocrat among ragamuffins. Ashore, a cluster of little frame houses, the cross of the church rising above the roofs, a background of palms, a growth of bananas that shades the even line of half a dozen brown tents of the Marine Corps. Some view! Some view!

St. John is well watered—or better than its sister islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix. Here are grown, gathered and distilled the bay leaves that lend their particular virtue to the rum of legitimate commerce. There are few other crops, and the bay trees grow wild and little attempt is made to cultivate them in any way. There are distilleries of bay oil and occasional small crops of cane are grown for the sole purpose of making rum to mix with the bay. Most of the island is given up to the pasturing of beef cattle and some of the inhabitants gain a livelihood by extracting astoundingly gaudy fish from the opalescent shoals for the St. Thomas market. These fish are really unbelievable—all the colors of the rainbow, vivid and pure, either in solid blues, greens and yellows or weirdly patterned combinations of these colors. They are presumably edible, but the divine purpose of their creation must surely have been the delight of the eye.

St. Croix, the largest of the islands, lies thirty-eight miles south of St. Thomas. Its capital is Christiansted, a town even more beautiful than Charlotte Amalie. It has a large area of level and unusually fertile land, with hills enough to relieve the flatness and some good macadamized roads, separated from the cane fields by long lines of coconut palms whose fruit is public property. There are considerably more than 100 miles of these roads, one of them—the King's Highway—running almost the full length of the island from Christiansted to Fredericksted, the other port town. There

A Strain on the Family Tie
KEEP COOL!

Set a cool Robbins & Myers breeze a-blowing when you want to *finesse* a few extra bills—it helps marvelously during those temper-trying heat spells. As a matter of fact, statistics show that there have been practically no cases of domestic violence on the first of the month in households where there are R&M Fans always ready to soothe the impetuous and overheated.

R&M Fans for years have been bringing cool comfort to order in thousands of homes. All they ask is a little lubrication every year or so. Sold by good dealers everywhere. Cost less to operate than an ordinary light bulb. Why not telephone for one today?

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Up where the giant Himalayas press an ancient civilization against the bitter skies — up where the ever-changing metal coinage of the Thibetan rulers is eyed with distrust—the hardy mountain tribes drive their bargains with salt. For salt preserves life—its value is self-evident, immediate—a known standard of value through all the ages of mankind.

To us the history of salt is rich in inspiration—and we are frankly proud to have been pioneers of *"free running* salt", *iodine* salt, the *round* package and the *new* standards of purity. Depend on Mulkey's Salt.

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MULKEY'S SALT

is even a motorbus making regular trips between these two points.

Fredericksted, however, though commercially important, gives a surprising effect of shabbiness and dilapidation, and seems at a casual and cursory view to have few remains of former beauty. A town that has seen its best days to all appearance. But Christiansted! Business of rapturously kissing the finger tips and throwing them upward and outward with a swift gesture. Well, Christiansted captures. You know that it is going to do this at the very first glimpse of it. The tropical setting of palms is there most apparently. One looks at it over a coral reef and many shoals that may be bad for shipping, but which tint the water exquisitely. A vessel of any size has to stay outside and discharge and take in cargo by lighters owing to the narrow and tortuous channel into the small harbor. As you draw closer you see a trim, clean-swept quay flanked by another of those priceless ruddy old Danish forts—the Leyse-Augusta.

You land in a small boat and find that the quay is as clean as it seemed from afar. Private cars and taxis are parked upon it in orderly rows, and presently you are driving down the main street of old stone buildings, arcaded, so that you might imagine yourself on the Rue de Rivoli, supposing that your imagination is sufficiently strong. It was in one of the stores here that Alexander Hamilton chafed against his clerkly duties—and performed them beautifully and efficiently—"contemning" his "groveling condition" and dreaming of the future out of office hours. It was here that he penned the descriptive story of a hurricane that first attracted attention to his talents. Hurricanes have their uses. And so, through the town to the Fredericksted road aforementioned, running through the fields of cane, meeting and overtaking laden ox-carts, asses with panniers bestridden by bulking negroes who must bend their knees to keep their feet from dragging on the ground. Women, too, bearing various burdens on their turbaned heads. Large or small, heavy or light, the negress carries everything so. Men and women alike have their smile and cheerful salutation for you.

The Lure of the Big City

The few planters left on the island complain of the difficulty of getting labor since the immigration laws went into effect and prevented its importation from neighboring British, French and Dutch islands. Unquestionably they are handicapped in that respect, and, sad as it may seem, they have had to advance the pay of field laborers from twenty-five cents a day for first class and twenty-two cents for second class, or woman labor, to forty and thirty cents, and now, lately, to almost double that amount. It is to weep!

St. Croix is now the only island where sugar cane is raised to any extent. It has about 12,000 acres now in cultivation, it is estimated, of which the Bethlehem Estate, a Danish concern, has about 6000, the Central 2000 to 3000, and the rest is accounted for by smaller independent plantations. There are no refineries. The sugar is exported raw and the blackstrap distilled for bay rum, the fragrant product that has made St. Thomas famous. Be sure to look at the label on the bottle when your barber next paddles in your neck and on your face with his fingers.

One phase of the labor problem here is perhaps the difficulty of persuading the negro to cultivate the land and work steadily for a small but constant gain, rather than yield to the lure of town life and the higher wages paid for occasional jobs. That may, at least, be true of St. Thomas. Mr. Adolph Sixto, an intelligent colored man, who is leader among his people and author of a book predicting Utopian conditions in the islands, proposes as a remedy for existing conditions a tax upon all uncultivated land that will, he believes, oblige owners either to work it themselves or sell it to the natives at a reasonable price under proper restrictions, thus creating a thriving peasant proprietorship.

It is objected that this plan presupposes a sufficient number of ambitious and industrious peasants with a land hunger—whose existence, the objectors declare, is doubtful; and that, apart from the first requisite, capital, the raising of such staple crops as sugar or cotton cannot be profitably undertaken by small farmers under existing conditions—witness the tract now lying idle and other tracts that are from time to time being bought up by the Danish Bethlehem company. Witness also the loud wails of the same company over the export tax of six dollars a ton now imposed on sugar. There is no import duty on it in the United States, and it is true that the export tax was reduced last year from eight dollars as a result of past wailings; but there is still dissatisfaction that will be removed only by the total abolition of all taxes and duties whatsoever.

Land of Neglected Opportunities

Altogether, the Virgin Islands impress one as a land of neglected opportunities and imperfectly and unscientifically developed resources. Hills that were once covered with valuable timber have been remorselessly deforested. The mahogany is a thing of the past, surviving only in one small avenue in St. Thomas and the four-post bedsteads, tables and chairs scattered around in the houses of the older residents. Sandalwood has almost disappeared, and logwood is rarer still. All kinds of hardwood indigenous to the soil and of great commercial value have been converted into charcoal for kitchen furnaces, and no attempt has been made to replace what has been wastefully destroyed. Coconut palms might, it would seem, be planted or replanted very profitably; something serious might be done with cotton, by all accounts, as well as with coffee, tobacco, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, pineapples and cocoa.

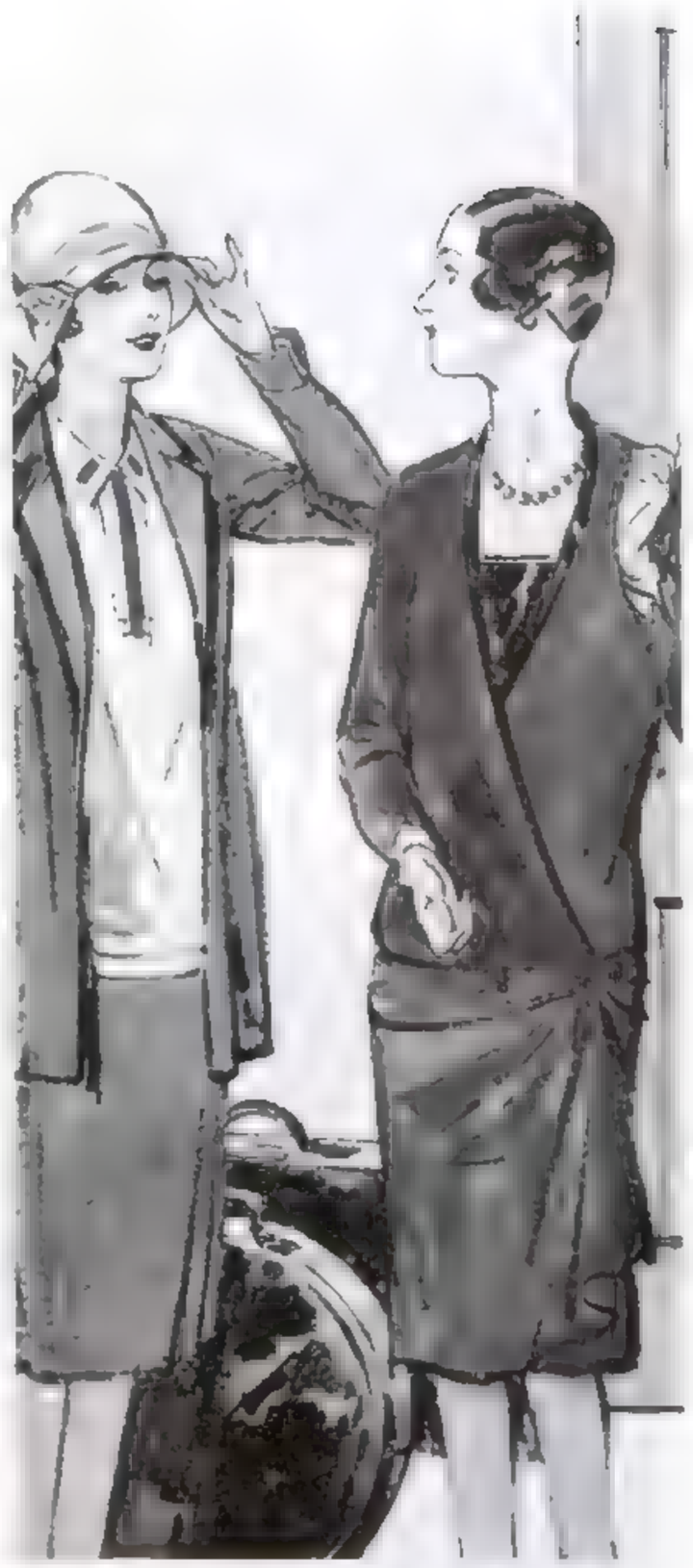
The islands import everything under the sun, and export—sugar. Even that comes back to us refined. This is speaking roughly and generally. Glancing over the table of exports for 1916, we find: Hides and skins, $6,973; tamarinds, $118; sugar, $259,000; and—alas—rum, $1,511. That was under Danish rule, of course. But the idea is that sugar seems to be practically the only thing worthy of attention even now—that is, with the planters and farmers. Of course they argue, justly, that perishable commodities require frequent and regular transportation, and cargo boats are not inclined to go out of their way for any considerable distance to inquire whether there happens to be anything for them this morning in the way of freight. It looks as if it were up to the islands to make the first move. The experiment stations are doing what they can with their limited means; the agricultural departments of the school system are doing their best, and there is some private experimentation with timber; so that in time there will no doubt be achieved a sufficient demonstration of possibilities to attract capital for further and more rapid development. But Kipling's warning to fools who try to hurry the East seems to be taken to heart too much in the West.

N. B. The statistics in this article, it must be borne in mind, were gathered by a congenitally unstatistical person to whom his friends refuse to concede the ability to count beyond ten. Nevertheless, he has been more than usually careful and believes his figures to be fairly correct.

In the matter of education, the islands are well looked after. The revenue from local taxation, import duties and harbor dues for the fiscal year 1927 amounted to $665,000 in Danish francs—the franc being reckoned as 19.2 cents. To this the Federal Government added $569,000, the total being expended as follows: Public works, 26 per cent; salaries, 25 per cent; fire and police, 25 per cent; and education, 24 per cent. A fair cut, one would say. Still, the amount is inadequate.

(Continued on Page 157)

"This is your room" ..."The bathroom? Through this door"



When you show a guest to the bathroom, you are really giving her an index to your standards of cleanliness. She knows, just as you do, that the bathroom is the *one* room in your home that reflects these standards.

No matter how attractive and modern the bathroom is, no matter how careful you have been to see that everything is as it should be—unless the toilet seat is spotlessly, immaculately white, your guest cannot help thinking that you are careless . . . about a matter for which there can be no excuse for carelessness. A worn, out-of-date, dark-colored toilet seat can ruin the appearance of any bathroom.

A new white seat—a completely modern and sanitary seat—costs only a few dollars. The Church Sani-White Seat can be attached in ten minutes to any bowl, with an ordinary pair of pliers. It is detachable; it can be moved whenever you move if you rent your home or apartment.

You can afford this improvement

Every Church Sani-White Seat is definitely guaranteed. Its glistening smooth white surface is *not a paint, lacquer or enamel.* It is a solid covering—it has no joints in which germs and dirt can lodge. It will not chip, wear off or turn color. After years of service, it will remain as free from cracks and imperfections as when it left the factory.

Write for this illustrated, authoritative booklet

"An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive," written by Mrs. Mildred Stevens, deals with a question of first importance to every home owner. We will send it to you without charge. It contains valuable suggestions for making your bathroom more modern, more convenient. It describes Church Seats, and shows illustrations of a number of the most popular models.

Simply fill out the coupon and mail it to us for this free booklet. Let us send you at the same time an actual sample of the Sani-White covering. We want you to test it for dirt and wear resisting qualities yourself. The nearest plumbing store to your home carries Church Seats. C. F. Church Manufacturing Company, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

No matter how many years it has been since your bathroom was built and equipped, there are a number of easy and inexpensive ways in which its appearance and its conveniences may be improved. The coupon will bring you a helpful, authoritative booklet. This will show you how easy it is to change a bathroom like the one shown above to the modern, attractive bathroom at the right.

Church Sani-White Seats

"Toilet Seats for Better Bathrooms"

Sold by all plumbing stores since 1898

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Gentlemen:
Kindly send me your booklet, written by Mrs. Mildred Stevens, together with an actual sample of your Sani-White covering.

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Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

POWERED BY LYCOMING

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LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

Most Progressive Motor Builders in the Industry

(Continued from Page 154)

There are ten public schools in the town of St. Thomas and three in the outlying districts of the island. St. Croix has ten schools and St. John five, under the direction of Mr. Arthur E. Lindborg, and having a corps of competent teachers, both white and colored, who are nearly all members of the International Educational Association. The total enrollment of pupils in private and public schools in 1927 was 4255. Of these, 1162 pupils are taught in private schools. The curriculum is that of the ordinary public-school system, with some modifications and a particular stress laid upon manual training, domestic science and agriculture—the two former branches being obligatory. To these is added a course in poultry raising, and the gratifying results are more and better chickens, at least two plantains, tomatoes and cabbages where one grew before, and rising generations of skilled woodworkers and good cooks and seamstresses. The manual-training shops are well equipped with all necessary tools and there is quite an output of small articles of furniture, of which there is an annual sale. Music and drawing are by no means neglected and help to an appreciation of the refinements of life, and the children seem to be eager to learn and interested in their work.

Of great benefit to the community at large is the coöperation of the schools with the health department. The constant inspection of sanitary conditions, the physical examination of the pupils and their instruction in hygiene have had and continue to have a salutary effect on the public health. It speaks volumes for the climate of the islands, as well as for the vigilant efficiency of the health department, that with the rainfall as almost the only source of domestic supply, and extremely primitive and limited sewerage systems, they still remain not only the most healthful places of residence in the West Indies but challenge comparison with communities in the United States that have all the advantages of the most modern sanitation. St. Thomas has two good hospitals—municipal and navy—and St. Croix also has two.

Geography of Crime

As to the water, in St. Thomas it is almost past praying for. The few wells that have been bored yield nothing but a brackish liquid quite unfit for drinking purposes. About $125,000 has been expended in excavating reservoirs in the hills to store their drainage, the idea being to supplement the supply in the cisterns used by the inhabitants, but up to the present time these have been of little practical use. The cistern water is, however, quite palatable; and as it comes from sun-sterilized roofs and there is practically no bird life on the island by reason of the importation of the mongoose, it is wholesome as well as palatable. Typhoid is a thing almost unknown. In St. Croix the Creque Dam was built across one of the largest streams to provide an emergency supply of water in times of drought for the city of Fredericksted, as well as for irrigation. A 10,000-gallon reservoir was built in the town itself and connected to the impounding basin of the dam. The cost of dam and reservoir was approximately $65,000. This undertaking has been successful and the Colonial Council of St. Croix has recently appropriated funds for a sewerage system which in Fredericksted will be flushed by water from the dam. Water for household purposes is now being supplied from standpipes set up at various points in the town and in time will be piped into the houses.

The administration of the islands is under the direct control of the President of the United States, who is represented by the governor, who coöperates with the municipal councils of St. Thomas and St. Croix in local legislation. The governor has a veto power over these bodies which the President alone can override, but this power is rarely exercised. As a naval station, the Navy Department has authority and details certain naval officers as executives under the governor, this being done without expense to the local government. And there is a force of about 200 officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps.

St. Thomas and St. Croix are separate municipalities, St. John being included in the municipality of St. Thomas, each having its own laws, based on the Alaskan code, but with certain differences. For instance, if, living in St. Croix, you wish to indulge in the luxury of murder, it will perhaps be better to get your prospective victim to accompany you to St. Thomas, where murder is not a capital crime. In St. Croix they would probably hang you. On the other hand, adultery is not a crime in St. Croix, while it is properly regarded as such in St. Thomas. It may be, of course, that St. Croix has never found it necessary to legislate against an unheard-of offense and that the Crucians consider life on their island as a more precious and sacred thing than do the St. Thomians. That might explain the discrepancies.

Be that as it may, Judge Williams, of the Circuit Court of the Virgin Islands, and Government Prosecuting Attorney Gibson are obliged to keep constantly in mind the locality in which they are performing their respective duties.

It's Never Time to Retire

The police force of St. Thomas is under the superintendence of Capt. Michael J. Nolan, a veteran who, after twenty years of service in the New York Police Department, during which he climbed from patrolman to inspector and ruled the Tenderloin, retired to pass his declining years in ease and peace and comfort. Finding this condition unsuited to his temperament, and being "blue-moldy for a batin'," he went to France and took an active part in the late unpleasantness with Germany as an efficient unit of the Twenty-sixth Infantry; and when that trouble was over he again settled down to ease, peace and comfort in his declining years, but was afflicted with a violent itch in both feet that eventually brought him to St. Thomas—a sort of recurrence of the malady that had plagued him as a boy in County Clare and taken him to America for relief. Here he wearied of inactivity after a short trial of it and is now spending his more or less declining years putting the fear of God into the hearts of evildoers—who have been rapidly decreasing in numbers since he took charge.

His offices and living quarters are in the old Danish fort—built in 1671—in which are the court rooms—police and district—and the cells, which are mostly untenanted, as one may imagine in view of the fact that they are decidedly uninviting and lacking in the comforts and conveniences to which our own criminal classes are accustomed. But it is a wonderful building, that fort, with its walls of red-ochered masonry, its large paved courtyard and arched stairways of stone leading to its battlements. Some ancient Danish cannon are mounted here and were used for salutes up to the time of the American occupation.

One must speak of the Cha-chas of St. Thomas. Why "Cha-chas" nobody seems to know. They are a colony of French descent who have kept themselves strictly to themselves, scorning all admixture of race, from the time of their first settlement in the island. Nobody knows certainly when that was. As to their origin, the theory is advanced that they are descendants of Huguenots who fled here for refuge after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but the fact that their religion is Roman Catholic seems rather against that. It is more likely that for reasons best known to themselves, they came from some other French island—St. Barths or perhaps from St. Croix—after France sold out to Denmark in 1733. Their ancestors were Bretons—fishermen and shipbuilders. Their village is at the Carénage, a small bay so-called from its suitability to the careening of vessels. They are still fishermen and boat builders and a few are small farmers.

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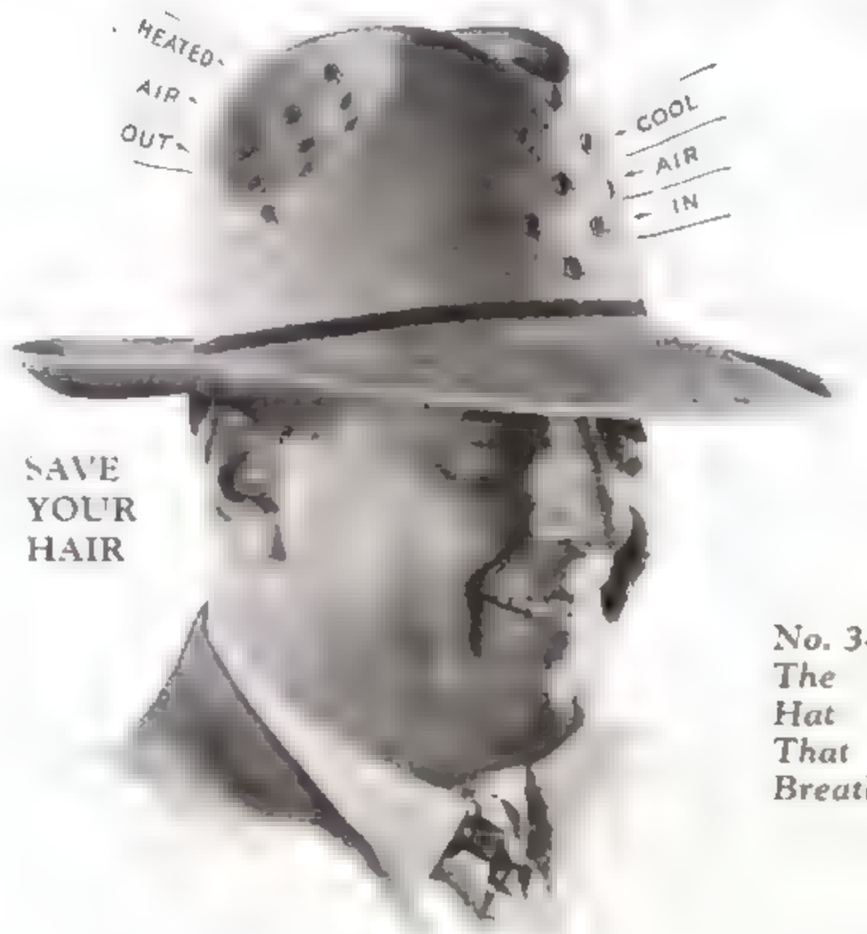

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Save Your Hair—the new Hat—cool comfort

Last year, your Summer hat only gave you shade protection from the sun. This year you can have *more*. Entirely new comfort—plenty of fresh air for your head and hair. Start wearing one of these new Caradine Airway Hats today.

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No. 3055—Fine hand-woven, men's dress, shower-proof, four leather patch sweats to allow ventilation, fancy Rayon band, postpaid, $1.25.

Dealers: Caradine Airways are the outstanding hat success of the decade. If you are not already selling them, write us for particulars.

At your dealer's or direct using the coupon [illegible] today, money back if not entirely satisfied.

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Please find enclosed $ for which send postpaid Airway Model No. head size

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Ventilated STRAW HATS

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A clock that broadcasts the correct time with the mellow notes of famed Westminster Chimes. A clock that is made for your own mantel, or table, to chime each quarter-hour. A clock that is fashioned of choice mahogany, with lines of pure enduring beauty. Real Westminster Chime clocks at prices amazingly low, thirty to thirty-seven dollars. The perfect gift for the bride's new home.

First, hear these exquisite chimes on your radio, broadcast by the clock itself. Let it cast its spell of old world witchery about your home. Then go to any good clock store. Ask to see these Sessions clocks, with the new 8-day Sessions Westminster Chime movement. Or send a post card for the fascinating booklet, "Chimes That Cast a Spell of Old-World Witchery." It is free. The Sessions Clock Company, 233 Broadway, New York. 5 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Factories, Forestville, Connecticut.

Tune in on Sessions Westminster Chimes from any of these stations:

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Sessions Westminster Number Three, $37

SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

Their women are basket weavers, and men, women and children, they number 760 all told.

On days when passenger ships come into the harbor one sees them on the streets, offering for sale baskets, palm-leaf hats and dyed-grass hula-hula skirts. Not that there is any hula dancing on the island. Somebody must have suggested the skirts as salable articles without informing the Cha-chas of their association and use; otherwise these neat, sober-looking women with freshly laundered calico gowns and petticoats which fall well below their shoe tops could never bring themselves to sell them. They may be under the impression that they are undergarments.

The men are as neat as their womenfolk and are distinguishable by their peculiar high-crowned straw hats broadly banded with black. But it is only when the boats come in that they are to be seen in Charlotte Amalie. At other times they are at home attending strictly to business or out in their boats with their nets and lobster traps.

Their houses are mere shanties for the most part, though some of them are a step or two out of that classification and are painted and electrically lighted. Generally, they are furnished with Spartan simplicity; and though a few of them may have a mahogany four-post bed with valance and curtains, these are rather swank. Beds are deemed entirely superfluous, and papa, mamma and baby sleep in hammocks almost without exception. A French patois is spoken.

On the top of the hill, overlooking the village, is the church in which the severely plain benches and crudely latticed altar rail carry out the idea of simplicity characteristic of the community. A few crudely painted pictures, the effigies of the Virgin Mother and Child, and of a few saints which have niches above the altar, and the lace altar cloth and sacred vessels are the sole suggestions of ecclesiastical pomp and panoply; but one easily conceives that the most splendid cathedral—St. Peter's itself—has no more sincerely devout and faithful worshipers. Mrs. Van Patten, wife of Capt. E. H. Van Patten, the Colonial Secretary, has interested herself in the community in a practical way by teaching a class of the girls at the Villa Olga, a residence adjoining the village. Her artistic taste has suggested many attractive articles, woven and embroidered, that the girls make under her guidance which bring to them substantial returns.

The Graveyard of Ships

It is not far from the Carénage to Krums Bay, the graveyard of ships. Here have been brought the battered remains of countless vessels wrecked and buffeted irreparably by the winds and waves—lovely creations of man's skill that defied the elements once too often—sheer hulks of clippers, crippled schooners, barks, brigs, corvets, luggers, paddle-wheelers and tramp steamers which were here stripped, broken up and burned for whatever of value remained. A marine junk pile, this, with stacks of teredo-bored spars and planks, ribs and knees from old skeletons, rusting heaps of scrap and steel masts and boilers, their ugliness partly concealed by gracious vines and beautified by flowers.

Once there was a lovely collection of figureheads—sea nymphs with ample breasts bared to the leaping spray, more decorous sailors' or owners' wives or sweethearts neatly coifed and gowned—the Sarah B's, the Martha J's of distant ports to which they never returned For years the venerable owner of the yard treasured these relics, repainting them yearly with loving care, exhibiting them with justifiable pride to occasional visitors and firmly refusing to sell them. But in the end a New York curio dealer was too much for him. He excuses himself for his weakness, pleading his advanced age, which he says made the annual painting more and more of a task. But although he is the oldest white resident of the islands and a well-established octogenarian, his alert mind and still vigorous body make one inclined to disbelieve him in this particular.

His house is something as near Mr. Peggotty's as you are likely to find in these days, being built of timbers from old wrecks, though not of one entire boat. His floors were decks, the stout greenheart beams and joists having the same position they occupied in their days of watery wandering; the bedroom doors, oddly shaped and quaintly glazed with colored paint, were once cabin doors; the walls are hung with prints and paintings of long-forgotten ships. One of them is the old paddle-wheeler on which in his youth the patriarch sailed with his young bride for their honeymoon in Europe. Also there is a painting of our host's grandfather, a Portuguese or Spanish merchant-adventurer, with the neat whiskers, high-collared coat, stock and ruffled shirt of the eighteenth century, who now lies in the graveyard of Charlotte Amalie. Peace to his ashes!

An Unsinkable Ship

But it is on the quarter-deck in the yard outside that our host first receives and entertains his guests. The deck floor is of cement and over it is stretched a wide awning. At one end is a large ship's wheel, its brass work polished to mirror brightness. There are deck chairs, and a table on which are cigars and glasses. The breeze blows refreshingly from the bay and you notice that at one side of the bay's mouth is the wreck of a ship. The hurricane of 1916 put her there on the reef, but she is not worth the trouble of breaking up. Nothing but old iron.

Outside the sacred deck is a bench, where a brawny negro armed with a murderous-looking machete cuts expertly at green coconuts newly plucked from the palms that shade the awning. Presently the glasses will be filled with the cool delicious milk and you will be urged—unnecessarily—to eat the custard from the halved nuts with a spoon. You will hear many interesting things now; and if the narrator occasionally lapses into French or Spanish, he will at once stop and translate so that you will lose nothing by it. You will be sorry when one of your party who wandered away strikes eight bells on a resonant relic and you find that it is time to be getting back to town.

One would expect to find more Americans other than officials in the winters, or a part of them, in the Virgins. It is to be supposed that one reason for this is the short time that the liners give their passengers to see what is to be seen. A very few hours, at most—a chance to stroll through the Dronningens Gade, to buy a hula-hula skirt, a hat, a bottle of bay rum or French perfume and perhaps to lunch or dine and dance at the Grand—and the siren hoots its peremptory call to get aboard; and so off they sail for brief glimpses of St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia and Trinidad. This is perhaps unavoidable, and of course one can stay over for the next boat, taking chances of finding accommodations, but the devil of it is, to know where one wishes to stop.

Occasionally, however, an accidental detention brings a new resident. One of these, a New Yorker, prominent in banking circles, had retired from the cares of business and spent some years in travel abroad, indulging a passion for architecture and absorbing ideas from the Gothic, Arabic, Doric, Grecian and other forms wherever the finest examples were to be found. Incidentally, at home and abroad, he sought the ideal climate and a picturesque situation for the dream house that was to embody some of his ideas.

By pure accident he was marooned at St. Thomas, and before three days had passed he had found exactly what he had been looking for. The remarkable thing is that although this happened only a year after the American occupation, he still thinks it was what he had been looking for. The estate he bought is on the highest hill on the island, from which he can look down on the clustered red dots which are the roofs of Charlotte Amalie, the shipping in the harbor and, southward, afar to St. Croix. To the west he can make out Vieques and on a clear day Porto Rico is plainly discernible. Ship Rock, too, is in sight, pretending to be a ship under full sail. There is a legend of a British captain of a man-of-war who turned loose his guns on it for some hours under the impression that it was an enemy vessel. Broadside after broadside he fired, scoring direct hits every time; but the confounded thing wouldn't sink or brail its topsails, or whatever the proper proceeding is in sign of surrender. It was only when he manned his boats to board the bally craft that he discovered his blooming error.

There was an old Danish house of bluestone on this property—bluestone weathered and lichened, and with a mosaic of fragments of red brick and coral between its massive blocks; there was also a terraced garden, beautifully laid out and surrounded by a parapet of stone. This house, with the assistance of an eminent New York architect, the present owner has remodeled and added to, cunningly blending the additions to the original structure until they are hardly distinguishable and with an effect as charming as it is unique. The garden he filled with the rarest tropical flowers and shrubs and he has erected such a pergola as you will rarely find outside of Italy. A beautiful arched gate of wrought iron and massive old doors afford ingress and egress to this garden out of a fairy tale. It is worth noting that all the work—even to the forging of the iron gates—was done by native craftsmen and on the estate; also, that there are many equally beautiful sites awaiting future appreciative owners.

The Air Route

Well, all this is a mere skimming over a little of the surface, but there is perhaps enough of it to give the reader a rough idea of the land we bought—and forgot. Not much has happened to call attention to the three little dots east of Porto Rico that appear on the map of the West Indies, unless we except the visit of Colonel Lindbergh early in February; but these dots are well worth the investigation of the winter emigrants. They are only five days from New York by the two or three regular lines sailing from that port and can be reached via San Juan by half a dozen other lines. There is also a weekly air service—since Lindbergh—that makes connection with the Havana planes at San Juan. Not that one has any but the kindest feelings for Florida, and, in the words of the beautiful state anthem, "We love thee, California." Still, if a heavenly climate, sea bathing, fishing, golf, and so forth, are what the doctor ordered—well, we are spending in the neighborhood of $500,000 yearly on the islands and it might not be a bad idea to take a look at what we are getting for our money.

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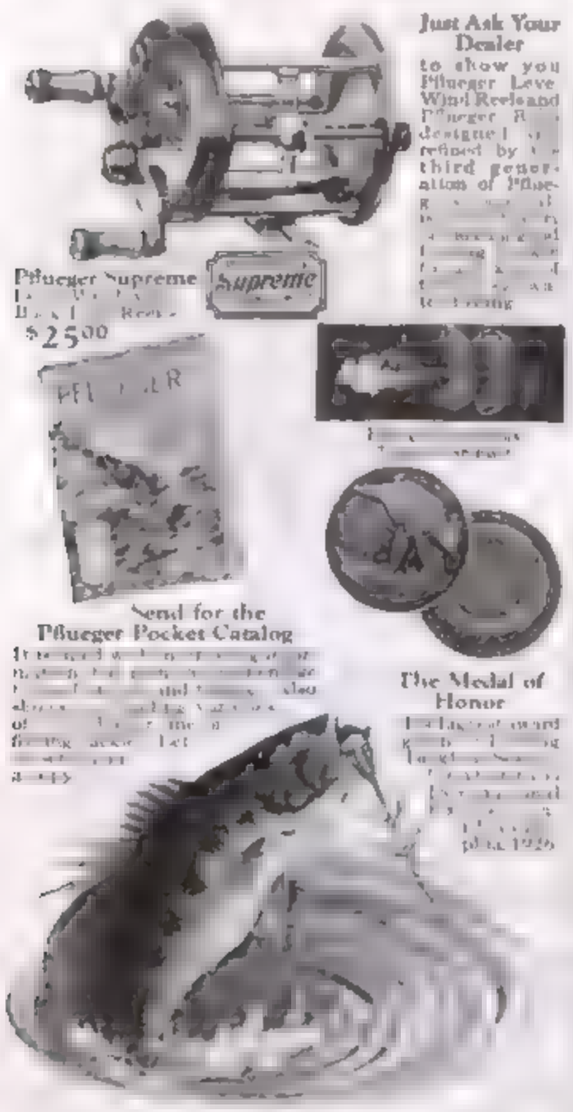

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SIR GALAHAD

(Continued from Page 23)

necessary it must be all right. Only the danger of it! Sheriffs and deputies and posses and everybody would be after his father!

"I got to hurry," he said, "or I'll be late fur my dinner."

At table he was distrait. He studied his father as if he were some incomprehensible stranger who sat across from him, and he was not cheerful, even though the atmosphere of the meal was much more contented than it had been the night before. Finally he spoke.

"I betcha," he said, "a feller that brasts—I mean busts—into a feller's store and pries open his safe and all and st-takes a sight of money is perty brave."

"Eh?" Mr. White looked up from his plate.

"I tell you what I think, b'jimminy!" said Gummy. "I just tell you what, and the' hain't no two ways about it neither. I don't think a feller that does that is so awful gosh-darn wicked."

"Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. White. It seems that Gummy's name was Arthur.

"What I think," Gummy continued, "is that mebby if folks knew all about a feller that busted into a store and took money they would think he was a perty fine man and everythin'."

"Why?" asked Mr. White with interest.

"On account of mebby he had reasons fur it, and they would be good reasons," Gummy explained. "They could be the kind of reasons that a minister even would do it fur. Yes, sir, or George Washin'ton or Abr'am Lincoln. I betcha either of them men would 'a' done it for them good reasons, and they wouldn't of been arrested nor nothin', but hist'ry books would 'a' said they was noble to do it."

"I never heard a boy talk so in all my born days," said Mrs. White approvingly.

"I got to talk that way," said Gummy, "because that's how I feel, and a feller's got to talk like he feels like, because it hain't honest to feel one way and talk another."

"Well," said Mr. White amiably, "mebby you're right, son. It's kind of deep for me to figger jest what you're gittin' at."

"Papa!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "You're allus encouragin' him in his ideas!"

"That," said Mr. White, "is because I figger it's better fur him to have wrong ideas than not to have no ideas at all. Now eat your dinner, son, and git back to school before you're tardy."

Gummy went back to his lessons feeling rather better. At least he had told his father what he thought about the thing. He had made it apparent his father had not sunk in his estimation by reason of his conduct in the premises.

"I betcha he feels better too," Gummy said to himself. "I betcha he's glad to know he's got me in back of him. I betcha he was worried about how I'd think, but he hain't worried now."

But other cares were to assail him. He passed the deputy sheriff on the hill and the deputy was looking very much like a deputy; he was scowling, his eyes were narrowed, and his head was moving this way and that as he peered suspiciously at every passer-by and searched every bush and yard with sharp glances as if he expected to see the marauder crouching any place. Gummy hated him. And hating him, the urge of composition surged up within him, producing a masterpiece. He waited until he was a hundred yards away, then turned and yelled after the officer:

"Deppity Sands
Got warts on his hands!"

This was a satisfaction and showed where he stood in the matter, but it did not assuage his anxiety. Clearly, the deputy was on the trail. He was man-hunting! No telling when he would come upon one of those things Gummy had read about in the papers which was called a clew. He didn't know exactly what a clew was, but clews were dangerous for officers to find. They led to arrests.

He made his way quietly to his seat, but could not be still. His hand shot into the air and waggled frantically.

"Well, Gummy?" asked Mr. Breeze.

"Teacher," said Gummy, "I figger a boy ought to know suthin' about the law, hadn't he?"

"Correct," said Solon. "What about the law?"

"What kin they do to a feller that busts into a store and takes money?"

"As in the case of Mr. Bone's robbery?"

"One like that," said Gummy.

"That," said Mr. Breeze, "constitutes the crime of breaking and entering in the nighttime, and the guilty man might be sentenced to as much as twenty years in the penitentiary."

"Gosh!" said Gummy. "Couldn't they hang him?"

"No," answered the teacher.

Gummy sighed. At least he did not have to fear the worst. But twenty years! Twenty years was an aeon!

"Why," he said, "if they was to send me to jail fur twenty year I'd be an old man when I got out, wouldn't I?"

"You'd be no less," said Mr. Breeze, "than thirty-four."

"That's what I mean," said Gummy. "Gosh!"

During the remainder of the afternoon session Gummy digested this information and considered ways and means. His first decision was that he must act as if nothing had happened; his second that he must be made aware of every movement of the officers of the law. Therefore when the Round Table sat he was ready with suggestions.

"The trouble," he said, "with these here knights was that they never knew what they was runnin' into. Every time anybuddy come in sight they was su'prised almost to death. Take the time Sir Galahad licked his pa. It all come from this bullheaded way of moggin' along. Here come Sir Galahad thinkin' about the Sangraal, and here come Sir Lancelot, not thinkin' a-tall. No scouts out ahead nor nothin'. And then, all to once, they seen each other, but they never took the trouble to notice who it was they seen."

"And what happened?" asked Peewee.

"Well, Lancelot he dressed his spear and up and brake it on Galahad, and that kind of provoked Galahad, so that he lammed into his pa with might and main and smote him down. And even then he never bothered to look and see who he had brasted, but went and smote his horse with his spurs and rode overthwart and endlong, as they say."

"It don't make sense," said Peewee.

"We," said Gummy, "ought to have us a kind of a secret service, so when anybody went off on a quest or suthin', he'd know what he was up against."

"Good idee," said Woodchuck.

"Now here's this here adventure of the robber knight and Tyrus Bone's Castle Perilous," said Gummy. "Before we go monkeyin' with it we ought to spy it all out and everythin'."

"You betcha," agreed Woodchuck.

"We ought to have fellers watchin' the sheriff and the deppity and the marshal and the justice and everybuddy, so we'd know jest what they're plannin' and a'l, day and night."

"I hain't goin' to brast no officer," said Peewee. "You git put in the calaboose fur it."

"I'll git it organized," said Woodchuck officially.

III

THE next two days were exceedingly busy ones for Gummy and the other knights, and not without interest for the constituted officers of the law. No sheriff or deputy or other wearer of the badge of authority was able to procure a moment of perfect privacy. If he paused to pass the time of day with a friend, there would be at least one small boy at his heels, listening obviously. Boys were everywhere. Eyes appeared unexpectedly over window sills, ears were applied to keyholes. And all with the result that the Table Round found out all that was to be known of the pursuit of the robber, and in addition many quaint and interesting facts which would come in handy at some future date.

"The sheriff," reported Pazzy Boomer, "told Martin Knox they had a clew. He said they was follerin' it up and it was leadin' some'eres. He said they practically knowed who done it, only they wan't jest ready to act yit."

"Yes," said Peewee, "and I heard Deppity Sands tellin' that it all p'inted to a desprit feller, and that bloodshed was apt to come out of it if they didn't act cautious."

"That hain't nothin'," said Woodchuck. "What I heard lays over that a mile. I was listenin' under Justice Marley's winder, and he was sayin' that things found clost to the safe jest as good as told who done it, and he says that folks would be awful su'prised to hear who it was when it all come out."

"Then," demanded Peewee, "if they know all about it, why hain't they arrested somebuddy?"

"I betcha they're scairt," said Banty Morton. "I bet the' hain't one of 'em dast step right up to this robber and take him in. I betcha the' hain't no three of 'em dast."

"I betcha," said Gummy, mixing anxiety and pride, "this here man could lick any three of 'em put together, with one hand tied behind his back."

"Town marshal he says it's somebuddy that lives right here in town," said Pazzy. "He says the rest is all wrong and that nobuddy suspicions who it is but him. He says when he gits good and ready he's jest a-goin' to step right out and arrest him and give 'em all the laugh."

"Mebby," said Gummy, "he'll laugh out of the other side of his face."

"I don't b'lieve," said Peewee, "they know nothin', or they'd do suthin'."

Gummy wanted to believe this, but as reports came in he could not feel that it was true. The net, it seemed to him, was being drawn more and more tightly. He worried.

"Papa," said Mrs. White at supper that night, "I guess Arthur needs a dose of suthin'. He hain't got any more appetite 'n a cat."

"I don't need no dose of nothin'," said Gummy. "I jest don't feel like eatin'. I could eat a lot if I wanted to. I could eat more'n anybuddy else. But I jest don't want to. I'm busy with suthin'. A feller can't be all the time eatin' when he's busy with suthin', kin he?"

"I better start in in the mornin'," said the implacable Mrs. White, "with sulphur and molasses."

"I tell you what," said Gummy suddenly. "I betcha I know a place where nobuddy could find him. They could hunt till they bust and they couldn't find him, the whole kit and bilin' of 'em."

"Who?" asked Mr. White.

"The feller that done it—that gaffled on to ol' Tyrus Bone's money. I know of a place, and it hain't fur. He could go off there and somebuddy he could trust could sneak out at night with a basket of things to eat and all, and he could stay right there twenty year, mebby. It's a good safe place. I could show it to anybuddy that needed a place like that in about ten minutes."

"It would come in pretty handy for this robber," said Mr. White. "Prob'ly he'd like to know jest where it is."

"I kin show it to you," said Gummy. "If you want to go walkin' right after supper, I could show you, and you'll say it's the slickest hidin' place you ever see."

"Well," said Mr. White reflectively, "I dunno's I need a hidin' place tonight.

(Continued on Page 162)

Ben Franklin's back was cold

TIRED of scorching his face and freezing his heels and alternately warming his back and chilling his front, Benjamin Franklin in 1742 invented his Pennsylvania stove. A biographer calls it one of the first contrivances to give the American home the civilizing comfort marvelled at by the world.

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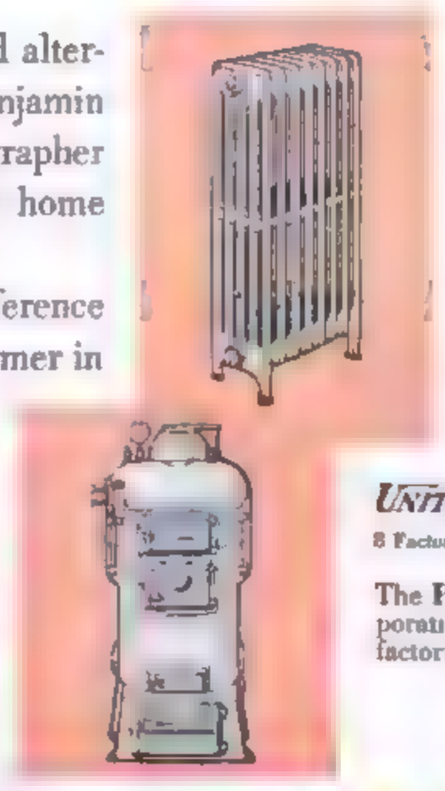

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(Continued from Page 160)

Not 'fore tomorrer, anyhow. You don't think I need a hidin' place tonight, do ye, mamma?"

"Hush your encouragin' that child in his nonsense," said Mrs. White; but for all her manner of speaking, Gummy fancied she seemed a bit anxious. Therefore she must know too. Probably his father had been obliged to tell her.

"What I think is," said Gummy, "this here robber better hide perty quick. What I think is he's foolish to go takin' chances. Them officers claims to have a clew. If I was the feller I'd leg it now and git me a good hidin' place like what I was tellin' about. I wouldn't lose no time, neither. And that's what I think."

"Mebby he don't do it," said Mr. White, "because he hasn't anybody he kin trust to fetch his food."

"But he would have," said Gummy. "There'd be somebuddy. I betcha he's got a fam'ly. Well, then don't it stand to reason his fam'ly would fetch him food? Don't it stand to reason his wife 'ud cook it up and his boy would fetch it out to him in the night?"

"Sounds reasonable," said Mr. White. "He must have some other reason than that, then. Mebby he hain't afraid of bein' ketched."

"He better be," Gummy said impressively.

After a time, Gummy retired to his room, where he sat disconsolately on the bed. He wished his father would confide in him. He wished—he could not quite formulate what he wished, but he ached with wishing. He let his mind labor over that matter of twenty years. His father would be shut away for twenty years! Boys are not much given to figuring just what their fathers mean in their lives, nor did Gummy make such estimates now. But he knew the separation would be unbearable. It wasn't as if his father were like some fathers in town. There were private jokes between Gummy and Mr. White. There was no more skillful hand with a jackknife in the county. And his father was old now, very old. Probably he would never live to be set free from prison. The more Gummy thought about the catastrophe, the greater became his terror and grief. . . . And then he went to sleep.

Woodchuck met him on the way to school in the morning.

"Say, you look here," he said accusingly, "you're the one that thought this up, and you picked out you was goin' to be this here Sir Galahad, but what you done? Huh? All you done is stand around while the rest of us does things. Hain't I had a couple of them jousts and give a couple knights darn good pastin's? Well, then, why don't you up and do a leetle Sir Galahadin' if you're so set on bein' him?"

"I tell you how it is, Woodchuck," said Gummy. "This here Galahad was a kind of an extry-special knight. Just any old quest wan't no good to him. It had to be sort of noble and all, and darn near holy. That's the idee. It had to be kind of religious-noble, if you git what I'm drivin' at. And sich things hain't so easy to run acrost. Besides, I hain't been feelin' well."

"Don't make no difference," said Woodchuck; "if you hain't goin' to be Sir Galahad, you better say so and lemme appoint one of the other kids to be him. 'Cause we got to find this here Sangraal, hain't we? Fine lot we'd be, neglectin' that! I kin see any gang of knights neglectin' to go grail-huntin'. They'd be ashamed of theirselves."

"You le' me be, Woodchuck. I'm the one that knows best how Sir Galahad ought to act, and when I come across suthin he'd do, why, I'll up and do it slick."

"Huh!" grunted Woodchuck, and then, craning his neck: "There goes the sheriff. They're a-goin' to arrest the feller this mornin'. I heard Justice Marley sayin' they were."

"This mornin'!" Gummy's heart stood still. "Be ye sure?"

"Said so, didn't I?"

Gummy halted.

"I got to do suthin! I got to do suthin!" he repeated to himself with a pathetic doggedness. "I got to git him out of this fix somehow. I jest got to!"

All at once he turned on Woodchuck. "You go 'long to school," he said in an odd voice. "You tell Mr. Breeze I hain't a-comin'. And say, Woodchuck, you kind of tell the fellers you seen me and everythin', and I wan't scairt. I wisht you'd tell 'em that, mebby come recess time."

"What ye talkin' about?" asked the suddenly bewildered Woodchuck.

"Yeah," said Gummy, "and twenty year hain't so awful long."

"It's darn long," said Woodchuck "Why?"

"Nothin'," said Gummy, "on'y I'm kind of sorry about this Galahad business and all, and I cal'late ye better app'int mebby Pazzy to be it on account I won't be able."

"Why won't ye be able?"

"It's on account of suthin. It's on account I got suthin to do so as I won't be able to do nothin' but what I got to do. It's kind of goin' to take up all my time for quite a spell. . . . There goes the bell a-ringin'. Prob'ly I won't see ye fur quite a while, Woodchuck, nor the fellers. Anyhow, I dunno's I'd made much of a fist at bein' Sir Galahad."

"Say, be you sick or suthin?"

"No," said Gummy a bit unevenly. He was saying farewell and looking down the long, long stretch of years—twenty of them, standing all in dreadful line. It would be twenty years before he saw Woodchuck again. But he mustn't give even a hint. He must clamp shut his mouth so that Woodchuck would never guess. "You better git a move on," he said, and Woodchuck moved.

Gummy turned on his heel. His face was pale, but his chin was very firm and his lips set and his eyes steadfast as he walked rapidly back toward the center of town. At the last he almost ran, because he feared his resolution might give out and because he wanted to have it over with. He flung into Justice Marley's office, confronting the judge and the sheriff and the deputy, who sat there smoking.

"You don't need to go arrestin' nobuddy," he said. "That is, I mean you hain't got a right to go arrestin' nobuddy only me. You dassent arrest nobuddy else on account I'm the one that done it."

"Done what?" demanded the sheriff with a scowl.

Done what? They could ask such a question when there was but one thing that had been done! He rather stared at them before he answered.

"Why," he said, "the robbin', now, of ol' Tyrus Bone's store and everythin'. I'm the one that brasted—I mean busted—in and whanged open his ol' safe and took his ol' money. And ye kin go right ahead and send me to the penitentiary fur twenty year whenever you've a mind to."

"Huh!" the sheriff grunted ferociously. "You done it, eh? What fur?"

"Fur the money," said Gummy.

"Where's the money at?" demanded the sheriff.

"I hid it, and I hain't a-goin' to give it up, neither. I hid it in a dog-gone good place and buried it so as nobuddy kin ever find it but me, and when I git out I'm a-goin' to have it to spend."

"Deppity Sands," said the sheriff, "this here needs lookin' into. You go fetch his pa."

"You needn't to do no sich thing. I druther you didn't. I druther you sent me off to the penitentiary 'fore he knowed it a-tall."

"I warrant ye," said Squire Marley. "Git him, Sands."

Gummy stood trembling and waiting while the deputy walked half a block and returned with Mr. White, who showed perturbation, to put it mildly, when he saw his son in this company.

"Now tell it agin," said the sheriff to Gummy.

(Continued on Page 165)

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PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

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(Continued from Page 162)

"I told it once," said Gummy. "I hain't got to keep tellin' it all the time, have I? Hain't once enough?"

"What's the boy done, sheriff?" asked Mr. White.

"Jest let him tell," said the sheriff grimly.

"I told 'em I done it—I busted into Bone's and took his ol' money. I'm the robber they're all a-lookin' fur."

"He's crazy," said Mr. White, suddenly aghast. "He was at home in his bed."

"You jest thought I was," said Gummy. "I sneaked out and done it, and the' hain't nobuddy kin prove I never. I tell ye I done it. I'm the one. 'Tain't nobuddy else but jest me."

Mr. White stared at his son and rubbed his jaw in perplexity. He was fairly well acquainted with Gummy—so well that he knew something lay back of this confession, but what it was he could not imagine. He turned to the officials.

"You fellers jest kind of hang onto your hosses," he said, "while the boy and me talks it over. We'll jest step into the next room, kind of, jest a minute."

Then Gummy found himself alone with his father.

It was very trying, and besides, the officers might listen.

"Whisper," he said, "so as they can't hear nothin'. They might git onto ye."

"What?" asked Mr. White.

"Lissen!" said Gummy with the sudden impatience of one whose nerves have been sorely stretched. "You wouldn't lissen to me or nothin' when I said I knowed a good hidin' place. A body'd think you wanted to git ketched. I—I don't want ye should be ketched and sent to no prison fur twenty year."

Mr. White eyed his son in silence, striving to comprehend. This, he saw, was no boyish prank, but a matter of life and death to Gummy. He saw a gleam of light.

"You mean," he said softly, "you got it into your head I done it? Was that what all your talkin' about robbers and Abe Lincoln and Washin'ton was about?"

"I knowed ye did it right off. I seen ye sneak in the back way and I seen ye count the money. Didn't I try to git ye to hide or suthin?"

"And when I wouldn't," said Mr. White, still in a voice which was not altogether his own, "you cal'lated to own up and save me from goin' to jail?"

"Whisper!" said Gummy.

"You aimed to go to jail fur twenty year"—here Mr. White's voice did a strange thing that sounded like a gulp—"so I wouldn't have to go? That was your idee, Gummy?"

"I—I didn't want 'em ketchin' you," said Gummy.

"Um—I cal'late we kin go back into the other room now. I cal'late we kin." He opened the door and stepped through, his hand on Gummy's shoulder. "I kind of got to the root of it, sheriff," he said.

"Wa-al," said the sheriff, "if you feel you hain't able to larrup him sufficient fur sich a caper, I kin lend a hand."

Now Mr. White was the smallest man in that room, but of a sudden he seemed large.

"Larrup him, eh?" he said to the sheriff in a belligerent manner. "Jest lemme hear one of you fellers mentionin' larrupin' this boy and we'll kind of see who's biggest! I guess you hear that plain, eh? Larrup him! Say, if I had a billion dollars I'd swap it off jest like that fur what happened today! Or two billion either!"

"Hain't no reason to go to war," said Justice Marley placatingly.

"Hain't, hey? Jest wait till one of ye gits a boy that's willin' to do what my boy jest done—go to jail fur twenty year to save his pa! And then somebuddy mention larrupin'!"

"What?" bellowed the sheriff.

"He thought I done it. He seen me countin' the money I borrowed off of you 'n' Marley that night, and kind of jumped to conclusions."

"I swan to man!" swore the judge.

"He didn't know we ketched that French-Canadian lumberjack that was hangin' around, did he?" asked the sheriff. "Ketched him with the money on him this mornin' and got him all safe and sound."

Gummy looked from one to the other. "You—d'ye mean pa never done it? Somebuddy else is ketched?"

"Sure as shootin'!"

Gummy sat down in a chair with a thud. His legs, which fortitude had given strength, refused longer to sustain him. He felt weak and somehow ridiculous. But he did not feel ridiculous long.

"I dunno's I blame ye fur bein' kind of proud of him," said the judge. "It was a kind of a darn-fool boy thing to do, but I dunno but what it took consid'able backbone."

Mr. White snorted. "I guess him 'n' me don't have to say much. I cal'late we understand each other, don't we, Gummy?"

Gummy looked up into his father's face and knew they did understand each other, and grief and shame and anxiety departed from him.

IV

IT WAS Saturday morning. The Round Table was in session. Gummy addressed the meeting.

"I guess," he said, "I'll have to kind of go in fur ordinary joustin' and raysin' and traysin' and brastin'. The' don't seem to be no quests nor no deeds fit fur Sir Galahad anywheres around here. It's kind of too bad, too, on account I'd like to be Sir Galahad like it ought to be done. I wisht jest once I could run onto sich a adventure."

"'Tain't likely, not in Lombardy," said Woodchuck.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Q.: Do people without schooling succeed?

A.: Sometimes.

Q.: Well, what's the point?

A.: The world today is looking for trained minds, not untrained ones.

Q.: Where are the young men and women of tomorrow standing at the present moment?

A.: On the threshold.

Q.: The threshold of what?

A.: Life and half a dozen good synonyms.

Q.: Graduation should not be considered what?

A.: An ending.

Q.: What is it?

A.: Merely the beginning.

Q.: The beginning of what?

A.: Everything that really counts.

Q.: Would it be fitting to give advice?

A.: No.

Q.: Why not?

A.: Because it is human nature to ignore advice.

Q.: Then how does human nature learn?

A.: In the school of adversity and hard, hard knocks.

Q.: Is not that a pretty stern message for hopeful youth?

A.: Yes.

Q.: Nevertheless, would the speaker be doing right by his audience if he failed to mention it?

A.: He would not.

Q.: Is there any way to avoid this post-graduate course?

A.: It is inevitable.

Q.: Can nothing whatever be done about it?

A.: Well, perhaps.

Q.: What?

A.: Give them a lot of advice.

—*David B. Park.*

They Don't Do Right by Lady Poets

WHEN the wind screeches,
By the firelight
I love to read the poems
The lady poets write.

Of the gallant lovers
With witching eyes,
On their lips, hunger,
In their hearts, lies.

Rains of roses
Curtained the day;
But deep 'mid the petals
Agony lay.

Beauty drowned the singers
A little hour; thereat
All the gallant lovers
Left them flat.

Now, in the cold house
Where love was slain,
The singers are hugging
Their cruel, sweet pain.

By the lovers forgotten—
Who misbehave—
Their heart's blood drips—
Brave—brave.

Oh, faithless gallants
Who loved long ago,
How can you treat all
The lady poets so?

Hear you not the strains of woe
The stricken ones chant?—
I'd like to meet the lovers
And get their slant.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Under Her Hat

ONE little nose—a part aristocrat—
Was all the jealous hat brim would disclose,
But I'd have known her anywhere, by that
One little nose!
What luck to overtake her and propose
A stroll, some luncheon and a cozy chat,
Secluding her from sundry rival beaux?

I hailed her with a brisk, familiar pat—
A stranger turned, grim, cross-eyed, bellicose!
Whose visage lurks within the modern hat,
One little knows!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

The Enthusiast

I'M JUST a duffer, nothing more,
Though often something less.
It takes three figures for my score
I'll candidly confess.
But when, with Lady Luck for guide,
I break a century,
A champion's joy is tame beside
My beatific glee.

My drives are always somewhat weak
And very seldom clean.
I'm helpless with a spoon or cleek;
I'm short at every green;
I top or pull each mashie shot;
Deep divots mark my wake;
At every hole it is my lot
Three putts or more to take.

But he who's won the champion's fame,
The fame that cannot die,
Can ne'er extract from his loved game
So real a thrill as I.
Although he's master of his sticks
The sweeter joy is mine;
He cannot thrill to sixty-six
As I to ninety-nine!

—*Dalnar Devening.*

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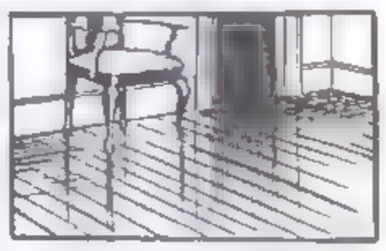

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DOUBLE BLUE PENNANT

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

(Continued from Page 9)

blessing and lounged deeper in his easy-chairs and were glad they were not he. Which was very suitable, as it was all they could afford.

Evan spotted Marjory as soon as he entered the Greens' hall and his heart sank. Marjory, slender and tall, with her hair the color of the gold on the sides of the big pagoda; Marjory, her beauty set off by the sister who had come out to be her bridesmaid—the vivacious and dark Kathleen, who was hardly more than a schoolgirl.

Evan knew he was a lost man. For Marjory was everything he had always feared she would be. Not noisy, but rather thoughtful, with flashes of quick wit like sunshine on the sea. She could talk about books, too, which endeared any man to Evan, even if he had not started prepossessed.

Mrs. Markham, little and stout and flurried, said: "I have heard such a lot about you, Mr. Stansfield, and I have wanted so much to meet you. Will has talked of you by the hour, and of all your kindness. So tiresome for them, isn't it, this wedding being put off and poor Will going up to the frontier? I am sure soldiers do lead restless lives. Kathleen ought to have gone back by the next boat, really. It's all wrong, her staying out at her age—don't you think so?"

Evan had no views on the education of young ladies. He looked at Kathleen, little and dark and vivacious. He wondered how Mrs. Markham had ever managed to produce such good-looking daughters. He pondered on the versatility of Nature and so was not good at small talk. Mrs. Markham mentally registered the observation that he might be reliable but he was certainly dull. She hailed the appearance of Mrs. Green with delight. Mrs. Green wore white-and-silver trimmings and it did not seem to matter.

"I've been telling Louisa all about you, Evan, and what a help you are to us overworked mammas. And what she is longing to know, but probably too shy to ask you, is whether you will look after her girls at the moonlight picnic next week, as well as Maisie."

Evan said he would do anything he could. Despair ate at his heart about that time. He saw what was coming. He heard Mrs. Markham's voice going on and on—all about rheumatism and the cold night air—and so immensely kind of you. But he was not listening. He was surveying the trap into which he had now neatly fallen. Not only had he met Marjory and found her even more darling than he feared; he had pledged himself to be her escort and her chaperon upon many a magic moonlight-painted night, under slim palm trees, where the gold pagoda that was the color of her hair mirrored itself in the quiet waters.

By and by he was sitting on a sofa with Marjory and she was thanking him:

"It's frightfully nice of you to bring us home next week. Poor mother finds life rather tiring at these shows. I've heard such a lot about you from Will, and I've always wanted to meet you."

"I go about very little. You see, I've been out here for years and years, and when you've been out here for years and years you get rather out of the gayeties."

"About a hundred years, I expect it is," said Marjory with a little quiver in her voice.

He turned to her, laughing suddenly. "You are making fun of me!"

"Don't you rather ask for it, trying to be so very elderly so soon?"

She did not think him old and dull! The darling! But he pulled himself together, remembering Will; remembering the wise resolution of his youth to treat all women as if they were his sisters or his aunts.

So he said conventionally, "How do you like Burma?"

"It's lovely. I have never enjoyed myself so much. I had no idea life was such fun."

Sudden compassion filled him, as it always filled him at the sight of anything very young. He wished he could spend his life preventing her from finding out that life is not fun—in guarding her for always against the cruelty of it and the carelessness of it.

So he went away quickly and played a balloon game with Kathleen, leaving Marjory with Captain Chester, who was as well groomed as a barber's block and had two brown eyes like sloes in a mahogany face and was generally voted the best-looking man that had been in Rangoon since 1921. The balloon game was not much in his line. You tied a string over the drawing-room and blew balloons over it. All the air was full of alien blow. But Kathleen seemed quite pleased with him as a partner. She was a pretty little thing, but rather squeaky.

When he went home Mrs. Markham wrung his hand. She said, "Then I may rely on you next week?"

He heard her voice going on and on—rheumatism on the water—cold night air—so kind of you. . . . In the drawing-room, he could see Captain Chester's black head very close to Marjory's gold one at the piano. He wished he had never come. A man was better keeping away from all this sort of functions, which deal out only heartache.

He bowed over Mrs. Markham's hand with that Old World courtesy all his young men copied so that you could always pick them out in any place where one or two are gathered together. He went back to his flat. The young men were still there, singing to his ukulele, reading Tennyson or Masefield.

Kathleen Markham, yawning in her little white nightie, said: "Marjory, I can't think why we have such a collection of old fogies to dinner. The only good one there tonight was Captain Chester, and he's in love with you. I don't think engaged people ought to have other people in love with them."

"He has a mustache like the antennæ of a beetle."

"Oh, go on! I know jolly well you are sweet on him too. You needn't pretend to me."

Marjory brushed her hair that was like the golden sides of the golden pagoda. She said, "Well, what's wrong with Mr. Stansfield? You seemed to be getting on very well with him."

"He's old as Methuselah. I was looking at it from a glamorous point of view."

Glamour? She let the brush fall idly from her hand and stared out of the window. Over the tree tops you got a glimpse of the river and the clustered lights on the river bank far away that looked like a fairyland forlorn, a kingdom of dreams come true. But you knew now they were only Syriam and Thilawa, where they distill the oil and make the candles. And that was glamour, thought Marjory!

"People never know what they want until they don't get it," said Marjory, which seemed a silly remark.

"Oh, well, Margy, I'm sure it will be great fun if you chuck Will for Captain Chester, and I wouldn't blame you. I love his brown wooden-looking face."

Marjory gave a tremulous little laugh but said nothing and went on brushing her hair.

Heaven will protect the poor workingman. On a sudden and out of space came a chance for Evan Stansfield to go home on six months' leave.

"You'd better take it this year, as I want to go next," said Bunker Green. "You've looked pulled down of late and a change will do you good."

At any other time Evan would have refused the kind offer and remained with his boys. They depended such a lot on him,

(Continued on Page 169)

BURKE 50-50

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An interview with the Health Director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society

by ALLAN L. BENSON

A MAN with fifteen hundred thousand persons under his observation learns a good deal about human life.

Dr. Arthur Geiringer is head of the Equitable's Health Conservation Service. He makes his observations through the twenty thousand physicians who are helping him to help a million and a half policy holders keep alive and healthy.

"Everything having to do with health is important," says Dr. Geiringer, "but one thing is most important of all—that is sleep.

"All health—even life itself—is pivoted upon sound sleep. Seventy days and more one may go without food and still live; ten days or so without water; but a week without any sleep would wreck a giant and a few days more would put him in a madhouse—or a cemetery.

"It is all very simple. Your nerve centers are your power house from which every organ you have gets the energy and impulse to drive it. Work and wakefulness draw upon your power reserve. Rest and sleep permit a new supply to accumulate."

The modern tendency in great cities is to assume that sleep is more or less unnecessary—something one may skimp without serious results.

"Ten percent of the business men in America," says Dr. Geiringer, "are on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The average man feels only fairly well. Unquestionably the basic cause in practically all these cases is lack of sufficient rest and relaxation.

"If you would feel your best and live long—be sure to get plenty of sleep."

This is the message the Health Director of the Equitable Life is sending out to a million and a half policy holders—again and again and again.

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SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

(Continued from Page 167)

those lads of his. But it meant he would be out of Rangoon when Will returned from the frontier to his bliss and the white invitations with silver printing went around, requesting the pleasure of everyone's company at the marriage of Marjory Grace to William Chaucer Adeane, and afterward at the Pegu Club. It would mean missing also the spectacle of Will's consternation when he had to reveal to an unsympathetic world the horrid fact that his second name was Chaucer. But Evan wanted to get away, to try to forget about things he could not forget about, and he knew he never would if he remained in Rangoon. So the news was broken to the young gentlemen of the Table Round and they were very sad.

"I don't know what will happen to us chaps when you have gone home. We shall never stand the wear and tear of this country without this place to come to in the evening."

So it was decided that the fiat should remain open and that Robbie King should be acting president of the Table Round to enforce the rules of same until Evan's return. They would lead a quiet life and speak no slander—no, nor listen to it—and honor their own words and lead sweet lives of purest chastity and raise the standard of courtesy between man and man, treating all women as their sisters or aunts, until such a time as he returned to them.

"It's time our bachelor had a holiday," they said. "Our bachelor has not been himself for some weeks." So they consoled themselves, saying it was for his good.

Evan broke the news to Marjory on the night of the moonlight picnic—that still, white, flawless night. The moon regarded her features in the lake without a qualm, like a lady in the early thirties, still unafraid of what she may find there. Like a knight errant in a dinner jacket, Evan had set off, followed by the blessings of his young men. And on the way down to the clubhouse, where they took to the boats, Evan broke his piece of news.

The girls said nothing whatever. He was not sure that Marjory had heard. Why should she bother to hear? She would not be interested.

He found himself in a punt with Kathleen Markham, bound for a distant island where sausages and mashed potatoes awaited them. Kathleen was desolate because Marjory had drawn Captain Chester's boat. She did not think it fair of Marjory, who was already engaged. However, there was no reason why her evening should be completely spoiled. She looked at Evan in the moonlight and found him not unhandsome. After all, even at his age there must be some glimmerings of romance left, thought Kathleen.

So she said "Don't you adore the moonlight?" As he made no reply, watching other punts, she said, "I do simply adore it, on the water like this—all shiny. It makes one think of ——"

She had to break off, not able to remember at the moment what it made her think of. She languished a lily-white hand in the water and wondered if he noticed how lily-white and delicate it was.

Presently he said, "So you go back to school again after all this."

Dastardly of him to spoil her pleasure reminding her of that. . . . It would be almost better to marry a man like Evan than go back to school. The hot afternoons. The smell of ginghams and ink.

She said, "Mother does not understand. . . . I am much too old. How shall I face life there again? Those hideous dormitories—the girls' futile chatter—after all this."

Her voice quivered, and not entirely with art. It was a blighting prospect. They were approaching the island fringed with delicate palms. Beside them on the water lay the mirrored face of the moon, like a lady drowned in her middle youth.

"Of course I could marry," said Kathleen, as if all she had to do was lift a finger and fell a suitor. "But I'm not the sort of girl who could marry just for—well, a means to an end—to stay out here, I mean. Although I know lots of girls do. It would have to be love with me —or nothing."

Evan smiled in the darkness. The kid had been reading too many novels. She ought to be smacked and sent home.

"Take Marjory now. She's not the least in love with Will. She's just marrying him because she once said she would at home, and she doesn't like the idea of breaking her promise."

"My dear child, you have no business to say things like that."

"Why not? I'm her sister. And this conversation is quite confidential. I mean, you are not to go and tell anyone else. I can tell you what it is. Will is getting fat, and fat is a thing that has always made Margy squirm."

"I don't think your sister would be pleased if she heard you talking in this way about her affairs."

"Oh, Margy knows I say what I think. Besides, I know something more. She is in love with somebody else."

"Kathleen, be quiet!"

"Oh, yes, she is! She's as good as said so. If you'd heard all the things she said about glamour and dreams going bust and that sort of thing, which isn't right at nineteen."

Oh, Marjory, with your wonder golden hair! You are never going to make a mess of your life from the very start? If only he could have had the charge of her, to order her goings in the right way and keep her from knocking herself on the hard corners of the world! Whom had she to help her? Only Mrs. Markham, little and stout and harried, who knew no more of the world than does the cat that hurries to the fireside for its saucer of cream. If she did not love Will she must not marry him. Someone must warn her what it meant—tell her that all life asks of us is that we shall be brave and strong.

Of course this vivacious little chatterbox might be lying. But suppose she wasn't? The risk was too awful to take.

Now they had reached the island. Now they were met by dulcet strains on ukuleles and the scent of frizzling sausages filled the moonlit air. They were dancing on the lake edge by moonlight—all the young people—and Evan spread a rug he had brought with him and sat down to watch them; not envying youth, but filled with a great compassion because of all they did not know about the carelessness and cruelty of life.

Suddenly he saw that Marjory was sitting beside him. She sat, her head thrown back, her hands clasped round her knees, all he had ever wanted and all that he could not have. He tried to think that one day she, too, would be tired and old and all the glory of her hair faded to gray. But it did not seem to matter. What a darling she would be when her hair was gray and there were laughter lines about her eyes.

She said, out of the silence, "I want to ask you something." He grunted, lighting his pipe. "Ought people always to keep their word?" she demanded pitifully.

He said: "No; not if keeping it in a small way means they are going to have to break it presently in a larger way. You've got to keep perspective in these matters."

"Supposing a girl was going to marry someone and found she didn't want to marry him any more, would it be awful of her to say she wouldn't marry him? Supposing he had already got the—the cake and things?"

So that was it! The little baggage had not lied.

He said: "No one should embark, with their eyes open, on a living lie. What good could ever come of anything like that?"

"I don't know why I've told you. You can guess, I suppose. . . . Yes, I do know why I've told you. You are the only person I felt would give me a common-sensical answer and not preach at me. The solemn truth is I thought I loved Will when I was seventeen, because everyone kept on telling me I did. And when I got out here I found I didn't. I like him awfully. I want to be friends with him for always and I can't bear

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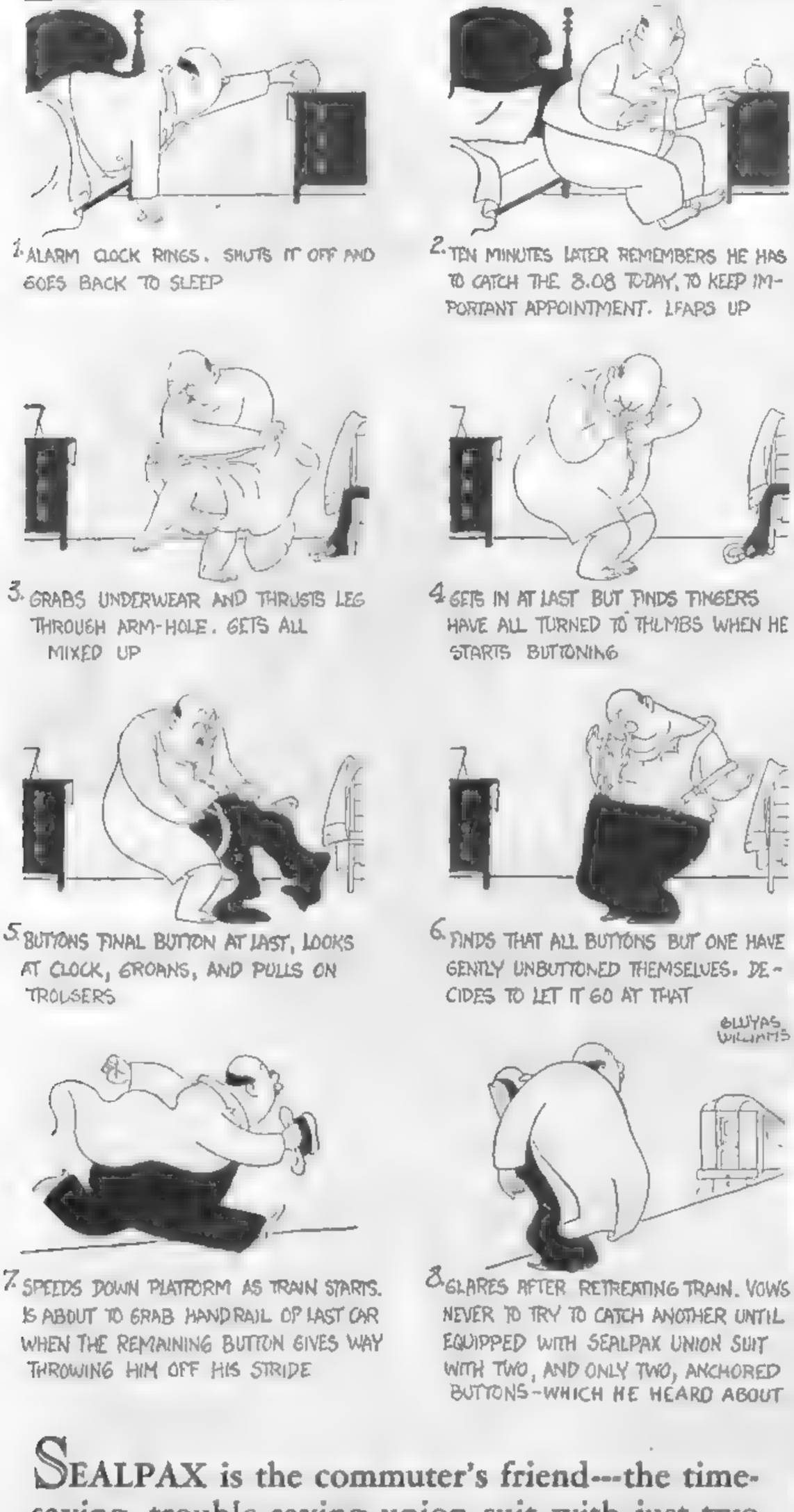
WHY MEN MISS TRAINS . . . by Gluyas Williams


1. ALARM CLOCK RINGS. SHUTS IT OFF AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP
2. TEN MINUTES LATER REMEMBERS HE HAS TO CATCH THE 8.08 TODAY, TO KEEP IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT. LEAPS UP
3. GRABS UNDERWEAR AND THRUSTS LEG THROUGH ARM-HOLE. GETS ALL MIXED UP
4. GETS IN AT LAST BUT FINDS FINGERS HAVE ALL TURNED TO THUMBS WHEN HE STARTS BUTTONING
5. BUTTONS FINAL BUTTON AT LAST, LOOKS AT CLOCK, GROANS, AND PULLS ON TROUSERS
6. FINDS THAT ALL BUTTONS BUT ONE HAVE GENTLY UNBUTTONED THEMSELVES. DECIDES TO LET IT GO AT THAT
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
7. SPEEDS DOWN PLATFORM AS TRAIN STARTS. IS ABOUT TO GRAB HANDRAIL OF LAST CAR WHEN THE REMAINING BUTTON GIVES WAY THROWING HIM OFF HIS STRIDE
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the idea of hurting him. But I don't want to marry him." There was a little silence before Evan could trust himself to speak. Out of it she said, "I suppose that happens to quite a lot of people."

"Yes, it probably happens to quite a lot of people. And it is wrong and cowardly to go on with it. It is being more afraid of what people say than of your own conscience. For what people say is like the buzzing of mosquitoes—presently it goes away."

He said hoarsely, "There's someone else, I suppose."

"There's someone else."

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

She shook her head. "Not yet."

"Then go to him and tell him to get you out of it and take you away."

"It wouldn't be a dirty trick?" she asked.

"It would be a dirtier trick to stay."

She stood up, facing him in the moonlight. "Thank you," she said. "Wish us good luck."

"Good luck to you."

"We need it," she said in a bleak little voice.

After that they had to eat sausages and mashed potatoes. After that he had to drive them all home, packed in the back of the car, himself in the driving seat with the native driver beside him. And the occupants of other cars, going home friendly-like, two and two under a sleepy moon, would laugh as they passed, saying, "*Voilà*, Sir Galahad. The firm's bachelor is on duty again tonight."

January crept to its close. Already the hot-weather bird had made his appearance. He called on the river bank: "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?" Faintly at first, but gaining confidence as the sun's rays strengthened. Only another ten days and Evan would be off home on one of the white ships that lay at anchor below the Hastings Shoal.

He stood in the window stroking his chin. Presently his lads would come in. He was sorry to leave them, but Rob King would keep them together. Rob had character, for all he was not generally popular in Rangoon, where they thought him a conceited young man. Poor old Rob, who had been jilted by a girl at home and never recovered. . . . And Buddy Graves would help to watch the younger ones. A good chap—a walking advertisement for the English public-school system, and he did not know it. Not much wrong with young Gerry Gray, either. He was still a kid and needed looking after at times.

Mark Hill was the greatest anxiety to them. Mark, with his tendency to keep company with young ladies out of the bazaar and young ladies from the Lower Poozendaung Road. He would make them responsible for Mark, also for Peter. Poor little Peter Tait had nearly died of enteric the previous rains and he hadn't the constitution of a cat. Yet he was always the first to volunteer to go out with the lifeboats and fire engines and to try to perform feats of Herculean strength that would have knocked out strong men. Buddy would look after Peter. They had struck up a great friendship. A rather incongruous friendship, but it promised to be the making of Peter Tait. He hadn't been much good when he first came out—an impossible youth, with all the wrong clothes.

He stroked his chin. The door opened. The lads were coming in.

He did not turn until a voice said, "It's me. I've come to tell you something."

Marjory stood there. She looked small and frightened. He went over to her anxiously and took her hand.

"What is it? Can I do anything?"

"It's just like this." He could see how difficult it was for her to speak: "I can't marry Will. And I've come to say"—he had to bend quite close to catch the words—"please, please take me home with you."

"Marjory—Marjory ——"

She nodded, her eyes full of tears. "That's all. It's my one chance of happiness and I'm taking it. I'm being brave and strong, as you told me to. It's awful of me, I know. But something about the way you said you were going home made me think perhaps you wouldn't mind. It's been since the first time I saw you, only you never gave me any reason to suppose—anything—until that time you said you were going home—abruptly."

Of course he must be mad—blithering. Of course this was all a dream, and presently the door would open and his young men would come in, one by one, and Marjory would fade.

Only another dream. But her hand was very warm and soft inside his own.

"Darling, darling, darling—I'm too old. I'm not good enough for you. I'm far too old and uninteresting."

"I know you think you are. That was what made me brave enough to come and tell you that I didn't think you were. And it makes my blood boil the way everyone takes advantage of you and fags you—just like a maiden aunt."

He took her in his arms. "It's madness! Think what people will say!"

"The things people say are like the buzzes of mosquitoes—they die away. You said so yourself."

"Your mother trusted me as a complete chaperon, and look at me! How can I do this sort of thing, darling—darling?"

"You're being more afraid of what people say than of your own conscience!"

"I'm not—I won't. . . . If you're sure——"

"I've been sure from the very first minute, when I saw you come onto the ship the morning we arrived."

He held her closely in his arms.

"So was I."

"Well, then," said Marjory comfortably. And shortly she said, "In any case I wouldn't have married Will. I told him so ten days ago, and we are always going to be quite good friends."

He stood with his cheek against her hair. He was fortyish. Daylight had gone and twilight lengthened on the river, where, far away, lay a twinkling cluster of lights. But now they were not merely Syriam and Thilawa, where they distill the oil and make the candles, but a fairyland forlorn, a kingdom of dreams come true.

Robbie King entered, whistling, stopped abruptly and turned and went away—went upstairs into the Chummery, where all the young men dwelt together.

"Chaps," he said, "our bachelor is no more."

They stared at one another in consternation.

There was a rattle and the sound of a slipping rope. The watchman was lowering for the night the flag that flew from the office roof.

Looking Toward the Endicott Mountains, Alaska

Many a Race is Won by the Man Who Doesn't Pull an Oar

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More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

(Continued from Page 7)

Do all the farmers vote for the Democrats, so they can get in and cut down the tariff and get cheaper manufactured things? No: just a few in the South that don't raise anything but cotton, and don't have enough to buy anything even if the tariff was cut down. Well, why don't the big farming States of the Middle and Northwest vote for the party that wants to lower the tariff? Because they are Republicans. Well, why are they Republicans? Because they were against slavery. When was they against slavery? In 1861. Well, ain't the war over? Yes, but the North don't know it. Well, ain't slavery over? Yes, it's over for everybody but the Farmer. Well, ain't a Farmer's problem, whether he be in Maine, Georgia, South Dakota, Michigan or Arizona—ain't it the same? Yes. Well, then why don't they all vote together at least, either on one side or the other? Because their fathers dident vote that way, and it's against Tradition. What is Tradition? It's the thing we laugh at the English for having, and we beat them practicing it.

Well, what is the Farmer's solution? There is no solution. It will just be forty years' argument, the same as Prohibition. But the two things will always furnish a Campaign measure and give us something to argue over, and as long as we got something steady to argue over, why, we can always stop long enough to laugh at Mexico and Ireland for not settling their problems quicker. Now I imagine by the time this gets to you, with No Air Mail, that Mary McHaughen Bill will be looking you in the face again. Those Congressmen and Senators that will pass it up to you know that it won't work, but it saves their face with the Go Devil and Gang Plow Boys back home.

Me and Morrow been talking this thing all over. 'Course he comes from Wall Street and ain't supposed to know much about farming, but he does. You know, when you have worked on the J.P.M. range, why, you just about got to know everything. You never know what end of the country a loan might come up from, and you got to know what the collateral is.

Reclaiming Barren Land

Well, we all went back to the train, run the Automobiles up the runways into the special baggage cars and all went in for a big dinner in the diner. The next place we visited was a great Dam that was to irrigate thousands and thousands of acres. I forget the exact figures, but it was a bigger project by far for them than the Boulder Dam would be for us—of course I mean compared to the resources of the two Countries. It looked mighty good out there at this tremendous big works, seeing all these old American Engineer Boys. Met their families and all. They are having a fine time, have good quarters and are all learning the language; kids going to school there. They will be a couple of years on some of these works.

Lots of fine young Mexicans too that spoke English and that have responsible positions under the American Contractors. One Dam we visited there, the American Newspaper boys dug up American Engineers from nineteen different Colleges up home. Lots of them you have heard of in Football. Naturally you would have to hear of a College man in football if you heard of him at all, for he could be the best Student in the World and never crash a Sunday Supplement.

You sure was proud of those big strapping old boys in their Overalls and high boots, away out there in a barren Country, putting over a big Engineering feat that would attract tremendous publicity if done near one of our big Cities. And when you think that this same big Company has 'em working like that on big projects in Egypt, Russia, South Africa, South America and all over the World—it sure makes you proud of your Country when you see 'em away off that way, and when you think they are there for a real constructive purpose, doing work that in ten years they can go back and see dozens of little towns and thousands of prosperous little farmers, all thriving and making a living, where, when these Boys first went there, it was nothing but desert.

That's the way to get to understand all our neighbors on the south—do it with Engineers and Road builders and our fine Doctors.

I am not a-hinting anything, but I would like to see you get the Boys out of Nicaragua by July Fourth. I know it's kinder hard to turn around—we got in so far and the road keeps getting narrower and rougher. But I do wish you would figure some way of backing out. Who was the Guy that figured out the way for us to go in there in the first place? Get him; he must be kinder original. So see if he can't think of some unique excuse to get us out like he did to get us in.

Not Cowardice But Justice

I think Nations talk too much about their Moral rights, when, as a matter of fact, I don't think they have got any, any of them. Nations are always yapping about their Honor, when, if you just read an unbiased history of all their carryings on since they first started, they just ain't got much honor, and it's because they know it at heart is why they are so jealous about protecting what little they have got. Did you ever notice the fellow in a party who is always getting insulted the quickest and oftenest, is really, if you know him, a Guy that it wouldent be possible to insult?

What causes trouble with Nations is they are too conceited to admit they are ever wrong. If Nations ever arrive at that stage where they are as Big as individuals, and can acknowledge they are sometimes in the wrong—not have to have it arbitrated and ask the other side to give in something so it won't look so bad for you—but just to come right out and admit: "Boys, we made the wrong move. It ain't cowardice that is making us apologize; it's just Justice." Big men can do it, but big Nations "Got their Honor to protect," and just because they don't do big things is just the reason I say they havent got any Honor.

Now I am not a-hinting that we are wrong in this particular case. But when we start out trying to make everybody have "Moral" elections, why, it just don't look like we going to have Marines enough to go round. 'Course we don't need 'em here at home. We got our elections going along on a pretty good basis. We don't regulate 'em by morals; we regulate 'em by supply and demand. Now this year I think will be a good year. I think votes ought to bring more than they ever did.

But I do hope if the boys have to stay there, that they will have a good honest square election—no caucuses, no Campaign funds, no trading Delegates; just a real election, where everybody walks up and votes for who he wants to. I hope the Marines will have some Cameras there and take pictures of it, and bring them back up here and show 'em all over, and then their trip might not have been in vain. Only thing, we are liable to take the picture for a comedy. Now about this Sardino that we're trying to can. Now I don't know if you know it or not, but they, in these Countries, don't always look on a fellow that is out in the hills fighting, as a bandit.

Now take right here in Mexico, and old Poncho Villa. You can get just about as many or mebbe more that will tell you he was really on the level, and that he was a Patriot and wanted to do his country a real

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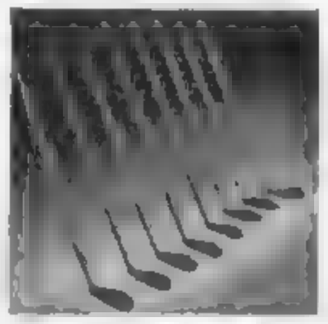

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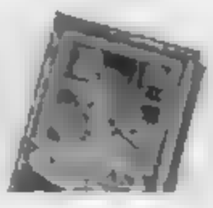

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And with the younger set, from the time when little lips can "tootle" the first hesitant notes to those school and college years in which it is the main object in life to "shine" among one's companions, girls and boys feel that they simply must learn to play the harmonica, and so be "up-to-date".

This great and growing popularity of the harmonica is one of the most important factors in the movement which has so aptly been described as "the musical renaissance of America". Harmonica instruction in the schools of the Nation has given new impetus to the study of music—the formation of thousands of harmonica bands has demonstrated the value of the harmonica in fostering desirable personal and civic characteristics.

IF YOU have never tried to play a harmonica—or have tried and made but little progress—send now for the free instruction book offered below. You will be amazed and delighted at the ease with which you can master the simple fundamentals and the quickness with which you will be ready to render accurately the selections which are provided in the instruction book.

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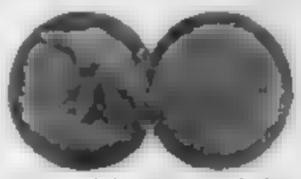

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service. They claim at heart, if he liked you, that he wasent a bad Hombre. Now if you remember that far back, we dident have a whole lot of luck trapping him, and he was right here in the next country joining us, where we was right next to all our supplies and equipment. We had him surrounded one time in a town called Las Quas Ka Jasbo, but we couldent find anybody who knew where Las Quas Ka Jasbo was.

Now if you can get people in a country who think that Villa was on the level, and was doing what he was for the good of his country, what must be the feeling in Nicaragua about this Sardino, who, they tell me, a whole lot of the Nicaraguans look on as a real Patriot? He wants us to get out of there, and he will then come in and behave himself.

Of course if we don't catch him, we can come out and always refer to it as an "Expeditionary Excursion." That's what the Government calls a thing when they don't get away with it. If they are a success, why, they are referred to as War, but if not, why, we try to laugh it off as an "Expeditionary Force." I guess that's what the Democrats call most of their elections. It's not elections; it's "An Expeditionary Excursion momentarily in politics."

The one bad part about these Razzees we are always making into somebody else's territory is they make our Soldiers look bad. They go into a Country where they havent got a Ghost of an equal chance with the fellow they are after. He is among friends, with the whole country to live off of, and it makes it look like a great big Nation can't even capture some fellow with one-hundredth part of their military strength. It's not fair to our Marines and Soldiers. 'Course the elections that they are in there to cauterize don't come off till October, so as soon as that election is over, why, I would have planes and special boats right ready to jump them out of there and make Chicago by November fourth.

It's a good thing Nicaragua arranged their election so that our troops would have time for the jump to Chicago by November. Of course that's liable to bring on some International complications, that sending of America Marines to Chicago. You know, a short time ago the American Government sent some Prohibition officers into that Country and Chicago made a holler about it. They were going to take it up with the League of Nations, till they found that England was a member of the League. They claimed an outside Government had no right to send in prohibition Agents to capture booze and then undersell the local enforcement ones.

Old Models Exchanged

But if I was you I wouldent let 'em bluff me. I would go on in there with the Marines. We took 'em into Mexico, Haiti and Nicaragua, and let's don't make any exception with Chicago just because it's bigger. The first thing you know people will be saying, "Well, America won't supervise and purify elections in big Countries; they only pick on the little ones and make them be good."

If I can get a Passport Vessayed and arranged, I am going into Chicago after I leave this Country. I met a fellow here in Mexico, he is going there too. He has been negotiating with President Thompson of Chicago in regard to a big ammunition contract. This fellow is from the Krupps' in Germany. Other firms have had the contracts in Chicago, but on account of elections coming on, they just couldent supply the demand. These firms seem to have give pretty good satisfaction in the old days when they was shooting just Pistols; and even when they remodeled, and made everybody bring in their Pistols and exchange 'em for Machine Guns, why, these Ammunition firms speeded up production and seemed to keep up with the demand.

But when this new edict come out for everybody to bring in their Machine Guns, and exchange 'em for Bombs or Pineapples, the firms just couldent keep up with that, and so that is why this Krupp man is here on his way there. His firm is going to not only supply the scrapnel for these Bombs but he has an idea that he can get Chicago to make another change and go from the Bombs to the Big Berthas and the Tanks. He has a plan whereby you can exchange in your Bombs and they will give you a liberal allowance on a Tank. They have 'em that will go in your Garage, and anybody that can run a car can fire one. He tells me that he can make delivery on 'em by November, in time for elections.

I am anxious to be there and see that election. I am covering it for a bunch of European Dailies. 'Course, down here in these Foreign Countries they are all pulling for King George to make a good showing. But George is going up against a pretty tough fellow when he matches it with this present President of Chicago. I don't know whether you know it or not, Calvin, but it's an old personal animosity between the two men.

They fell out over wearing apparel. George sent word to Bill Thompson that if he ever come to England he would receive him, but that he would have to wear Knee Breeches. Well, Bill said that "Any Country where they wore Knee Breeches for no apparent reason whatever was cuckoo." And George went haywire when he heard that, and sent word back to Bill "That any country where a man in a City wore a Cowboy hat, sitting in an office all day, was Hooey."

Unnecessary Precautions

So that's the whole lowdown on this Chicago-English Feud. They are split over knee breeches and Cowboy hats. I imagine in a controversy of that kind you would string with the Cowboy-hat Guy. I saw your Picture all last summer with those on, but I never have caught you in the Rompers yet. I forgot to tell you I am going up to Chicago with this Krupp fellow, for he speaks the language and can act as Interpreter for me.

And, say, talking about Guns and Soldiers, why, we got a peek at some today. We are in a part of the Country where she is very much Chicago. There is a lot of Bandit bands around here. The Americans working on the Big dam at this place watched a battle over a few miles in the valley the other day between two rival Gangs. Only these poor Devils are so primitive down here they are still shooting with Rifles and Pistols. It only shows you what little Progress Banditry and Gangs have made here.

We had to drive out about twenty-five miles from the little Station where our Special train was sidetracked, to get to the dam. Well, the authorities of that State had made every precaution to protect our party, in case they were liable to get overambitious and try and raid our Gang. I think the bandits used splendid judgment in not doing so. Not on account of the danger, but on account of having their raid for nothing. For while we had a President and an Ambassador and a lot of Big Engineers and Mexican Officials, I don't honestly believe there was $200 in the entire Party.

Well, all along the tops of the hills you would see mebbe seventy-five or a hundred Soldiers on little Mexican Ponies standing up there guarding the road, and all scattered along in various places there was dozens of troops of them.

They sure was a mighty picturesque-looking lot. There was quite a contrast between these Presidential Guards we had on our train and all of our Staff Officers, compared to these troops that are really operating out in the field.

These old Lads out here in the Cactus was a-riding anything they could get their Meguays on—every kind of Pony and Mule and all kinds of saddles and uniforms. Well, they had on everything in the way of

(Continued on Page 176)

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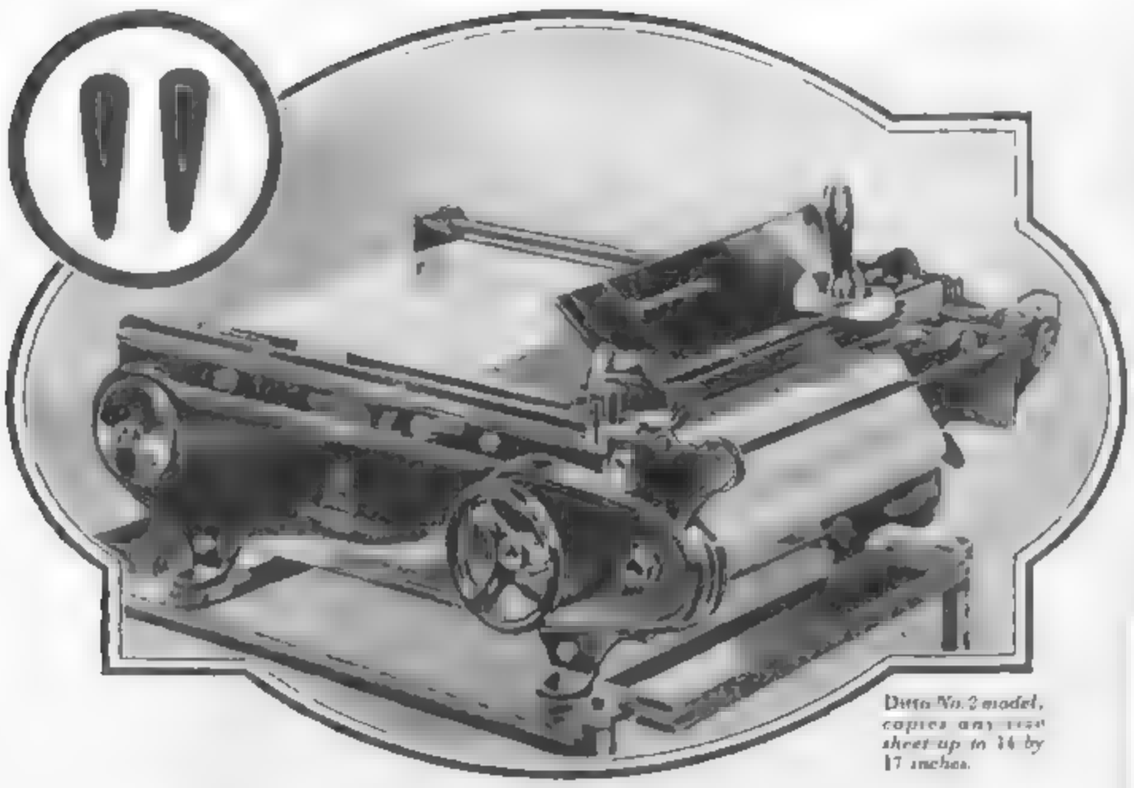

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(Continued from Page 174)

a uniform that ever was wore in any country's army, with the possible exception of a Red Cross Nurse's Middy and Skirt. A Masquerade ball couldent have showed any greater variety. They just carry a blanket, or Serapah, and when night comes there ain't any Taps at the Barracks. These old Boys just find some cactus where the thorns are all running one way and spread their Serapah down, kinder dust the rattlesnakes over to one side, find a soft top rock for a pillow and stake their pony to a Yucca. Mebbe they have got a little sack of Freeholys—beans—and some Tortillas—biscuits shaped like a pancake. Their commissary Department is generally tied behind their saddles. If you run a little short of grub, why, you just borrow the makings of another Cigarette.

There is no Cooking vans and Tents and Pneumatic pillows and beds move with these Babies. When a Mexican soldier rides up and gets off, there ain't any use of him waiting for the Cooks and Pie wagons to show up, for they ain't coming. He rides through a field and breaks off a few Sugar cane stalks and he is set for that whole campaign. You know, that's why us and England can never catch these kind of Indian Skirmish warfare band of opponents. Down in South Africa, where I was one time, they never could get this old De Wet, the Boer General. The Boers traveled and eat and slept just like the Mexicans. When they was hungry, they just reached back and untied the leg of a sheep and eat their breakfast, lunch and Dinner while they kept moving. Every time the English would get close to him why it would be Tea time and they would all have to stop to pour. And it's the same with us, or any regular big high-powered, big-time Army.

That's why we won't get this Sardino. He will be a thriving on Bananas and Coconuts and Pineapples and sugar cane while our old Marines are used to those Navy beans and Salt Pork and a lot of steaks and Biscuits and Light bread. A Banana is all right with us, but it's got to be in a Banana Split, with some ice Cream spread over it. Pineapple is all right for a Sundae, but for a diet to pursue a Nicaraguan on, why, it just ain't being used in the best Armies. Sugar cane is all right, but it's got to be rendered up into a liquid and have some nice Buckwheat cakes to sprinkle it on. You see, we feed our Soldiers, and all those Armies down there pay theirs so much a day and he feeds himself. So if there is any kicking at the grub down there, he has to take up the complaint with himself.

Just Call Him General

That's how these Generals down here sometimes get such a stand-in with their men. It's the way they look after them and dig up places and stuff where the men have a chance to get something. That's where a lot of the loyalty to some of these Generals starts. If he looks after his men well, he soon has him a big Army and a lot of influence.

Now there is an awful lot of Generals down here. Sometimes it don't look like there was enough Privates to go round. I believe—I won't be sure, but I think they told me there was around six hundred in their Army compared to, I think, less than a Hundred in ours. I might be wrong, but I doubt it. Anyhow, I do know that that was the ratio; it was six to one more than us. Of course, all their Governors and big—what we would call Political officeholders are all Generals.

But the Generals they don't come in much contact with the Soldiers. The Generals are mostly around the Cities. The Soldiers are out in the Country, with mebbe one General watching them in a certain Territory. But the Generals are mostly stationed around the Cafés, especially in Mexico City. You can walk into a big Café in Mexico City at night and holler, "Hello, General," and it's like hollering "Hello, Abe" in the lobby of a New York Hotel. You will have everybody in the place answering you. I don't know why they all want to be Generals down there. It's just a kind of little racial weakness that they can't help. All races have something that we can't account for.

They like to put on their Uniforms and strut around. It's a pride with 'em, just like Americans gets all diked up in his Golf Breeches and sweater, and struts. Now mebbe he couldent coax a steel ball into a hole with a Magnetic needle, but he just likes to get those clothes on. You take the costume away from Golf and the thing wouldent last twenty-four hours. And it's the same with a Mexican General on military and Feast days. There is hundreds of those Generals in Mexico that couldent lead a Regiment in a battle any more than some of these Men we have in Humorous costumes could lead an opponent to the eighteenth green.

Scaring Away the Enemy

But don't get the idea that they are all that way. Say, they got some real two-fisted Generals down there. There is one little Guy I must tell you about him some time. It's General Amaro. He is Secretary of War. He would be a Military man in any man's country. And General Escobar and General Lemone and Almasans and Cruze and Obregón—don't overlook him as General outside his political record. There is some great Characters among these Generals—a lot of humor and some great stories. I got to tell you one before I close. This was told to me by General Obregón at his home one night for dinner. Here's his story:

"I was laying off one time between Revolutions. It was a kinder slack season, so just to keep my hand in, I thought I would form me one of my own till a better one showed up. So I got me a bunch of peons together, drilled 'em all up a little bit and decided to go over the mountains and take another town, where another General held.

"Now this Bird had a couple of small Artillery pieces—in fact that's how he held the town. I got my amateur Army all up and ready to attack the town, when one of these Cannons went off. Well, my soldiers sure took to the Mesquite. They scattered like a covey of quail. It was like a train whistling when you are trying to pen a herd of wild steers.

"Well, I went out and headed off my army and got it all rounded up. You see, it's the first time they had ever heard a cannon. A rifle shot had been about as far as their Revolutionary experience had carried them. They thought, 'Why, here we come over for a nice pleasant sociable revolution, and this other side springs all this big-League stuff on us!' They thought somebody had unconsciously thrown 'em into the middle of the European war.

"Well, I got 'em about ready for another charge, when the enemy Cannon bellowed a second time. Off again! Back to the tall Cactus! They patted Jack rabbits and Coyotes on the back as they passed 'em. Well, I got 'em all assembled again and ready for another race as soon as the starting cannon fired, when a Captain come up to me—I had made him Captain, as he had shoes. If he had had boots, he would have been a General.

"This Captain says, 'General, those cannons are not as bad, I don't think, as they are supposed to be. I thought when a Cannon shot, everybody got killed. But here they have shot twice and nobody has been hit. You know what I think they are for? I think they are just made to scare a lot of PENDAHOS.'"

Now the word "Pendahos" means half-wit, bonehead, Dumb. In fact we havent a word in our language that covers as much ground as this word "Pendaho." Obregón listened to him—this Obregón has a lot of humor—get this remark—and then said:

"Yes, they are made to scare Pendahos, and that's what makes it very dangerous for our Army."

That fellow that told me that is the next President, and so you are going to have to brush up on your humor to keep up with that bird. I must tell you the next time about us going to the big Ranch to spend the day, and how they put on the private Bullfight in their own ring, and how the President went right in himself and fought 'em.

Well, here's looking at you!

Yours,
WILL.

DID THEY WANT IT?

(Continued from Page 15)

minorities and a system which tends to produce the weakest, the most impotent cardboard politicians not only in chambers, parliaments and legislatures but in the administrative offices of government which they blackmail or dominate.

Grey points out that modern-day democracy has demanded of any leader too much overwork and speech-making. He says, with sly humor perhaps, "But to demand too many speeches turns him into an expert in thinking what can be said rather than what should be thought."

He says that not only is too much put upon leaders but too much is put upon parhamentary government itself. He cites the burden put upon parliaments by the rise of a new complex industrialism and its conflicts. He takes the position that industrialism should skin its own civets. What if it does not? What if parliaments, organized as they have been organized, fail to keep society, dominated by issues of industrialism or of coming conflicts between city and country, urban and rural, Eastern and Western interests, in order? What if parliaments fail to prevent chaos to the state?

Mussolini would say that when a class or industrial struggle becomes a menace to society it is the function of government to regulate it. If parliaments cannot, then discard them and build a wholly new state that can. The Mussolini argument is that we have not yet exhausted imagination in the forms of so-called self-government. For instance, as I shall show later, the new proposals in Italy set up a government which is far from that conceived by the theories of liberals or socialists and much more like the government of corporations as conceived by the American business man.

"In every democracy the general flow is toward extension of the franchise," says one distinguished English observer. "No one has heard of any mild restrictions leading in the direction of choosing only the most fit voters for self-government. Only a march on Rome produces that result, and the trend is always the other way. This year will mark in England the extension of suffrage to women on complete equality with men. In Japan the rise of industrialism has done much to turn that country to solutions of its problems of unrest by the extension of suffrage among men. Everywhere it is extension and more extension. No doubt it may be maintained that extension of suffrage, if not carried on too swiftly, tends to educate citizenship while not admitting too many who are not fit to vote. But is this the practice? For instance, were women fit to vote in the sense that their voting had brought the benefits supposed? Are the benefits observable?"

Semi-Professional Pauperism

General observation everywhere as to the results of woman suffrage does not indicate that there have been any decisive changes either in the purity or the efficiency of democratic politics. Shrewd observers will say that the woman vote has a tendency to increase legislation, because women become enthused by proposals for social reforms on paper and also yield with graceful sentiment to proposed legislation which may be called social-worker legislation, founded on the general principle that the social-worker salaried class can induce parliament or congress to take something out of the common fund contributed by all the taxpayers and hand it to some small class that happens to need the money. In general, all extensions of suffrage have this tendency.

The system of doles in England is an example of the kind of burden and semi-professional or amateur pauperism which may be saddled on a people by social-worker philosophy. What the addition in Japan of 8,000,000 voters to the 3,000,000 will do cannot be answered. On February twentieth there went to the polls about 80 per cent of the electorate, but the novelty of the newly extended suffrage will not be repeated. An English correspondent in the East writes:

"It must be admitted that while Japanese statesmanship in the past has often reached the heights, party politics have sometimes wallowed in the mire."

Though political observers see on the Japanese horizon victory for democracy, there are few who will not say that such a victory may only bring about a pulling and hauling for power and special privilege and socialization movements which will be another name for devices to put a grasping hand into the public coffers.

Making Democracy Safe

Says one daily paper: "Stringent provisions have been made against bribery, but it is thought that the real defense against it is that the new electorate is too large for candidates to corrupt out of their own pockets; they must now resort to the more progressive method of promises to be made good by the taxpayers."

All this attention paid in England to Japan expanding democracy merely reflects the swelling accumulation of doubt in British minds as to the workings of their own democracy. Premier Baldwin addresses the women of England as to their extended suffrage, saying: "I have faith in a free democracy. I rejoice in its advent and I believe the country will be enriched by the step we are taking. But it is for you to justify my faith." And to the youth of England a little later he asserts his faith in democracy, but he dusted off and brought to light the old paraphrase of Wilson's slogan and tells the young that theirs must be the task of "making democracy safe for the world"; and then, perhaps casting his weather eye on other nations that have come croppers with parliamentary government, he states something of a situation with desperation in it, for he says: "It is essential for world peace and progress that the country stands like a rock in the waves, however rough they may be." He said: "Democracy is on its trial. That is true. Democracy, after all, is only one of many forms of government." He went on to speak, however, of tyranny and democracy as if there were nothing else, and in this he omitted the obvious seeking of the peoples of nearly half the nations of Europe to find a way to abandon both. As someone has remarked, the choice is not between being a blonde or a burglar.

All in all, a survey in England today reveals a more or less universal admission that parliamentary government is slipping in its efficiency, in its standards and in its position in the people's respect. It may be said that it fails to attract the quality of men it used to attract to its service. It may be said that more and more it erects party domination at the expense of the development of strong individual leaders of thought and makers of measures. It may be said that the extensions of suffrage have made something less than any improvement. It may be said that special-pap legislation, whether it be to maintain a dole or hand-out system for a seemingly long-lived class of dependents or to protect the British

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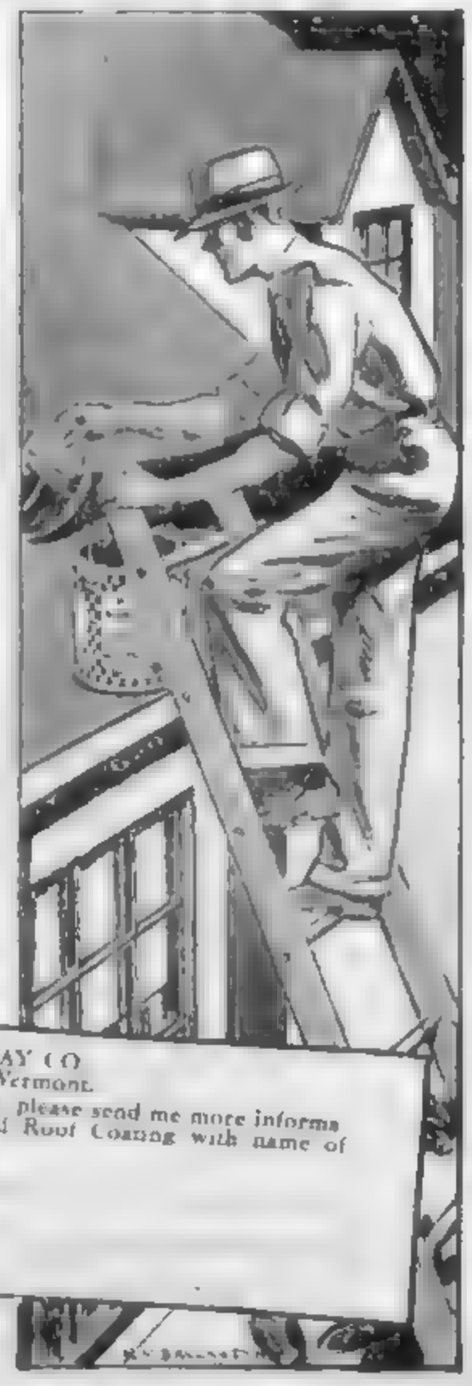

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film industry, is an indication that what one M. P. calls Mamma-Buy-Me-That minority legislation which went through European parliaments like the Spanish flu, has arrived in the very stronghold of democracy with all the accompaniment of social welfareism.

It may be said with Viscount Grey that the drift is toward a multi-party system of self-government. It may be said that there is an intense dissatisfaction with the electoral machinery itself, so that sober Englishmen in the year 1928, Conservatives, Liberals and Labor Party, solemnly consider on the floor of the House such experiments as Italy tried and France has been trying, with the proportional-representation systems or with the newer devices of the second-ballot system by which the voters are asked to come to the polls again to settle things in an elimination carnival, or alternative voting, which they have been trying in Canada.

The second-alternative-ballot system in France is giving concern in regard to the spring elections, because in spite of all the theories as to these devices it is quite possible for two parties to make deals in advance of second ballots or alternative situations so that a third or some other party is wholly squeezed out.

Giolitti, who introduced the proportional-representation system as tried in Italy, told me once that it only added to the woes of the multi-party situation; and in France, during the last elections, I watched with sadness mixed with amusement the attempts of French citizens to find out who and what they were voting for, and how. And it seemed to me that toward these elaborate and complicated plans to make parliamentary government better there was in the hearts of the crowd a profound and funereal realization that this was not the self-government they had wanted after all.

Did they want it?

In France today there is an ever-growing desire not for return to monarchy, not even for a dictatorship, but for some form of government which would replace the succession of ministries, presidents, Chamber of Deputies, elections, blocs, empty fights for power, political salons which introduce into French politics the faint odor of perfume.

"This thing we call government," writes a French business man, "is no more a part of me than it is of the small French proprietor of cultivated land or of the workman on the streets. It causes us boredom and irritation, and if that is self-government we did not want it after all."

A Common Complaint

I reminded one French journalist that according to a commonly held opinion the danger of dictatorships was that they were usually governments which came to a sudden end.

"And the trouble with parliamentary government as an institution is that it never does," was his reply.

"Nothing is done," is the common complaint in France. Monsieur Franklin Bouillon, who has a skill in resourceful proposals in foreign affairs and French politics, sees the method by which combines of minorities block effective progress in a government's financial policy. As early as February, before May elections, he is found advocating, perhaps futilely, a four-year truce during which the parties which subscribe to it will abstain from electoral alliances with any party which refuses to assume responsibilities of office.

"This is another proposal," says a French political observer wearily, "which follows on the various national union and cartel agreements as a part of our eternal squirming to escape the tentacles of our multi-party system."

To the communists the dilemma of a nation which is caught in the net of self-government is an eternal source of joyful hilarity in the sleeve. And a writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes who reviews the increased planting of communist "cells" in France and the extent of boring within which has gone on, suggests that France, in a possible future crisis, coming after a period of disgust with parliamentary futility, might be in more danger of a communist *coup d'état* than most of us, who dislike alarmists, realize. The two subjects in Europe which today introduce expressions of fear of Bolshevism are first, the possibility of war and, secondly, the distaste of peoples who have fought for self-government, with the self-government they got. War in America is painted as fearful because it brings suffering to the human body; war in Europe is considered a menace because it might bring Bolshevism. Dissatisfaction with so-called representative government is treated in America as a menace to the continuity of democracy; in Europe it is often treated as a dangerous ticket office to Bolshevism. In America we pooh-pooh Bolshevism, but Europe does not.

Simple But Not Original

There is a much more adequate realization in Europe that the seizure of a capital, of other cities and of the railways and telegraph centers, is much more easily done than we suppose. There is a realization that, as in Russia, a small minority, not even of the same racial stock, once in the saddle, can ride for decades on the backs of unwilling millions. With this realization, the French Government has expelled from France nearly 10,000 persons in one year. It has suppressed twenty seditious papers and has locked up more than 100 communists, of whom fourteen are members of the official communist propaganda staff. In the French Chambers there was no strong denial made of the allegation by a member that communist "cells," or cuckoo eggs, have been planted in many infantry and artillery regiments, and in the navy. The Revue des Deux Mondes writer believes in the Paris police, but expresses doubt whether the Paris troop garrison can be relied upon because of the French soldiers' reluctance to fire on the people. For this reason, to the distrust and disgust aimed at parliaments, several European nations now add the fear that if parliaments grow too weak, and there is no adequate substitute for them and for a comic succession of the weak ministries dependent upon these flabby, futile institutions of debate that scramble for petty power and intrigue, then Bolshevism will provide a substitute.

In Germany the figure of Hindenburg engages more and more the imagination of the people. If the parliamentary government should flop in some crisis, there is no question that the preference—the will of the people—would be for a strong-minded, trusted man rather than a mob with a theory.

There are in Germany the growlings of impatience with any government by a multi-party system which so balls up affairs that President Hindenburg feels it expedient in February to intervene in a mildly disciplinary fashion, perhaps exceeding his constitutional powers. Germany today, on referendum, would approve that interference and ask for more.

The Germans, since the establishment of the republic in 1918, have seen the machine skidding toward the brinks. There was the postwar invasion of Bolshevism, and then the rudder went over to the Putsch abortive revolution of 1920. Again the steering gear was jammed to the starboard of communism in 1921, and then, rather unexpectedly to those of us who were near, a certain solidarity was created by the French occupation of the Ruhr, while the League of Nations looked on. Altogether there have been fifteen ministries in Germany in ten years, and certain German newspapers speak often of "Germany's psychopathic democracy."

I have asked a first-rate German diplomat who is a liberal what Germany needs most. His answer has some of the charm of simplicity but no originality in the European field. He replied laconically:

"A strong leader."

(Continued on Page 181)

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Ram's Head FABRICS

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL

American Woolen Company

Styles of Colorful Beauty for Men and Women

(Continued from Page 178)

To the extent of his power, which exceeds that of the President of France, Hindenburg has twice jerked up the government with strong letters to the chancellor. It is not too much to say that if the Reichstag fails to provide efficient government or to leave the country in bad fixes in order to play peanut politics, Hindenburg will be expected by the German people to supply a taste of government which, in the sense that self-government is parliamentary representation, will not be self-government at all. In other words, if their will fails in expression because of the flabbiness of a machine, they will most decidedly try to lean upon the backbone of a man.

"There may be two reasons for this," says a German professor of government. "The first is that there is democratic common sense if no democratic sentiment; the second is that it is easier for a people to be well governed than it is for them to be self-governed. And there is a third reason: The figure of a strong leader—not a tyrant—never loses its captivating quality."

"We must remember," says another observer of German politics, "that in the last election and the one preceding it our party system must have appeared to the voters as being a system of multiplying cell growth. As I remember, in one of these elections we had some thirty or forty parties, and if most of them had gone to the Reich, almost none of them could have accomplished anything in their program; so that all that would have been left to them would have been the forming of combinations, trades and blocs to irritate or menace the government's administration. This is government by blackmail, and the people in the end will never stand it, for it is not a system of creativeness but of destruction."

In different setting, but in like trend, the newer democracies of Europe, supposed to herald a kind of short-cut perfection, have gone quickly toward the rocks—or toward new forms of government.

In Poland the same kind of yearning for a strong man exists that one finds in Germany.

One may make the mistake of thinking of Poland as small. It has a population within a few millions of those of France, and of Italy, and of England, Scotland and Wales.

When Small Parties Multiply

I asked one of the Polish authorities to furnish me with a statement of the progress of the constitutional government—the parliamentary self-government built under the leadership of a military man, Marshal Joseph Pilsudski, who had been commander in chief of the Polish forces in the war. In one report occurs this illuminating sentence:

"In short time the parliament of Poland, elected with a very democratic system, rendered it possible for the parliamentary groups to multiply themselves, and thus the continuation of a solid government was impossible."

The consequence requires no great explanation. In Poland, no ministry could stand. A cat-and-dog fight ensued. Pilsudski, apparently a testy, clinch-handed man, but a patriot, took battalions—and possession. He cleared off the ground, separated dogs, cats, rats and weasels, and all the rest of the multiplying factions in self-government, and started Poland off afresh on democratic electoral government. That's twice. What does Pilsudski want?

"He wants," said a Polish banker with the peculiar Polish frankness that pops out at times, "to have the administrative government absolutely guaranteed from the combinations and intrigues of parties." In other words, all that he wants is the result that Franklin Bouillon seeks in France. Says one of my correspondents: "The system of the political elections is very bad in Poland. It is based on proportionalism and results in many factions and intrigues, but in the next legislature this will be reformed."

The sum total for Poland? The sum total shows that parliamentary government, left alone, almost blew up in the faces of the self-governed. And a strong man was there to mend the pieces. Did the people turn toward the pieces or toward the strong man? Fortunately, here we have a test, because the latest Polish electoral returns are in. There were the Right Block, Christian Democrats, Korfanty, National Labor, Socialist, Radical Peasant, Communist, National Minorities, and so on and so on, but the government lists took a vast plurality, which means Pilsudski received an overwhelming approval of the Polish people. More than 70 per cent of the voters went to the polls, and there was a landslide for a military man who, disregarding hairsplitting quibbles, is now the dictator of Poland, wearing—shall we say?—a kind of constitutional halo. Europe is full of virtual dictators who are dressed in the garb of presidents and prime ministers, but the fact of their one-man leadership is usually a comfort to populations who do not object as much to the sign Democracy over their doors as they do to the futilities of any real democracy which they have experienced.

Out on the Sidewalk

Jugo-Slavia is a monarchy with a parliamentary government. The latter is going through all the seances, tumbling acts, futilities and overproduction of poisonous gases which have afflicted others at one time or another. This year, at a time when relations between Italy and Jugo-Slavia were somewhat more undulating than usual, the Italians were able to laugh when they saw so much of the parliamentary muddle going on in Belgrade, for it looked like old times in Rome. From February eighth to February twenty-third, when a coalition cabinet was formed, it appeared impossible to obtain a ministry. The king, it appeared, would be forced to find some man with a sword and soldiers and sense—a Pilsudski or a General Primo de Rivera—to take charge of the country. There is nothing about the makeshift cabinet formed to indicate that it will last long. The processes of so-called self-government in Jugo-Slavia have brought the people face to face with another parliamentary machine which fails to govern, and succeeds only in staging the old parliamentary drama of snarling over meatless bones and struggling for the possession of power that in the end is a power reduced to zero.

When one goes south to Greece there is some glimmer of hope for democracy. After the Great War, Greece began fighting the Turks in Asia Minor, but there was no parliamentary solidarity at home. When the Greeks were driven out of Anatolia, a military revolution expelled King Constantine. Kings, however, appear to strengthen rather than weaken parliamentary government. As in Poland, the military leadership allowed the formation of a parliamentary government and constitution. And as in Poland, it worked so badly that a general, Pangalos, felt it necessary to set it out on the sidewalk. He tried to make a parliamentary government, and another revolution showed him the egress. They said he tried too much to have a full-fledged dictatorship. Again the parliament was set up with a coalition ministry. It did some good work, but ministries are not stable. In early February another of them resigned, and there are plenty of Greeks of standing who look furtively about, hoping to see the shadow of a real leader.

In Bulgaria the picture is but slightly changed. *Coups d'état* and falling ministries! And some wistful longing for the assassinated Stambolisky, who, after all, was a man. While he lived, I myself saw Bulgaria lifted into places of dignity at international conferences; and while he lived, things at home went on for some periods in some kind of order.

In Turkey—Kemal Pasha. There is also a parliament. Kemal Pasha is the leader of the Popular Party. In September a general

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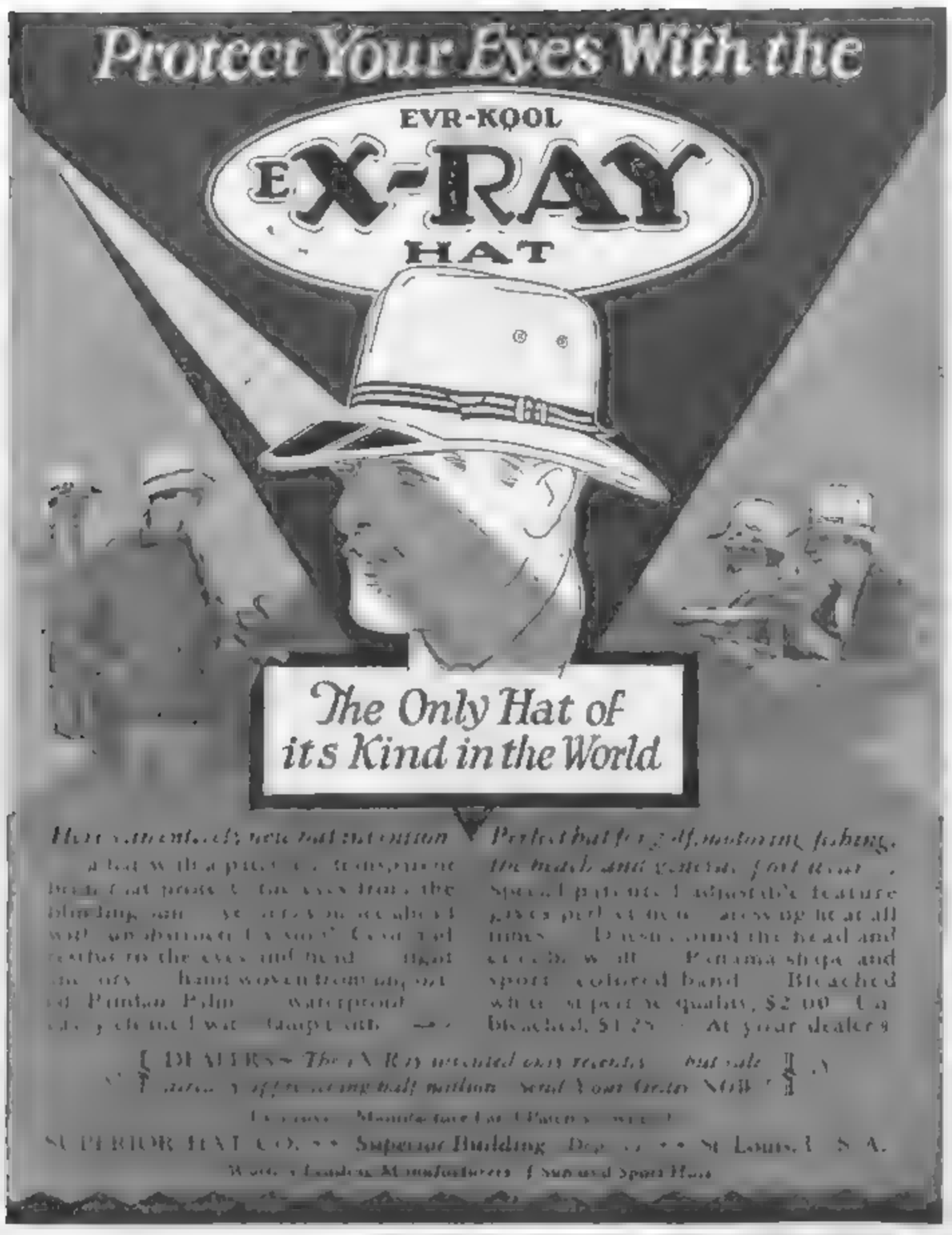

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33x5	54 40	20 65	31x5 25	31 55	19 05
34x5	56 65	21 00	30x6 00	35 20	19 80
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election was held in Turkey—this new young democracy—and out of 315 seats in the assembly not one is held by a member of any other party. Once upon a time of stress, Kemal stated his first principle. He said, if I remember exactly: "History shows that success is only gained with a capable, energetic and determined leader. We gain nothing by mere discussions." What the Turks have gained from strong leadership is so great that it is a little silly to point out the fact that it is not clear who will succeed Kemal, and therefore dictatorship is a failure.

The Nationalist movement in Turkey was designed, made and operated by Kemal, now the president. Its gains, military, diplomatic, territorial, economic, social, are amazing. Within a short span of years this is the record of what New Turkey cast out: The sultan, the intrigue of foreign powers, old customs and old costumes, harems, hocus-pocus and funny hats, the caliphate and religious burdens. What she took on was land, fighting power, a new capital, a new form of state, a diplomacy with an Oriental basis and an Occidental practicality which had all the great powers split apart while Turkish gains came up through every crack and knot hole. At the Conference of Lausanne it used to be amusing to see the statesmen trying to find out what position, politics and policy were developing out of their self-governing peoples, while the people of Turkey were represented by a yes-and-no man who, though far away, played for them their game of checkers with a single-handedness requiring no debates, no discussions, no petitions, no printing, no prattle.

It would be empty to deny that Kemal is a dictator. The National Assembly exists, to be sure. But it would be folly to say that the Turks have a dictatorship and do not want it. In other words, the will of a people may be accurately expressed in a Kemal Pasha, and it may be wholly misrepresented by a great and glorious babel of democracy in some French or German parliament.

A Conspiracy to End Conspiracies

Look at the other end of the Mediterranean. I have not been in Portugal. It is a nation which has walked along the edge of a wallow of communism. Under the example of Italy and Spain, the army and the mass of the people were unwilling to tolerate the flabbiness of action and the political domination of those governing the republic. Their remedy appeared to be a military dictatorship. There was a shake-up; then another. Somehow even these appeared less harmful than the gyrations of the old parliamentary scrabble. In speaking of the ascendancy of General Carmona as the figure of a one-man leader, the London Times says:

"It is altogether erroneous to think of the dictatorship as another case of the countless pronunciamentos and revolts that preceded it. It was, on the contrary, a conspiracy to end conspiracies; it had as an object the elimination of the politicians and their inefficient rule. As such, it has an appeal in Portugal paralleled by that of Primo de Rivera's enterprise in Spain. . . . Hitherto the intrigues of party politicians have reduced the prestige of the republic to zero."

In sixteen years in Portugal at least twenty-five separate political parties furnished more than 500 ministers to more than forty rising and falling cabinets and administrations.

Says one Portuguese: "Life appeared to be all politics and no administration; we had self-government and nothing but self-government. We and self-government were going down together and alone in a quicksand."

This is an election year in our own republic—the United States. It may be said that whatever clouds are in the sky for us, our self-government still has strength. It does not crush absolutely our leadership or our efficient administration. It may perchance avoid the acute diseases of parliamentarism which have wrecked many legislative dreams or turned many nations into that kind of defenseless jelly for which communism and all subversive plot makers pray and plan in the dark and on which they would feed.

In this year an observer in Europe sees the obvious wabbling of parliamentary governments which have Democracy still written over the door. But there is in sight for all Americans, if they choose to look abroad, not any return to monarchies or tyrannies, and above all not any prolongation of the dreary taste of failures of democracies—the seasoned or the new -in their old forms.

In Europe—and this is the sunrise part of any survey of Europe today—there is everywhere a sense of striving to find a substitute for the old and indigestible and rapidly rejected forms of democracy.

A Veto Power Against Tyranny

On the one hand there is the inevitable conclusion in Europe that parliamentary democracy, in the main, is a failure. The world was a fool when it talked of making itself safe for democracy, and it was a fool when it talked of making democracy, if it meant the systems now crumbling, safe for the world. A referendum of all the peoples of Europe—the whole population—on the question of whether the present representative systems are a success would be answered no—overwhelmingly no.

A referendum on the question of whether single strong men, if one can find them, and even if they are called dictators, as opposed to feeble and futile governments by multiparty talk and struggles for power would be preferable, would bring the answer yes.

A referendum on whether dictatorships are preferable to some new uncharted form of self-government with the least nuisance to the masses and the best governmental administration for the mass, would be answered no.

The ideal of self-government is not dead. But it is approaching the point of truth and reality. The purpose of self-government for which men and women for some centuries have given their all is being recognized as hardly more than a veto power against tyranny.

The real desire of mankind is to be well governed, retaining only the power to demand good government.

Good government is the least possible government and the least possible of laws. It is the best and most of administrative government and the least and wisest of legislative government. It is the opposite of parliamentarism, as we know it, which gives no answers, while mankind hungers for the machinery of quick, straight and courageous answers.

For the fulfillment of these desires there is astir in Europe real laboratory experiments in government. They are going on in Italy preëminently, in Hungary, in Spain and in Portugal, with its burden of illiteracy. There are stirrings toward this end in many corners.

Unworthy would be one who worked to destroy the ideal of self-government.

Worthy, indeed, is the bearer of tidings of the stretching forth of human desire for good government. What did they want—these human beings? Self-government or good government? It appears that they wanted good government.

All the subversive forces in the world would have us believe that our choice is between the thing called parliamentary democracy—government by talk, by multiplying parties, by blackmail and futility, by raids on the public purse, by successive minorities, by empty fights for imaginary power, by labels and sentimental slogans on the one hand, and on the other hand tyranny by kings, divine right, the vestiges of feudalism, special privilege, class rule and all the horrid bogies. Kings today are cheap luxuries; most of them earn their salt by acting as balance wheels. Divine right is a subject for grannies and chimney.

(Continued on Page 185)

The Labor Costs of Wives

ELECTRIC current is in three out of every four American homes.

Why then do women wield brooms and stoke fires? Why do they work with too little light? Why do they bend over old-fashioned tubs? Why do they run sewing machines by foot power, keep food in leaky ice-boxes, and swelter for lack of electric fans?

Why is the home backward electrically as compared with the factory?

Because factory costs mean success or failure; but there is no direct measure of the labor cost of a wife.

The goal is homes not meagerly lighted, but *adequately* lighted .... outlets not here and there, but *every where* .... not one or two electric appliances, but *every* one that can do a part of woman's work. Not three out of four homes electrically wired, but every home *completely electrified.*

Suppose wives were in direct competition, like manufacturers. Suppose the labor costs of all homes were published; suppose the woman whose hours, and health, and good looks are being needlessly wasted could see her life charted against the life of the woman who has every electrical help?

How quickly the homes of America would begin to be really electrified!

The duty of the electrical industry is to repeat again and again that "any woman who does any task electricity can do is working for a few cents a day."

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(Continued from Page 182)

corners; feudalism melted into industrialism, special privilege finds its way today only through Bolshevism and Teapot Dome intrigues, class rule is for the antiquity dealer. Our choice is no such this or that.

In America, and perhaps in Great Britain, we can—thank God reverently!—rock along with what we have. Mostly in the rest of the world the next development will be a search for a new form of government—for a machine that will go.

Better government—less politics.

These new forms of government will not avoid or cut around the industrial struggles, class struggles, minority struggles.

They will not make a god of self-government in the sense that no government is good unless it conforms to the ideas or the labels Democracy, Liberalism, Socialism of yesterday.

We are approaching the ideal of good stable administration and strong administration as against legislative scramble-for-power machines.

We are approaching in this ancient new world the basic idea that strong men are more valuable to us than weak measures and weak machines.

For this 1928 campaign in the United States it is all a good lesson from far away, abroad, where more human beings than live upon our own continent are, at this moment reaching out—to touch something new.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Child. In a following article he will set forth the movements in Europe to devise a new state

SUCCESS AND THE RATING CARDS

THE people who know more success secrets than any others are the employment agents. And no wonder. They have talked to and labored with and found jobs for so many that they know nearly all the earmarks of success. They also know today's formulas for getting on in the world because employers are constantly giving them those formulas. "I want a young woman to work up in the business," one will say. "Send me someone with plenty of initiative"; or from another: "Can you find me a college man who is also a self-starter?"

Now the agents know the qualities needed by self-starters as well as the qualities needed by routine workers. Furthermore, they know how to discover those qualities, after which they jot them all down on the rating card that the job seeker never sees. I was curious about those rating cards, so I went to see the managers of the most important agencies.

"What do employers want?" I asked each one, and the answers, boiled down, were "Promotion material." Every business man, whether he is looking for clerks, salesmen or field men, wants people who can and will learn the business and advance with it.

Of course there must be training. If "success is the art of being believed in," training is 50 per cent of that art. The other 50 per cent? Character, personality, appearance—in other words, what we are, which, on the agency cards, is rated as high as what we can do and opens as many doors.

"Character" ranks highest on all the cards. The growing integrity of business, the campaigns for truth in advertising, honesty in salesmanship and all that, make character the quality most in demand. It is also the quality hardest to get at in a single interview, but employment agents learn to read its signs with surprising accuracy. "How?" I asked one upon whose judgment many business houses depend for their promotion material.

"I made a great many mistakes," she said, "before I learned to recognize the selfish mouth, for instance, or the weak chin. Also I have learned to draw people out and to appraise what they tell me. A man who has a definite purpose in life and who wants to go into a certain business because he really believes in that business naturally rates higher—much higher—than the man who wants a job in just any kind of business, provided it yields his salary and conditions. Of course," she added, "I try to get work for everyone, but those rated A 1 are sent to the jobs that lead to authority and influence."

"Fitness for the job" is another important entry on the rating cards. "If only people could be made to see the importance of getting into the right work as soon as possible," one agent said. "Here is a man I'm trying to save—a bond salesman who can't hold his jobs. He has had the very best training and certainly knows bonds, but he lacks tact and understanding of people. I'm trying to switch him into financial research. That would get him away from contact with customers and at the same time would save the value of his investment training. One thing is certain," he continued; "nobody will get to the top in work he is not fitted for."

"Personality" is another word that stands out on the rating cards. It seems to be a sort of verbal hatrack on which all sorts of qualities can be hung. Only two people attempted to define it. "Character expressed," said one. "Something that inspires confidence and is pleasant to have around," said another. A third quoted an employer who explained why he always asked for people with coöperative personality. "We spend nearly all our daylight lives downtown, so of course we want to spend them with agreeable people. Everyone works better where there are no disrupting elements."

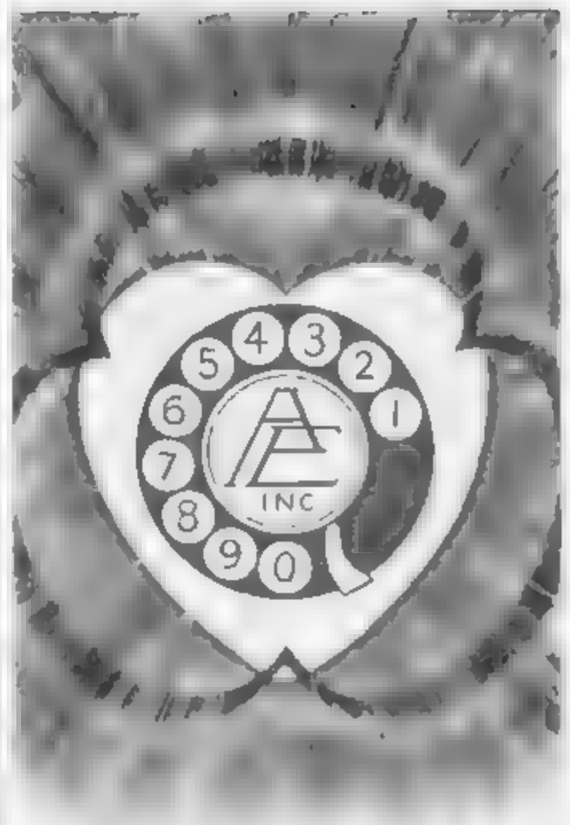
Self-confidence—not the overdeveloped ego, but the confidence that has faith in itself and in the source of its power—counts today. Every one of the employment agents stressed that and graded it high on the rating cards. How does one get that way? The sources of confidence are too many to enumerate, but health they say—radiant, energizing health—goes a long way toward creating it. It also goes a long way toward smoothing out kinks in disposition—sensitiveness, irritation and other qualities that make one hard to work with.

There are two other reasons why health has a place on the rating cards. First, it indicates a sane mode of living. Second, it keeps one young, and there is scarcely a man or woman today who does not realize the economic need of keeping young just as long as possible.

"Social background" was another prominent entry on the rating cards. Employers are calling for it with increasing frequency, especially when asking for women employes. They do not mean society people. According to one agent, "Social background implies moderation in dress, voice and manner, and that innate good breeding that never allows jealousy, temper or sensitiveness to exhibit itself," while another's definition was: "A well-balanced combination of good worker and someone pleasant to have around."

There is still another quality—one so valuable that the call for it is constantly ringing through the market place. That is "Balance." "The balanced person sees the job ahead as well as the one in hand," said an agent who has an enviable reputation for helping people to find themselves. "He has pep and dignity both, is pleasant as well as clever, and balances a keen desire to get on by an equally keen desire to be useful to the age he lives in. A person like that is sure to go a long way up the ladder of success."

—EUGENIA WALLACE.



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DON'T LET THEM DIE

(Continued from Page 13)

At four A. M. next morning Old Glory's radio whispered the last desperate words of that brave little group:

"S O S. Five hours out of Newfoundland east."

This message was caught by three liners that happened to be in the vicinity.

For weeks previously Bertaud had been coming frequently into my New York office. I was discussing navigation with him.

"It's a big chance you're taking, old man, with your single engine," I once told him. He shrugged his shoulders but did not reply.

I think that, like so many others, he was caught up in the fever of it all.

Then there was my friend Lieutenant Omdahl, whom my shipmate Bernt Balchen had brought over from Norway on the chance that he might be able to go to the South Polar regions with me. Omdahl was a typical viking, a strong, fearless fellow who had proved his worth with Amundsen on the Polar Sea in 1925, and again in the Norge in 1926. When I greeted him in New York I told him I hoped he wouldn't get the fever and try to cross the Atlantic.

"No danger of that," he said.

I believed him, because I couldn't picture a rock of a man like Omdahl being swept off his feet.

But even this calm Nordic succumbed. He accepted a job in Mrs. Grayson's ill-fated plane. Knowing that the season was late and this plane unlikely to succeed, I tried to talk Omdahl out of his ambition to fly the Atlantic. Failing to move him, I urged his intimate friend Balchen to do something to save him.

"I do something!" cried Balchen. "I can do nothing. He is a changed man since he took this disease to fly the ocean."

And so Omdahl died.

It is with a feeling of helplessness that one tries to combat an emotionalism of this sort. Logic fails. I have tried it.

"Yes," the ones I knew retorted, "you are right. We probably shan't make money. We may not become famous. We shall make no scientific observations. But we're going just the same."

Mrs. Grayson is reported to have said, "I dreamed that I should go. I am going."

A will-o'-the-wisp.

I believe that the only effective argument against this state of mind is public opinion. It does not seem practicable for the Government to step in.

The Causes of Disaster

I shall lay out in detail some of the obstacles to be met in a long air flight. Strange as it may sound, I am convinced that some of those who flew to their deaths last summer had never analyzed the problem which they faced. Had they done so, surely a few would have comprehended how slim their chances were and given up.

There are only about half a dozen major causes of disaster on a long ocean flight:

Crash at take-off due to overloaded plane and too small take-off field.
Forced landing in an unseaworthy plane.
Crash in fog or darkness.
Ice on wings and body, forcing plane down.
Fuel out, due to plane far off course from faulty navigation.
Inadequate instruments for flight.
Inexperience in flying in fog with instruments.

Every plane that attempted a transatlantic flight from the States last summer was loaded to the danger point. Lindbergh's was. Chamberlin's was. Ours was. And so on.

Fonck got a few feet off the ground with his big plane, crashed back, turned over. His plane burst into flames, burning two of his men to death.

Noel Davis and Wooster, splendid flyers and gallant officers, did not die on a start to France. Their American Légion crashed while on a test flight with their plane very heavily loaded. It landed in a salt marsh and rammed the bank of a salt-water pool. Yet Davis and Wooster were thoroughgoing scientists. They were pioneering with a three-engined biplane.

In order to get our America off the ground with her load of 15,300 pounds we had to get up speed of nearly a mile and a half a minute. With a heavy load in a big plane, such a speed is very dangerous. The slightest inequality on the ground puts a terrific strain on landing gear and fuselage.

We found only one field within a radius of hundreds of miles from New York which was big enough for taking off. This was not surprising, because most fields are laid out for use by ordinary short-run commercial or passenger planes.

One Out of Four

Our field was on Long Island, a naturally level terrain without rocks. It was nearly a mile long; it should have been two miles. Exactly the same runway had been the scene of Fonck's disaster in the previous year. He had reached the rough end of the path before he had speed enough to rise. We faced the same trouble. To obviate it we built at Fokker's suggestion a small hill at the starting end to give the plane an initial acceleration. This added in effect about 600 feet to the field.

For weeks we worked over every inch of the ground. We filled in hollows and leveled off bumps. We made soft spots hard and tamped dry earth into those which were wet. No billiard table or bowling alley was ever smoothed with more care than we put into the stretch of brown pasture that we must cover at high speed before we could start eastward. From it flew Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Levine, and Haldeman with Ruth Elder.

There are still only two or three fields fit for the hop-off of a heavy transocean plane, yet such flights are being planned in all parts of the country.

The next thing most likely to happen after the plane gets into the air is a forced landing, usually due to engine failure. Such an accident in sight of land during daylight may not be serious; especially if the plane carries a gasoline dump valve to get rid of some of the terrific load; many of the transoceanic planes of last summer were not fitted with such a dump valve. But any plane down far out at sea is in a serious plight.

Barring ice forming, it seems to me that the plane-engine formula for the single-engined plane is simple: The plane is its engine. So long as an engine keeps going, the pilot is getting somewhere. When his engine stops, his plane comes down.

After Roosevelt had talked me out of trying to fly the Atlantic in 1921, using a single-engined plane, we determined to do the job in a multi-engined plane. A plane with three engines, but capable of being kept aloft on any two, would have an enormous factor of safety compared with the single-engined machine.

The answer to this theory came last summer when 100 per cent of three-engined transoceanic planes that started reached their destination—the big army plane, the Bird of Paradise, piloted to Hawaii by Maitland and Hegenberger, and our plane, the America.

Only about one-fourth of the single-engined planes that started succeeded.

The reader may promptly wonder why more people did not use three-engined planes when the advantage of them seemed obvious. The answer to this query is simple. Planes with three engines were bigger, more expensive, more complicated, require more care to operate, need more testing for fuel consumption and load capacity and have greater resistance and weight per

(Continued on Page 188)

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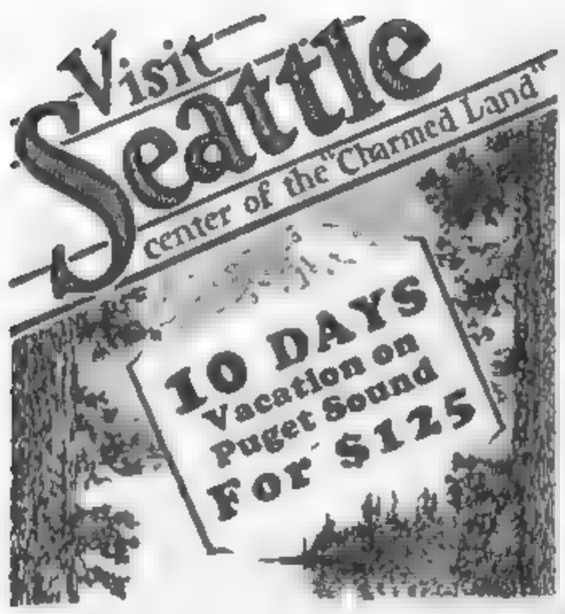

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(Continued from Page 186)

horse power. None could fly so fast or so far as a single-engined plane. For these very reasons a single-engined plane is probably the better plane to use where there are safe landing places all along the route. I wish to emphasize this point in fairness to the single-engined plane.

Then, too, the three-engined plane was an unknown quantity last summer until Maitland experimented with the army plane and we with the America. A single-engined plane was a known quantity. One could be built or bought at short notice. Usually there was one around that could be adapted to a long flight.

"Why don't you make the flight in a three-engined plane?" I asked Lieutenant Tully some time before he went to his death.

"There isn't one available," was his laconic reply.

Like some of the others, he recognized the chance he was taking, but simply did not see his way clear to avoid it. At the same time his unnaturally excited state of mind would not let him give up the rash flight at hand.

Most of those lost disappeared without the slightest trace. But one plane was picked up at sea—that of Ruth Elder and Haldeman. Their single engine was failing from a broken oil lead.

In 1919 Hawker and Grieve landed by a ship in mid-Atlantic from engine failure. How many of the lost single-engined planes came down in the ocean from engine failure?

In fairness to Lindbergh and others, I should point out that if the long flight is to be made with a single-engined plane, then probably it is better for the pilot to go alone. Without the added weight of a companion, he can fly lighter and go faster and farther, besides taking off more easily and with less risk.

There are situations where the single-engined plane must be used. In the antarctic next winter we may be forced on some of our flights to use a light single-engined plane to get over the high mountain ranges we may encounter. But in pioneering, such chances must be taken.

Another aspect of engine trouble is not the number of the engines, but the steps to be taken once trouble starts.

On a three-engined plane the trouble can to some extent be handled while still in the air. The outboard engines of the America were made accessible to the mechanic by means of cat walks built to them from our fuselage. In this way Noville or Balchen could work on a balky motor while Acosta or I flew the plane on the other two.

How different is the outlook under such circumstances from that in a single-engined plane, which must pick a landing the moment a motor starts spitting.

Good in Air or Water

If a plane is forced down into the sea, still another set of problems arises—problems which were left largely unsolved by those who met death last year. Indeed, one of the things that baffled the public was that only one of the many missing transocean planes was picked up at sea—the one in which Ruth Elder and Haldeman flew. Were the lost planes unseaworthy or were they wrecked when they struck the water? And why? Let us see.

In 1919 the Navy used big seaworthy planes, NC-1, NC-3 and NC-4, in the first attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean by air. The NC-4, under Commander A. C. Read, U. S. N., succeeded in reaching Portugal, after stopping at Newfoundland and the Azores. A great many people have expressed surprise when I recently mentioned this first crossing.

These great planes had a wing spread of 126 feet and carried four Liberty engines of 400 horse power each. There is no plane in the country today as large. The NC-4 was nearly twice the size of the army's big Bird of Paradise. But on account of the weight of these great boats their cruising radius was only about 1600 miles—less than half the distance from New York to Paris.

About 200 miles from the Azores both the NC-1 and the NC-3 were forced down. The NC-1 was picked up by a passing steamer after six hours of drifting. But the NC-3 was out several days, passing through a heavy gale and mountainous seas, before she sailed and taxied into Ponta Delgada.

In contrast to this superb performance rises the unpleasant truth that not a single plane which set out to cross any ocean last summer could have survived that 200-mile cruise of the NC-3. The average land plane, such as was widely used over the oceans in 1927, could not be expected to stay afloat on the high seas for more than a very few hours.

From the experience of the NC boats and Haldeman's landing in the ocean, I believe we can predict with fair accuracy what will happen to a land plane that comes down into rough water. At best it will strike the top of a high wave, porpoise to the top of another high wave, then shoot down the trough and bang head-on into the next oncoming wave. In a few minutes the plane goes down to the wing in the water, the wood or fabric on it quickly disintegrates, and those aboard find themselves swimming in an icy ocean beside a swamped fuselage.

A Necessity in Ocean Flights

I say at best, for if any other order of events takes place, such as the plane landing first in a trough, she will dive headlong into the wall of the next wave and be wrecked then and there. Few people grasp the powerful interplay of weights and forces that occurs when a heavy plane going sixty miles an hour swoops down among giant wave crests rolling ponderously against its course.

Strange to say, despite the chance of a forced landing at sea, few of the planes were equipped with rubber boats last summer. It seems to me that such boats are a vital part of the equipment. Ours was the result of experience on two air expeditions to the arctic regions. It had four water-tight compartments, was capable of carrying four people, besides food and gear for three weeks. There was a big water-tight tarpaulin to keep us dry. A waterproof radio with antenna lifted by kite was supplied to enable us to communicate with ships 100 miles away. Face cups for taking water out of breathed air would have kept us from suffering from thirst.

The weight of this boat was only a little more than twenty pounds, deflated. Two hand pumps were supplied for inflation, but in emergency lungs could be used. In addition, we carried in this boat another smaller rubber boat for use in emergency.

These articles, their number and design, their use and stowage, were all evolved from long study and experiment. In a forced landing at sea they might well have saved the lives of the four of us. I would not care to speak of this did I not know that most of the plans for ocean flights this summer are omitting just this sort of thing!

It is a sad thought, but I believe that some of those who died last summer did not even have a chance to use a rubber boat. Their planes were wrecked by crashing in darkness or fog.

In case of an engine failure on a dark night, when the pilot has no landing flares, he cannot see the water in trying to land and does one of two things: He levels off too high and falls or he rams his plane headlong into the ocean on his landing glide before leveling off. If he levels off a hundred or more feet up and his plane loses flying speed, he falls into a nose dive or tail spin and strikes with great force. In any one of these cases he usually crashes hard enough to wreck his plane and kill or badly injure himself and his men.

When struck hard enough, water is more resistant than concrete; for concrete is compressible and water caged by its own inertia is not.

The case of the single-engined Old Glory was, I think, a typical one; she carried no

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landing flare. Her two pilots, Hill and Bertaud, had no peers in the country in experience and ability with planes. We know that they crashed about four A.M. in pitch darkness. The pilots could not see the water. All their wonderful ability was useless as they soared downward toward the inky ocean; they could not tell when to level off for the landing. They must have hit the water at terrific speed, as shown by some shattered bits of wreckage picked up some days later and identified as parts of the plane. Though landing flares make possible a safe landing on a dark night, in thick fog, either day or night, a safe landing cannot be made. Science has not yet met this situation.

In a few years we shall have an accurate instrument for measuring altitude. The pilot will be able to tell just how high he is above a surface while descending toward it. I am now testing a very sensitive altitude recorder. The other day a French pilot made a landing without looking at the ground with such an instrument, which read to within an error of about plus or minus five feet. This device cannot be used over the ocean because it measures altitude by atmospheric pressure. The higher the plane, the less the pressure. To fix an accurate gradient, the pilot must also know the surface pressure. Only above a ship or land station where radio can be received is this possible.

Little quarter-pound flares saved our lives last June at Ver-sur-Mer. When we decided to come down we dropped three in line about 100 feet apart. When each flare struck, it lit, giving a little flame a foot high—three little flames in the black pool beneath us. They enabled us to judge our distance above the water. The balance we threw over the side lest they ignite when we plunged in and set fire to our gasoline.

There is another kind of flare that can be used to advantage at night. This is the parachute type, a light of great candle power lowered slowly by the parachute to which it is attached. Such a flare gives a pilot time to spiral down and pick a suitable spot for landing.

These all-important flares were not generally a part of the equipment of ocean flyers last summer. Will they be this summer? I believe that amber-colored searchlights on the plane itself will be perfected in a few years for night and fog landings on the ocean.

Flying Blind

One reason I urged Omdahl not to go with Mrs. Grayson was that I didn't think he had had enough night flying, which is quite different from that during the day. On the night of the departure the crew of a fishing vessel heard the thunderous noise of a falling plane, that unearthly prolongation sound between a scream and a roar which is so significant to those who understand it. A crash followed. Possibly all hands died instantly.

It is relatively easy to fly at night above or below the fog or clouds. But when in thick weather with visibility at or near zero the pilot must fly entirely by instruments; even then he is probably lost if he has not had some prior experience in flying under such conditions.

It would seem, then, that regardless of how able a day pilot the transatlantic aspirant may be, he should have experience at flying in clouds at night before he attempts the Atlantic.

For example, like many of the others, Captain Erwin, though a very great flyer in the daytime, probably lacked experience in flying by instrument at night in fog.

What this experience means is no better illustrated than by the revolving chair used to test student pilots before they try stunt work. The student is strapped in and spun over and around just as though he were in a looping or rolling airplane. Some men can emerge from these tests without great discomfort, such as dizziness, and can at all times tell in which direction they are being whirled. But the best of them soon lose their normal sense of balance and direction when blindfolded. I have seen one come out of the chair still blindfolded and told to walk right. He is just as likely to walk left.

This means that the average good flyer is liable to the same incapacity if he suddenly loses control of his plane and spins down from high altitude in fog or clouds. In a few moments he has lost all idea of the direction in which he is turning and of what he should do to take his plane out.

I can picture the pilot in this case letting his plane dip sidewise quite a little before his normal sense tells him it is not level. He brings it back quickly—too quickly, for he swings to the other side. In jerking it upright again he begins involuntarily to turn. He has nothing to tell him that he is turning. His senses don't reveal the turn unless he is banking sharply in a tight one. Before he knows it, his plane is almost vertical, spinning and falling through the night, and he crashes into the sea without really having been able to do anything to save himself.

A Coating of Ice

It is not quite fair to blame all forced landings on the engine. I have listed "ice on the wings and body of the plane" as one of the major causes of disaster.

One Atlantic flyer late last summer, when quizzed about danger from ice, replied, "It's not winter yet, is it?" He was right, in that the Navy's hydrographic chart of the ocean's surface showed warm weather clear across.

But I fear this pilot underestimated his danger. At 10,000 feet in temperate latitudes one frequently has freezing temperatures, even in late spring or early fall, as the temperature decreases with altitude. In mid-Atlantic he might have to go higher than that to get above the clouds.

Ice comes so quickly and so silently that I look on it as one of the most sinister perils the pilot has to face. I have been flying through summer sunshine, suddenly entered sleet and found ice forming almost instantly. On a big plane a paper-thin coating of ice on the wings may in the space of five minutes mount into many pounds gross weight.

Two precautions can be taken to offset ice. Thermometers can be placed all about the plane which can be read at night by means of hand flash lights. The moment the air temperature hovers round the critical point of 32 degrees the flyer knows he is in danger.

When ice formed on the America we changed our level, climbing out of the fog or descending to a warmer stratum. One reason we elected to fly high was that if we struck the critical temperature level we could dive down at high speed and so get immediately into air that was well above freezing.

It is little known that when flying in temperatures much below freezing there is small danger of ice forming on the plane. I recall that when one of the successful transatlantic flyers found himself in fog at the critical temperature he turned around and flew back until he got out of it. At night or during a storm this might not be possible.

Again I can record that apparently little thought was given to this problem by last summer's ocean flyers. Are they ignoring it again this year?

In my list I next put "lack of fuel, due to plane off course," and "inadequate instruments." Actually, these two overlap. By instruments I include those on the dashboard, such as speed and altitude meters, turn and bank indicators, compass; also devices for communicating, such as radio; and sextant for navigating.

The instruments should be luminous, so they need no electric lights to be read on a dark night. For instance, one of the transoceanic planes reported, shortly before it went silent forever, that its dashboard lights were out. Apparently its instrument dials were not luminous. Another of the transoceanic planes came within a hairbreadth

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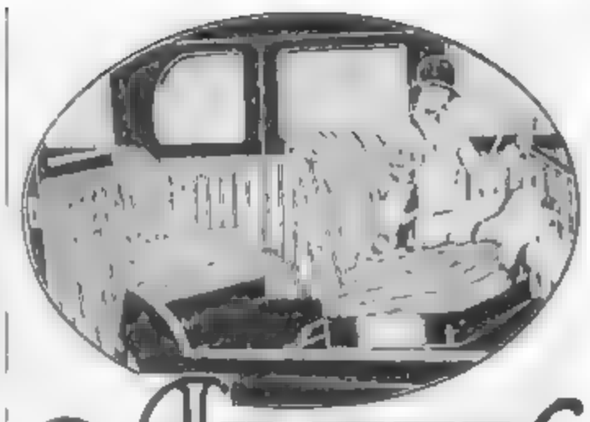

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Although Richards had had no experience along sales lines, he clipped a coupon like the one below, and became our representative in his locality. He could give only two hours a day to subscription work, or a total of 48 hours each month. Yet his profits totaled $106.80 in one month, or approximately $2.22 per hour.

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The Unbreakable Tail Light
One size turns to fit any tail lamp. Standard on Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Star. Over 4 million sold. At your dealer's.
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FILMOLENS for Head Lights—no glare—of non-fading Permalio—$1. per pair

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Prove this Barber's Secret

Twenty million barber shaves on tough beards and tender skins prove that "*Prep*" *stops razor rash*—no pull or pucker—*two minutes saved*—whiskers slide off so easy *blades last twice as long.* Ask your druggist or barber for the *barber's secret* or send dime for travel size to MARK W. ALLEN & CO., Detroit, Mich., or Windsor, Ont.

SEND DIME for TRAVEL SIZE

How Corns

Calluses are ended now

This new way stops pain in 3 seconds

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns and callus spots. No more paring. That is temporary; that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with this amazing *liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic.* The pain stops in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . instantly!

Then soon the corn begins to shrivel up and loosen. You peel it off like dead skin. The whole corn is gone. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft, new or old. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

of getting lost because their night instruments were not adequately luminous.

An important instrument is the speed and drift indicator for measuring speed over the ground and water and drift caused by the wind. Very few of the flyers last summer carried this instrument or knew anything about using it. A thirty-mile-an-hour wind whose direction is at a right angle to the course of the plane will blow it off its course thirty miles an hour. The drift indicator will enable the pilot to allow for this drift except when in fog or above or in clouds. The radio is the only answer here.

For years I have been convinced that it is worth while to make use of all devices that truly help navigate a plane. Yet I do not deny that several of the ocean flyers last summer hit their mark perfectly without resorting to any sort of navigation other than compass steering, and without radio. All the more credit to them for their skill. Their flights were superb.

But it must be remembered that cross winds and fog, quite unexpected and unpredicted, may in a few hours put a plane far off its course without the slightest knowledge on the part of the pilot how far and in which direction he is off. Fair wind and good visibility all the way saved more than one life last summer, but good breaks in the weather are too rare to rely upon.

A compass may go wrong, clouds may pile up, night fog may prevent good control, storm may require a radical detour. Not realizing the limitations of modern meteorology, people still ask me why the weather man didn't warn us more vigorously last June. All these things should be planned for. They weren't planned for in most ocean flights last summer.

It is not generally known that we reached Paris last June. But we could not land. Thick stormy weather meant endangering the lives of others as well as our own. We turned and started back to the coast. We navigated to a lighthouse, dropped our flares and landed in the water.

After ten years of thought, we had decided that the worst possible thing which could happen to a transatlantic flyer was for him to reach his destination in fog and during darkness. Exactly this happened to us.

To meet such an emergency it seems to me that three things are advisable: Knowledge of geographical position in order to reach a reasonably safe landing place, preferably water, as a night landing on land is nearly sure to be fatal without the moon or some other light; flares to light the landing place once it is chosen; and some sort of craft to take the flyers ashore once they come down.

The Part Radio Plays

As I have pointed out, the majority of ocean flyers couldn't have known where they were, because they did not attempt to navigate, the feeling being that nagivation wasn't necessary on these flights. Yet, as they had no flares, they couldn't hope to land safely in the dark, even if they found a place; and they had no craft in which to escape even if they survived their crash.

The main objection to taking scientific instruments on an ocean plane has so far been threefold. They increase the weight of an already overloaded plane; they require the attention of a pilot or assistant who might otherwise be resting or piloting; and the use of them does not lie within the training of the average flyer.

I am sure that many a pilot would confess that the fine work of several ocean flyers in hitting their mark without navigation—without even correcting for the wind drift when flying high—tempted others to throw this very technical formality into the discard.

Radio is a great aid to navigation in transoceanic flying. The army Bird of Paradise carried radio.

Many argued against our taking a radio generator on the America. But we were repaid a thousandfold when, having been lost in storm clouds over the Atlantic Ocean for more than seventeen hours, and having seen neither land nor sea during that harassing period, we were able by radio to locate ourselves while flying at an altitude of more than two miles. Noville, though not a regular operator, was able to do this, and so let us know exactly where we were going to hit Europe.

Noville had also procured a waterproof radio set that would have enabled us to communicate with ships from our rubber raft. Rodgers, adrift in the PN-9 off Honolulu in 1925, and Towers, adrift in the NC-3 off the Azores in 1921, could both have been found promptly if they had had radios that would function.

Who knows but that some of those lost last summer might now be alive had they been able to call for help in the few hours they floated on the surface of the sea after a forced landing?

Seeking the Shortest Route

There was some feeling last summer against too much bother about compasses. Yet the compasses of Lindbergh, Chamberlin and myself were tested and corrected for days by representatives of the company that built the induction compasses.

I believe that a pilot should have a master compass in addition to his steering compass, just as we do on board ship. Not all flyers took several regular magnetic compasses in addition to their induction type. If they did, few made any effort to investigate the various compass errors that are caused by the magnetism that nearly always exists in the metal in the airplane, and which changes with various courses flown.

This error, called magnetic deviation, might be very large. Then there is another error of the compass called variation, caused by the fact that the magnetic pole, toward which the compass needle points, is twelve hundred miles south of the North Pole. This error is large in some northern latitudes and changes with change of geographical positions, so that if one gets lost one doesn't know what correction to apply. When we were flying in the Arctic in 1925 had we failed to correct our compass we would have flown in a spiral and never gotten anywhere.

Few flyers paid any attention to drift speed, or movement at an angle to the course, either by day or night. Yet this is very important in seeking the most favorable wind current. At different altitudes the wind blows in different directions. Only by noting one's speed and course over the ground—or sea—can one tell in which stratum one can make the best speed toward one's destination—the shortest route through the air. Night observations are made with the aid of flares.

Of course, with plenty of fuel one could hardly miss Europe or America. Yet with limited fuel due to head winds, one could easily run out if off the course. The only difference in flying from east to west is that it is equivalent to flying about 600 miles farther through the air when flying from Paris to New York than it is when flying from New York to Paris, on account of adverse winds.

My references to navigation in this discussion apply chiefly to ocean flying. Land pilots get very expert at picking out on their aerial charts the land marks beneath them, and so can get along when there is good visibility without special navigating instruments. Perhaps this is one of the facts that led many to disregard navigation instruments for ocean flying during the past year.

Probably the best planned and equipped transoceanic expedition last year was the Army's flight to Hawaii with the three-engined Bird of Paradise. And if the flights of this year are undertaken with equal care and seriousness there will be fewer tragedies, less injury to the progress of aviation, and some forward steps made in transatlantic flying.

And the pilot will think before he hops.

Residence of A. M. Moreland, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Architect, Paul W. Irwin. This beautiful home has enjoyed the protection of a Follansbee Forge Roof for more than 15 years.

STEEL ARMORED ROOFS FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION

No home is too pretentious and no home too humble to enjoy the protection and beauty of Follansbee Forge Coated Roofing Sheets. These roofs have been on mansions and cottages for more than 30 years and still give promise of as many more years of service. It is the famous and exclusive Follansbee Forge process which produces the remarkable strength, durability and flawless quality of these sheets. They are made in various sizes up to 10 feet in length and in all weights and grades for every roofing purpose—residences, office buildings, apartment houses and ornamental work.

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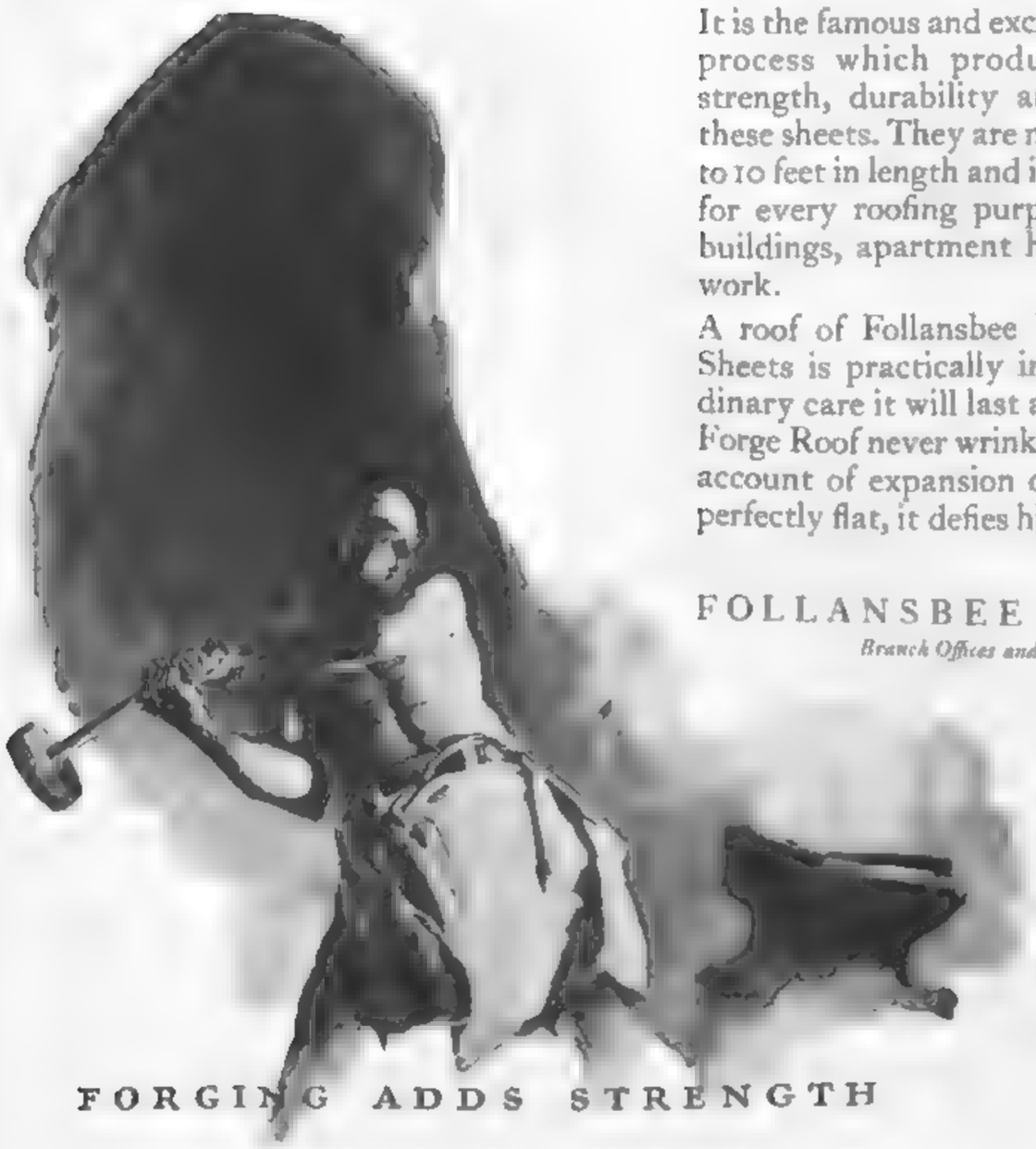
Follansbee Forge Best Roofing Gutters and Conductors are made of the same quality of sheets and complete the steel armor which gives protection against fire, lightning, water, wind, and weather, and have the strength to withstand the weight of sliding snow and ice.

Make sure that your Sheet Metal Contractor uses Follansbee Forge Coated Roofing Sheets for your complete roofing job or replacements of gutters, flashings, or conductor pipes.



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This is the emblem that indicates Follansbee Forge quality in Roofing and many manufactured products.

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...you've been wanting a film like this ...Agfa?

Few people in America know about this wonderful film. But professional photographers, the motion picture industry, scientists, and aviators have been using Agfa film for years. It was imported for them. They needed the best film that modern photographic science could produce.

Now, all camera owners can buy Agfa film in America. *You* try it! You will get the finest pictures you have ever taken. *Agfa costs no more but it gives you more.*

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There are three distinct, scientific reasons why Agfa is a superfilm:

1. It is a *faster* film. This counteracts the natural tendency of the amateur to underexpose. It does away with pale, weak, lifeless pictures.

2. It is a more *sensitive* film. You can take pictures earlier and later in the day—even on dull, cloudy, rainy days... that is why Agfa is called the "all-weather" film. (Notice the three pictures above.)

3. Its quality *never varies.* Its choice as the "official" film on scientific expeditions is an evidence of its dependable and unvarying quality. Neither heat nor cold affects it. Agfa was used on the McMillan Expedition to the North Pole; the Greenland Expedition sponsored by the University of Michigan; the Pathe Expedition to South America, and on many other famous expeditions.

Agfa is now ready for You... It does not matter what make or size of camera you own—there is an Agfa film made for it... and you can buy it wherever film is sold. If you write us we shall be glad to give you the name of an Agfa dealer in your town. Remember—Agfa costs no more—but it gives you more!

$7,500.00 Prize Picture Contest
[*for Amateurs only*]

Use any make or size of camera. Enter pictures in one or all of the following classes: (1) Baby Pictures; (2) Rainy-Day Pictures; (3) Fair-Weather Pictures; and (4) Unusual Pictures. You have nothing to do but to send in pictures... no story to write... no problems to solve. Just load up your camera and start it clicking... You have every chance to be a winner—no professional pictures are accepted!

Get contest particulars where you buy film—or direct from us... see convenient coupon below! AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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I've discovered a wonderful windshield wiper!

"I AM your Service Man—and you expect me to give you sound advice—that's why I'm conservative about most new inventions—but I take off my hat to this new Visionall Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper. It's the greatest aid to safe, comfortable driving since four-wheel brakes!

Full vision—in rain or snow—clear across your windshield—vision for yourself at the wheel and for mamma beside you! I tell you it's the berries! Let me have your car for an hour and I'll put a Visionall on. Drive it in the rain—and if you don't say it gives 100% driving comfort, I'll take it off and you won't be out one cent.* Phone me today. It may rain tomorrow."

TRICO

VISIONALL

Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper

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Two models—the Standard, for all cars, priced at $8.50, and the DeLuxe, with added refinements, $12.50. Trico automatic cleaners are run by surplus suction from the motor of the car. No electrical connection. Free, unlimited air-pressure is the only motive power.

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New 5-ply Rubber Blade fits any cleaner

The Visionall has two of these new Trico five-ply Patented Blades. They clean marvelously. These blades fit any suction cleaner. 35c each (U. S. A.) mailed postpaid if your dealer can't supply you. Put [illegible]

* Dealers: we authorize this offer.

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Benediction for a Modern City

BE HERE what still we'd keep, Democracy!
Lord of the right man's opportunity,
And of no other thing!
Force us not down with iron, yet lure us with
No bitter fact, cloud-gilded by a myth,
So every hand may work and each heart sing.

Here now let love and wisdom hold their seat
Where steep high tower and long tumultuous street
Reach dawn-touched, thunder wide,
While flags of hope and gladness stream unfurled
Above the wonder of a citied world
That bides the zenith's peer, the whole sky's bride.

Let symphonies of horns and whistles call
The day's work to its waked processional;
Let sun-clear summits make
Mountains of inspiration toward which lends
Sublime endeavor, from remotest ends
Of all the lands of earth, for all men's sake!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Answer to a Proposal

SO YOU would put me in a house,
When all the world's so wide;
From all the other lads I know,
My laughing heart you'd hide?

You'd never let me glance or smile;
No friendly hand I'd touch—
I'd rather play a little while,
And not be loved so much.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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It can be more than just a Tubbing and a Scrubbing

—it can be a Cannon Bath

WHAT'S a Cannon bath? It's not just any old bath at all, not just one of those soap-and-water wishy-washy things, but a real honest-to-goodness bath. The kind that sends you stepping high and fast through the day, makes a happier, healthier, better man—or woman—of you. Anybody who thinks a bath can't do that to him has never taken a Cannon bath. Here's how: first, warm water and soap, for after all a bath must make you clean. Then a dash of cold water, for five or ten seconds, to wake the nerves and tone up skin and muscles. Then the Cannon turkish towel. Rub briskly, until the blood comes back to the skin, and there you are. Literally in the pink of perfection.

Such is the every-day Cannon bath, best taken every morning. There are other kinds, too, for special purposes, such as fatigue, nervousness, and colds. In each the towel is important, because it ends them all. So we make Cannon turkish towels in many sizes and types, to suit individual preferences, and at all possible prices. Some at really modest prices, yet they are real turkish towels, adding to the pleasure and profit of the bath. Others of increasing luxury, worthy of great mansions and in fact found in them. Hotels, athletic and country clubs and similar places almost invariably buy Cannon towels. The great majority of such big buyers, careful with the pennies, use them because they are luxurious and also stand the gaff of hard use. Economy—that's why you can have them too, in your own home, enough of them to give everybody at your house a sweet, clean, fresh Cannon turkish towel every blessed morning. Buy them by the dozen, and change them often to make them last longer. Wash cloths, huck towels, bath mats and bath sheets too. All colors guaranteed fast. At dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

All colors in all Cannon towels guaranteed absolutely fast.

CANNON TOWELS

Bathe that tired feeling away

It's not only in the morning that the bath can bring you its great gifts, gifts far greater than the mere essentials of cleanliness, comfort, politeness to others. Going to a dance tonight? Wondering how long it will be before you get over the worries and tiredness of the day and really begin to dance? Here's how to take your second wind with you. Take a bath, but not within an hour after supper. First, warm water, say 100°. Stay in it until you are relaxed, rested, maybe a little bit sleepy. Then cold water. Cold, mind you, cold. For ten seconds. Splash it all over you. Jump out. Rub dry *hard* with a Cannon turkish towel. Rub until your skin is red and you are panting a bit. *Now* you are good for the rest of the evening!

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

Above: Cannon turkish towel, dobby border in pink, blue, gold, green or all white. About $1.25. And Cannon turkish towel border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About $1.25.

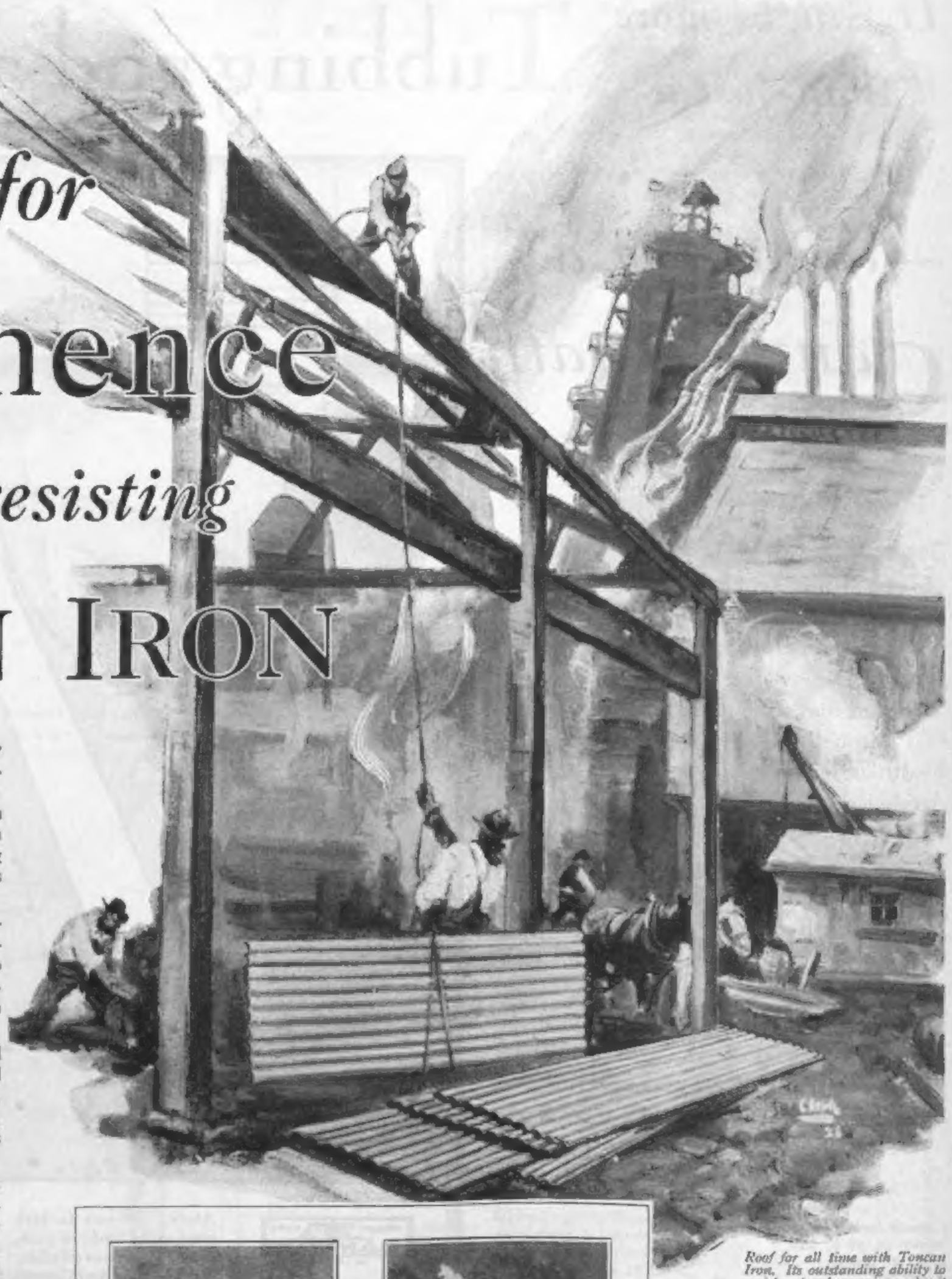
Cannon turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 60c.

Cannon Flamingo turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.50.

Cannon Marmoset turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.75.

Cannon turkish towel, dobby border in pink, blue, gold or green. About 30c.

Roof for Permanence *with rust-resisting* TONCAN IRON



Roof for all time with Toncan Iron. Its outstanding ability to resist rust and corrosion makes it the most economical metal to use.

A RECENT nation-wide survey indicates that thirty million dollars are spent each year by industrial concerns to replace roofing that has rusted or worn out. That much of this money is needlessly wasted is shown by the fact that many roofs covered with Toncan Iron over 20 years ago are still in good condition. Changing weather conditions, rain, sleet, snow—even deadly gas fumes and smoke—do not affect this Super-Iron.

The outstanding ability of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron to withstand the attacks of rust and corrosion is due to its patented process of manufacture. To pure iron in the molten state, copper and mo-lyb-den-um are scientifically added. It is difficult for rust to gain a foothold on iron fortified with these alloys.

On account of its unsurpassed resistance to rust and corrosion, Toncan Iron has many uses. Architects and sheet metal contractors specify it not only for roofing, but for all exposed sheet metal work, such as cornices, ventilators, downspouting, flashing, gutters, etc. Scores of fine buildings contain metal lath of Toncan.

Manufacturers of household appliances use it to combat rust and corrosion in stoves, washing machines, furnaces, kitchen cabinets, refrigerators, etc. Then they label their products—"Made of Toncan Iron"—to assist you in selecting household equipment built to last a lifetime. Toncan is available in bars, sheets, plates, pipe, strip, tubing, bolts and rivets.

Learn more about this iron that defies rust. Send for a copy of our new book, "The Path to Permanence."

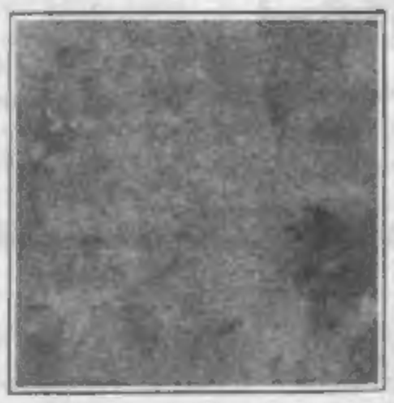
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN

COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um

IRON



Photograph of a 26-gauge ungalvanized sample of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron which has been exposed to the weather for one year.

Photograph of a 26-gauge ungalvanized sample of pure commercial iron exposed to the weather under exactly the same conditions as Toncan Iron. Rust and corrosion have eaten large holes in this sample.

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

AGATHON STEELS

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

Valspar Protection!

THAT familiar kettle of boiling water! For years it has symbolized the protection which Valspar gives! For Valspar is the varnish that even *boiling water* can not turn white!

This Valspar boiling-water test has made Valspar known the world over for its waterproof protection and resistance to hard wear.

Accidents will happen! But remember, that with Valspar on guard, such accidents become harmless incidents—forgotten the next day! No damage is done to the beautiful finish!

Valspar, Clear or in attractive Colors, is unequalled in durability outdoors as well as inside the house.

You can get Valspar Clear and the following beautiful colors:—

Vermilion, Red—Light and Deep, Blue—Light, Medium and Deep, Green—Medium and Deep, Gray, Brown, Ivory, Orange and Bright Yellow. Also Black, Flat Black, White, Gold, Bronze, and Aluminum. Also transparent stain colors, Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry and Moss Green.

Countless beautiful tints and shades can be secured by mixing any two or more of these standard colors.

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Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

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VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White
CLEAR AND IN COLORS

This Coupon is worth 20 to 85 cents

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each—40c sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar, Clear or in Colors supplied per person at this special price.) *Special:*—One 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c. Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

Your Name.....

Address.....City.....

Send me these Valspar Colors at 20c each

1.....

2.....

3.....

Send 50c can Valspar Polish for 25c ..... ☐

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A new Valspar product which has met with instant favor—for polishing automobiles, furniture, glass and woodwork. Use coupon at left to take advantage of our special offer of one 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

YOU'RE AT A BROADWAY VAUDEVILLE SHOW

The New Orthophonic
Victrola

THE deep-throated twang of a mellow guitar on the knee of a musical clown. Fifteen or twenty verses of a song so incredibly foolish, you feel they are improvised on the spot. But the tune is catching. Feet are tapping and heads are nodding to the sing-song rhythm. You're at a Broadway vaudeville show—*in your own home!* ⁂ So startlingly lifelike is reproduction through the Orthophonic Victrola, you visualize the whole scene. Instinctively, you applaud as the music stops. ⁂ Some day you will own one of these incomparable instruments that furnish every type of entertainment. Why put it off? See your Victor dealer at once and arrange for a demonstration *in your home*.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Model Eight-thirty-five. The newest Orthophonic Victrola. A wonderful musical instrument and a splendid example of the modern trend in furniture design. List price, $300. With electric motor, $35 extra. There's a type to meet every taste and purse, from $75 to $1550, list price